



image

36
OCT

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN[®]



McFARLANE
QUINN

IT COULDN'T BE.
NOT THIS. NOT NOW.

SINCE HIS RETURN FROM THE DEAD, NOTHING HAS MADE MUCH SENSE. HIS TWISTED NEW EXISTENCE HAS CONTINUED TO UNRAVEL CHAOTICALLY, EACH DAY BRINGING NEW PAIN.

THOUGH ONLY A SPLIT-SECOND OF TIME FLASHED BETWEEN HIS DEATH AND INITIATION AS AN AGENT OF HELL, FIVE YEARS HAD SLIPPED AWAY ON EARTH. SO, THIS CREATURE ONCE KNOWN AS LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS WAS NOW DRIFTING EMOTIONALLY, LOST IN TIME.

HIS WIFE... REMARRIED... TO HIS BEST FRIEND, NO LESS. THEY HAVE A CHILD... SOMETHING HE'D BEEN INCAPABLE OF GIVING HER. ALLIANCES HAD CHANGED... AND HIS IDENTITY WAS NOW FOREVER LOST, EXCHANGED FOR AN UNHOLY SHELL OF NECROPLASMIC GOO.

HIS ONLY REFUGE HAS BEEN HIS PAST CAREER, THAT OF A COVERT ASSASSIN IN THE SERVICE OF U.S. INTELLIGENCE. RECENTLY-RECOVERED MEMORIES GAVE HIM THE FACE OF HIS OWN MURDERER. HE DECIDED THEN IT WAS TIME TO EXORCISE A FEW INTERNAL DEMONS--

--BY KILLING HIS FORMER BOSS--

--JASON WYNN: THE MAN WHO GAVE THE ORDER. THE MAN WHO, IN A BIZARRE TWIST OF FATE, HAD A HAND IN CREATING THIS NEW HELLSPAWN.

HE HAD HOPED TO MAKE WYNN'S DEATH EXCRUCIATINGLY SLOW. REVENGE WAS ALL AL HAD LEFT. HE HAD HOPED IT WOULD BRING A MOMENTARY RESPITE FROM THIS NIGHTMARE.

BUT NOW, INSTEAD, THINGS HAVE BECOME EVEN MORE UNBEARABLE.

You
TRAITOR!

FLANKED BY A DOZEN BIO-TECH SECURITY GUARDS, **TERRY FITZGERALD** STANDS DEFIANTLY IN WHAT LITTLE LIGHT THERE IS IN **JASON WYNN'S C.I.A. OFFICE**.

SHUT UP!
YOU HAVEN'T
THE *RIGHT*
TO MAKE
ACCUSA-
TIONS!

NOW
STAND
BACK. SLOWLY.
AND KEEP
YOUR HANDS
WHERE I
CAN SEE
THEM.

KILLING HIM WON'T GIVE
US ANY ANSWERS. HE'S
MORE VALUABLE
ALIVE.

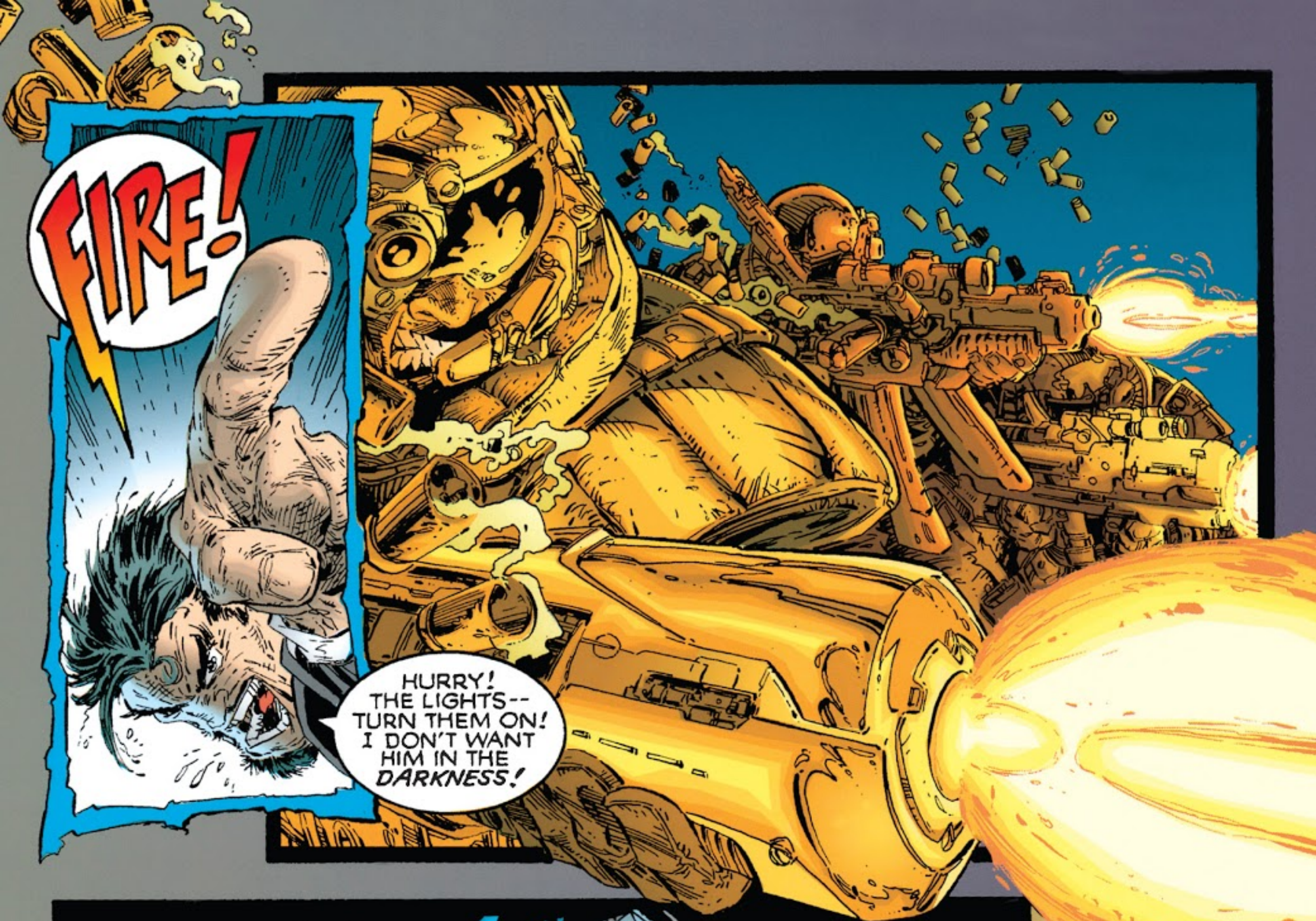
THE SIGHT OF HIS
BEST FRIEND
PROTECTING WYNN
SICKENS HIM. MAYBE
HE SHOULD JUST KILL
THEM BOTH, **SPAWN**
THINKS. RIGHT HERE.
RIGHT NOW.

HE'S GOT THE POWER.
WHY *NOT* USE IT TO
BLAST THIS WHOLE
FRIGGIN' FLOOR
HALFWAY ACROSS
THE CITY.

DAMN YOU,
FITZGERALD!

SHOOT
HIM! THIS ISN'T A
NEGOTIATION!

GUARDS!
LISTEN UP!
FITZGERALD
IS HEREBY
RELIEVED OF HIS
COMMAND! I'M IN
CHARGE NOW!
SO QUICKLY-- BE-
FORE HE ESCAPES
INTO THE
SHADOWS--



THE FILE CABINET
COMES FROM THE RIGHT,
BLINDSIDING THE TROOPS.



ALREADY, SPAWN
HAS MOVED,
UNDETECTED.

DAMMIT!
CALL FOR BACK-
UPS. NOW! I WANT
THIS ENTIRE FLOOR
SECTIONED OFF.
THIS BASTARD'S
NOT LEAVING
ALIVE.



WANNA
BET?



HE'S ON THE
LEFT NOW!
WHAT'S HE,
SOME KIND'A
GHOST ?!

HE'S
MOVING TOO
FAST. WYNN!
GET OUT OF
THE WAY!

TOO LATE.

I'LL BE
BACK
FOR YOU,
TERRY.

LIKE A
LEAD
BALLOON,
THEY
FALL.

A JUTTING
SECTION OF
THE BUILDING
RENDERS
THAT EFFORT
USELESS.

SCREAMING, THE CURRENT
OCCUPANTS OF THE 17th
FLOOR SCATTER. SECURITY
FORCES HAVE BEEN
ALERTED.

uhh.

Uh?!
NOT DEAD, YET?
GOOD!!

SENSING IMPEN-
DING DISASTER,
THE HELLSPAWN'S
CLOAK ATTEMPTS
TO FORM WINGS.

I DIDN'T
WANT YOUR
PAIN TO
END TOO
QUICKLY.

WHO
ARE
YOU?!



THE TRAP
SET, WYNN
RETREATS.

TEAM
RED...

THAT'S HIM.
THE
MURDERER!

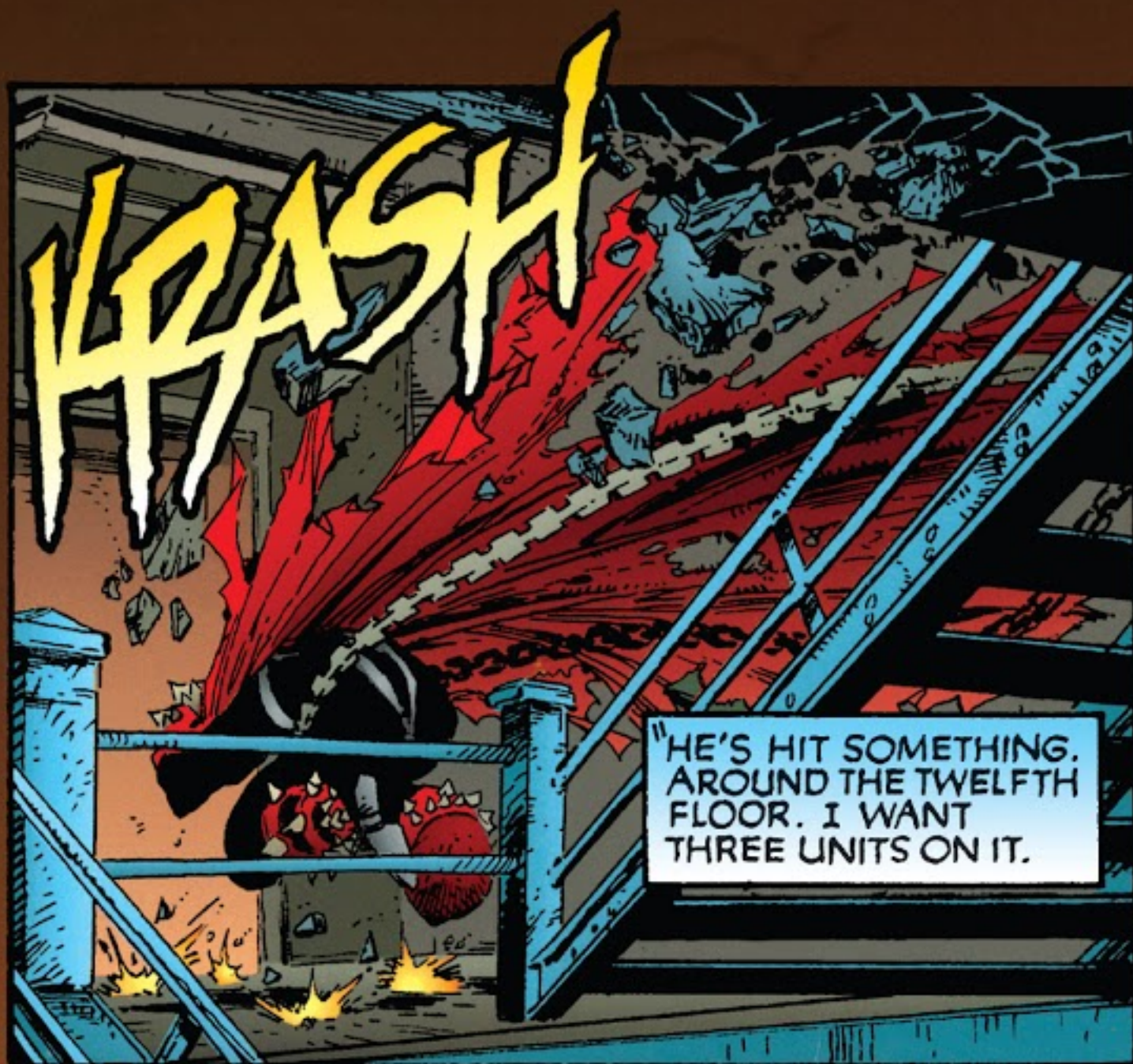
"...THIS IS THE
COMMANDER.
INCREASE
SUPPORT
ABOVE AND
BELOW. HE'S
HEADED FOR
STAIRWELL
NINE.

"I WANT ALL
EXITS SECURED.
NOW! BRING
TEAM ORANGE
INTO 'KILL'
POSITION. HE'S
GOT NOWHERE
TO GO..."

"...BUT *DOWN*."

"JEE-ZUS! HE
JUST JUMPED
THE RAILS!"

"WE'RE
LOSING
HIM!"



"HE'S HIT SOMETHING.
AROUND THE TWELFTH
FLOOR. I WANT
THREE UNITS ON IT.



"BLOCK THE EXITS
AND MONITOR THE
ELEVATOR SHAFTS.

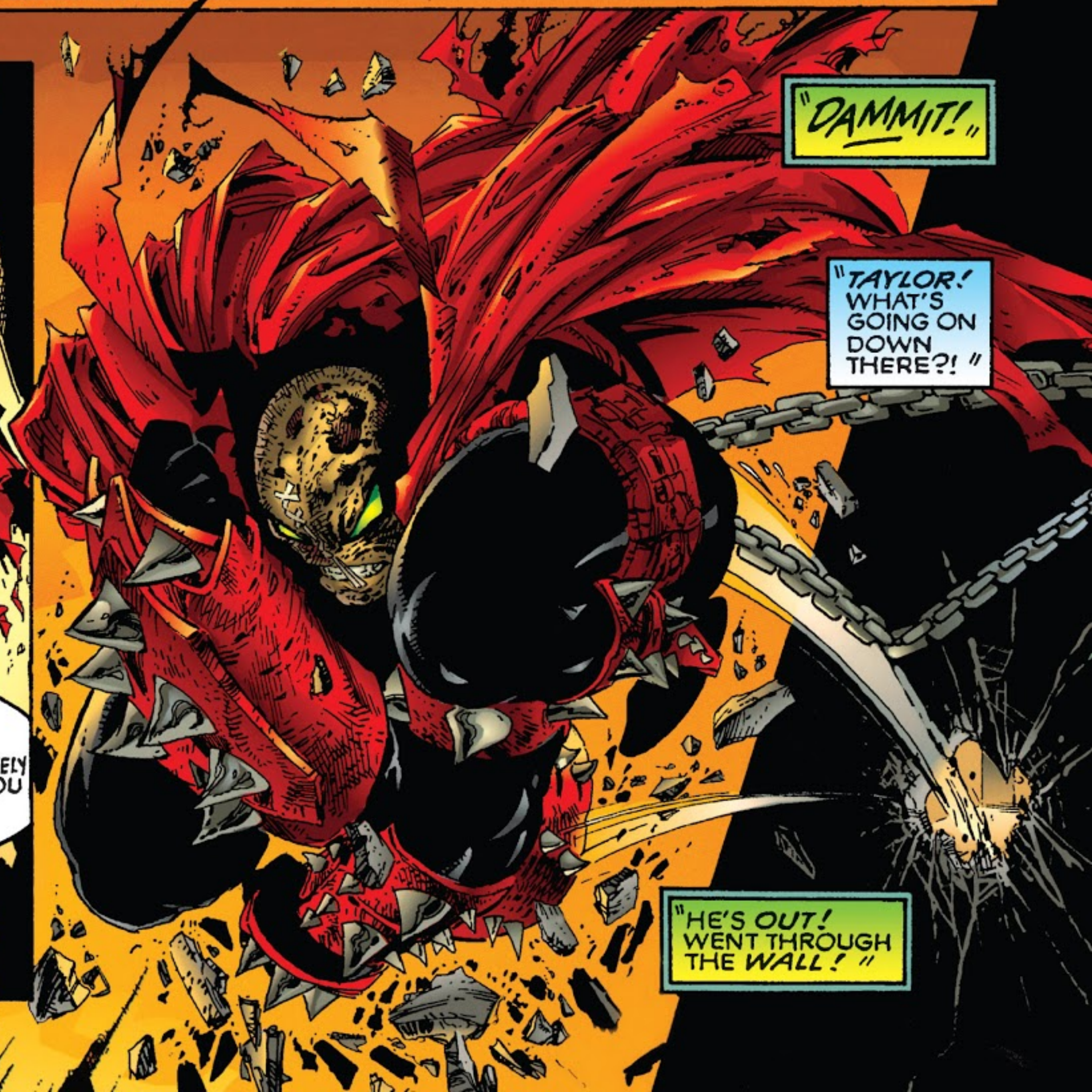


"THE WEST WING HAS
BEEN SEALED FOR
CONSTRUCTION. WE
DON'T HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT WINDOWS OR
ENCLOSED SPACES.
HE'S HEADING INTO
NO-MAN'S LAND."



STOP!

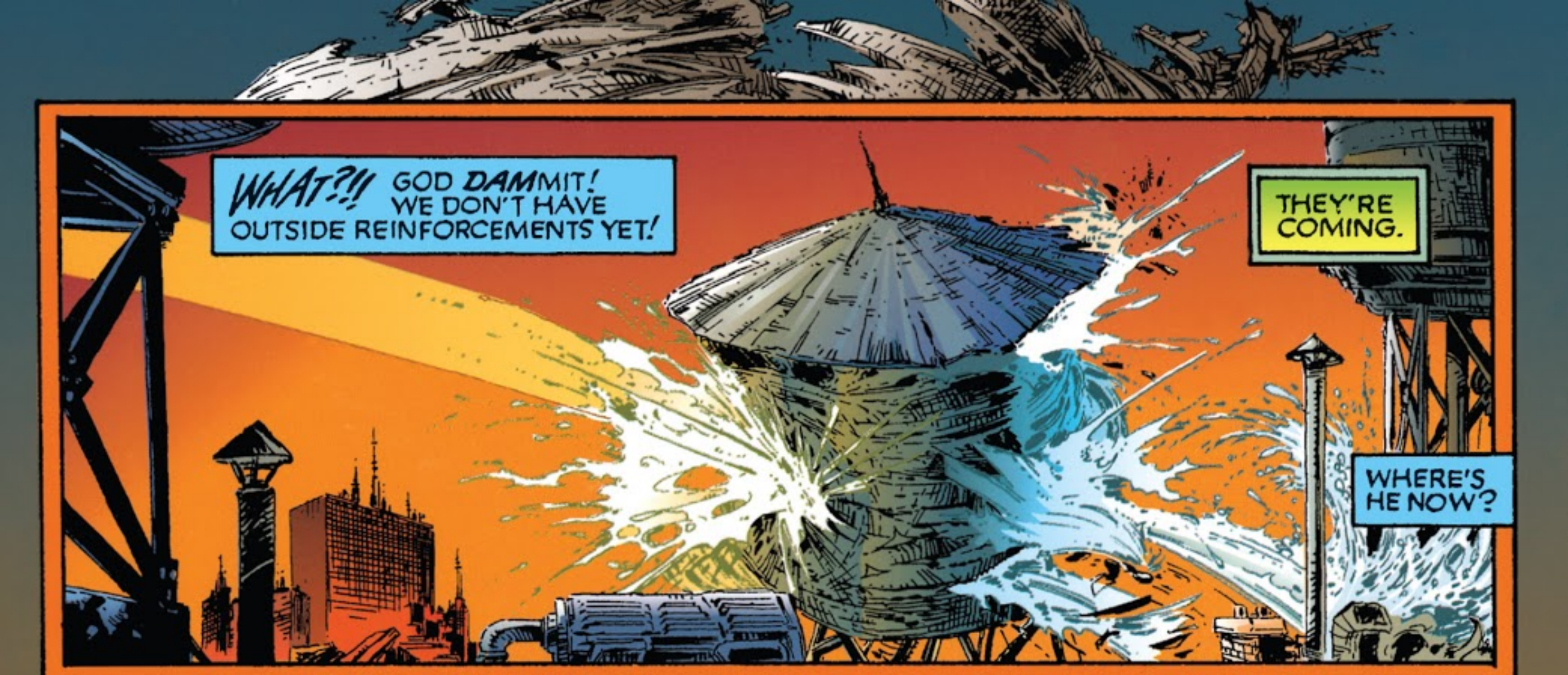
YOU'RE COMPLETELY
SURROUNDED. YOU
HAVE THREE
SECONDS TO...



"DAMMIT!"

"TAYLOR!
WHAT'S
GOING ON
DOWN
THERE?!"

"HE'S OUT!
WENT THROUGH
THE WALL!"



WHAT?! GOD DAMMIT!
WE DON'T HAVE
OUTSIDE REINFORCEMENTS YET!

THEY'RE
COMING.

WHERE'S
HE NOW?



LANDED HARD,
SOUTH, ON THE
ROOF OF THE
MERRILL LYNCH
BUILDING.

NOT DETECTING
ANY MOTION.
THE TARGET MAY
BE INJURED.

I DOUBT
IT. HE'S
ONE OF
THEM
COSTUMED
FREAKS.
THEY
DON'T LIKE
TO DIE
EASY.

I'VE GOT THE
SWAT TEAMS
AND SECURITY
TROOPS
HEADED TO
HIS POSITION.



PERFECT!
IF HE
FLINCHES...





TARGET
LOCKED
IN.

BINGO!
ELIMINATION
COMPLETE.



TWO
SECONDS.



ONE.



THE
PARTY'S
OVER.

GOOD WORK, MEN.
WE'LL LET THE C.I.A.
AND CIVILIANS
CLEAN UP THE MESS.
SEE YOU BACK AT
HOME BASE.



12th PRECINCT,
NEW YORK CITY...
HOURS LATER...

I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D
SEE THIS DAY...
WHEN THOSE
SWORN TO
THE PEOPLE'S
PROTECTION
HAVE
BECOME THE
ENEMY.

THAT FILE WE
GAVE TO INTERNAL
AFFAIRS SHOULD HAVE
STOPPED CHIEF BANKS
FROM EVER MAKING A
MOCKERY OF HIS OFFICE
AGAIN. AND IT WASN'T
JUST THE *KINCAID*
STUFF. THERE WAS
AMPLE EVIDENCE
TO FORCE HIS
RESIGNATION. *

SOMEONE
WIELDING A
HELLUVA LOT
OF CLOUT.

IT'S BEEN
LESS THAN
20 HOURS AND
BANKS HAS
ALREADY BEEN
CLEARED OF
ANY AND ALL
WRONG-
DOING.

*LAST ISSUE.

I
KNOW--
IT'S A
BUNCH OF
CRAP!

IT SHOULD'VE TAKEN
THEM THREE WEEKS JUST
TO ORGANIZE THE *QUES-*
TIONING. TOOK THEM
THREE WEEKS TO CLEAR
US OF INVOLVEMENT
WITH *KINCAID*'S
DEAD BODY. *

AND NOW
THEY'RE SAYING
THAT BUGGER
BANKS IS CLEAN.
CRIPES! THIS
WHOLE
SYSTEM HAS
TURNED DIRTY.

SO IT
APPEARS,
SIR.

MY GUESS
IS THAT SOME-
ONE AT C.I.A.
HAS A VERY BIG
HAND IN
THIS.

DON'T I
KNOW IT!

*ISSUE 5--Toms

THAT *BUILDING* THAT
WAS JUST ATTACKED
BELONGS TO GOVERN-
MENT SECURITY... *AND*
BY COINCIDENCE IS THE
SAME PLACE BANKS
HAS BEEN DIRECTING
HIS PANIC CALLS.

SO WHAT'RE
THE ODDS OUR
PAL *SPAWN* HAD
SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
THIS?

I BET MY
REPUTATION.

New York Herald-Tribune
EXPLOSION ROCKS
SECURITY AGENCY
QUARTERS

ME, TOO. *SPAWN*
WAS TRYING TO GET
SOME INFO OUTTA
BANKS, THEN DISAPPEARS.
THEN *BANG!* THE CHIEF'S
MYSTERIOUS SYMPATHETIC
EAR IS ATTACKED!



THINGS
DO SEEM TO
BE GETTING
QUITE
INVOLVED.

BUT IF
EVERYONE'S
BEING
BOUGHT OFF,
WHAT'S THE GOOD
OF THIS LINE OF
INQUIRY?



MAYBE
WE
CAN...

BURKE!

I APPLAUD YOU ON YOUR EFFORTS TO BANISH ME, BUT BY NOW YOU'VE BECOME PAINFULLY AWARE HOW **USELESS** THAT WAS. YOU **SEE**, BOY, THERE'S A NATURAL PECKING ORDER IN LIFE. **SOME** OF US ARE MEANT FOR **GRANDEUR** WHILE OTHERS, LIKE **YOURSELF**, FLAIL TRAGICALLY THROUGH LIFE, AMOUNTING TO **NOTHING**.

OR, TO PUT IT MORE CLEARLY, YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE WITH YOUR **NECK** STUCK OUT AND NOW IT'S ABOUT TO GET **CHOPPED**.

YOU'VE BEEN A PAIN TO ME FOR OVER FOUR YEARS-- BUT **NO MORE!**

PUL-EASSE!

CAN YOU BE A BIT MORE MELODRAMATIC.

DAMN IT, BURKE! THIS ISN'T A **JOKE** ANY LONGER. THOUGH I'D **DEARLY** LOVE TO **FIRE** YOUR ASS RIGHT NOW, THAT WOULD RAISE SOME EYE-BROWS. ESPECIALLY **NOW**. NO... I'M A **PATIENT** MAN. I'LL PUT UP WITH YOU TWO FOR THE TIME BEING.

BUT I SWEAR IF **EITHER** OF YOU EVEN **SNEEZES** WRONG I'LL MAKE SURE YOU LOSE EVERYTHING. YOUR JOBS. YOUR PENSIONS. YOU **NAME IT**.

IN THE MEANTIME I SUGGEST YOU LOOK FOR ANOTHER LINE OF WORK BECAUSE AS SOON AS THE HEAT DIES DOWN AROUND HERE YOU'RE **DONE**.

AND ONCE YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, IF I WERE YOU, I'D CHECK OVER MY SHOULDER REGULARLY, BECAUSE I'M NOT ABOUT TO FORGET WHAT YOU TRIED TO **DO TO ME!**

Um, EXCUSE ME...



SCREW YOU!

YOU DON'T THREATEN ME OR MY FRIEND. UNDERSTAND? YOU WANT TO FIGHT US THEN BE MY GUEST-- 'CAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOUR KIND.

SEE, I'VE KEPT A COPY OF YOUR FILE AS A BACK-UP, AND IF **ANYTHING** HAPPENS TO ME OR SAM, I'VE ARRANGED FOR IT TO HIT **EVERY** MAJOR NEWS-PAPER AND TALK SHOW IN THIS COUNTRY. AND **BELIEVE ME-- I DON'T BLUFF**.

GO GET 'IM, TWITCH.

AS FOR YOUR PATHETIC ATTEMPTS TO **INTIMIDATE** US, LET ME REFRESH YOUR MEMORY ON ONE LITTLE MATTER. I'M A **SHARPSHOOTER**-- BEST IN THE CITY. YOU WANT A BULLET DEAD CENTER THROUGH EACH EYE, THEN **PUSH ME**.

BECAUSE I MADE A PLEDGE YEARS AGO TO RID SOCIETY OF SCUM LIKE **YOU**.

WE NOW SHIFT TO
THE SUBURBS--
QUEENS-- A SHORT
TIME LATER...

WELL *THANK* YOU, WANDA,
FOR SUCH A *BEAUTIFUL* DAY.
THE FRESH *AIR* SURE FELT GOOD.
THOUGH I'M SORRY I COULDN'T
WALK THE PARK QUITE AS
FAST AS YOU TWO.

AN AFTERNOON
AWAY FROM THE HOUSE
IS A PLEASURE I DON'T
GET TOO OFTEN, BUT
I DO ENJOY--!

CYAN!
PLEASE! NOT
SO HARD. YOU
HAVE TO BE GENTLE
WHEN YOU GIVE
GREAT-GRANNIE
A HUG.

GRACIOUS!
I *DO* LOVE THIS
CHILD OF YOURS,
WANDA. ALWAYS
MAKING ME FEEL
SO GOOD.

MMM!

WELL, SHE
JUST GETS SO
EXCITED ABOUT
COMING OVER
HERE. ISN'T
THAT RIGHT,
SWEETY.

I APPRECIATE
YOU SPENDING
A BIT MORE TIME.
TOO BAD TERRY
COULDN'T
MAKE IT.

GRAMMA.

YEAH. HE MUST BE
WORKING LATE
TONIGHT. YOU KNOW,
TRYING TO IMPRESS
THE NEW BOSS.
HOPEFULLY, HE'LL
COME NEXT
VISIT.

THAT'D BE
NICE. I MISS
HIS COMPANY,
TOO. BUT I KNOW
HOW *BUSY* YOU
BOTH ARE.

I WISH IT WASN'T
TRUE. BETWEEN MY
CHARITY WORK AND
SOME NEW CLASSES, I
CAN'T REMEMBER THE
LAST TIME TERRY AND I
JUST SAT DOWN AND
TURNED ON THE TV.



...CONTINUE OUR LIVE COVERAGE OF TONIGHT'S BOMBING AT NEW YORK CITY'S MERRILL LYNCH BUILDING, AND THE REPORTED ASSAULT ON THE C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS NEXT DOOR. POLICE SOURCES ARE CAUTIOUSLY OPTIMISTIC THAT NO ONE DIED IN THIS ATTACK ON THE NATION'S LARGEST BROKERAGE INSTITUTION. THE UPPER TWO STORIES OF THIS BUILDING, WHICH HOUSE THE GYM AND CAFETERIA, HAD ALREADY BEEN SECURED FOR THE NIGHT. IT IS BELIEVED THAT NO EMPLOYEES WERE WORKING LATE IN ANY OTHER AREAS, AND MOST HAVE BEEN LOCATED AT THEIR HOMES. THE WHITE HOUSE DENIES REPORTS THAT AN AS-YET UNIDENTIFIED TERRORIST GROUP HAD STAGED THE EVENT AS A REJECTION OF THE ADMINISTRATION'S PEACE NEGOTIATIONS IN THE MIDDLE EAST.



OFF THE RECORD SPECULATION FROM MY ANONYMOUS SOURCES IS THAT A **HOME-GROWN** TERRORIST GROUP WAS BLOWING A LOUD RASPBERRY AT THE PRESIDENT'S MIDDLE EAST PEACE EFFORT. AT THE SAME TIME, FRENZIED SPIN DOCTORS ARE QUICK TO DISPEL ANY **HINT** OF A CONNECTION TO THE OKLAHOMA CITY INCIDENT. "**JUST THE ACTIONS OF ANOTHER DERANGED INDIVIDUAL**", THEY TELL US, WHICH IS TO SAY, NOBODY HAS A **CLUE**. CONFUSING MATTERS EVEN FURTHER IS THE RAPID INVOLVEMENT OF OUR NATION'S MILITARY FORCES. SOME EYEWITNESSES SAY IT WAS THE **PRESENCE** OF THE HELICOPTERS THAT TRIGGERED THE BOMBINGS, WHILE OTHERS MAINTAIN THE DAMAGE WAS DONE **BEFORE** THEIR ARRIVAL. IN EITHER CASE, EVERY AGENCY IN THE CITY IS NOW ON ALERT FOR POSSIBLE FOLLOW-UP ACTION. MEANWHILE, ALL EYES TURN TO THE WHITE HOUSE FOR SOMEONE -- **ANYONE** -- TO EXPLAIN IT ALL FOR US.



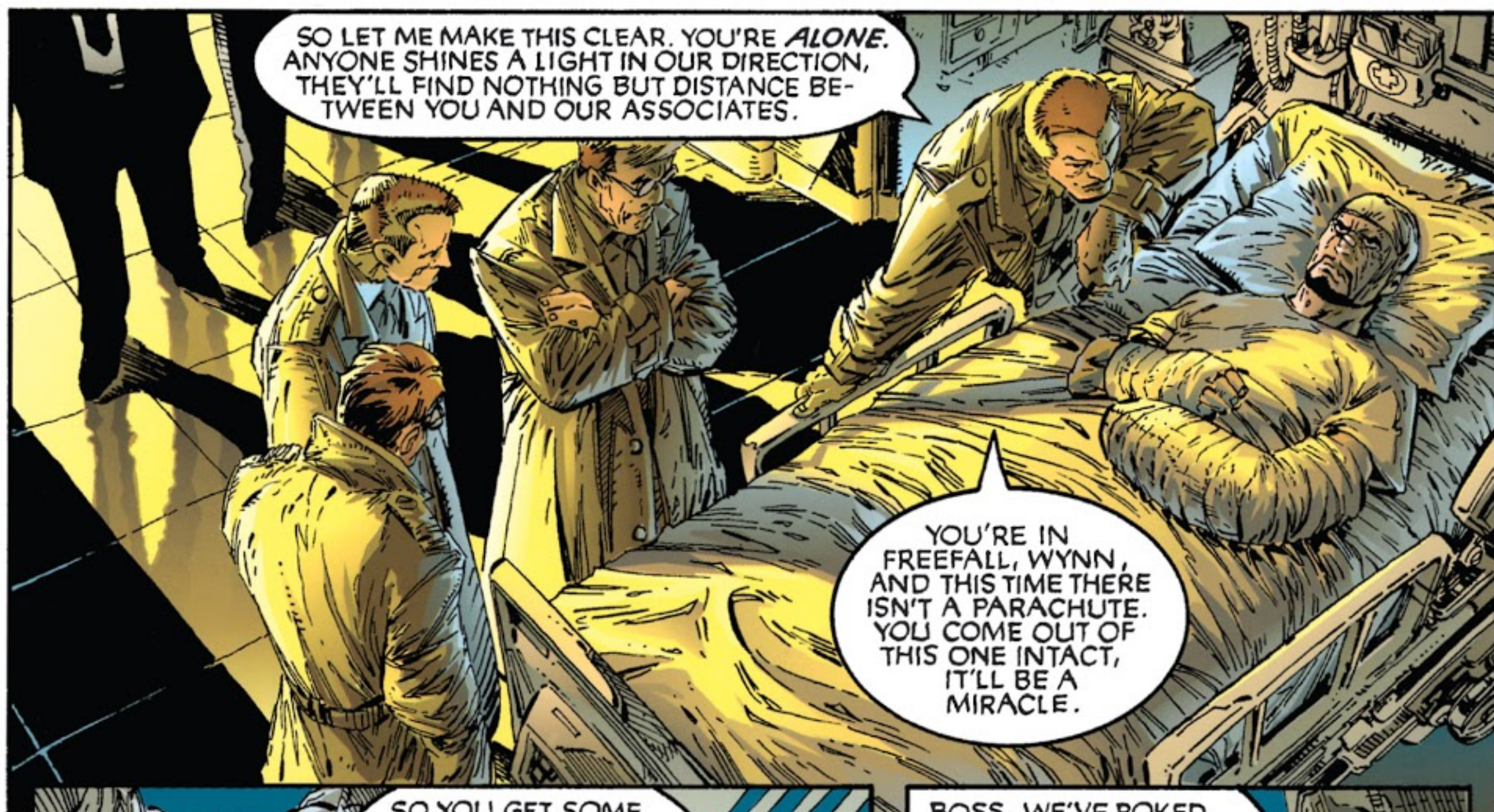
ARE YOU **KIDDING** ME?! THIS ISN'T A CASE OF WHACKED-OUT IDIOTS LOOKING FOR ATTENTION, **NO SIR!** WHAT WE'RE LOOKING AT IS **RETALIATION**. SOME GROUP IS SENDING A MESSAGE TO THOSE WHO HIDE IN THE SHADOWS, PLAYING DOPEY SPY GAMES WITH OUR TAX DOLLARS. NO ONE IS ADMITTING ANYTHING, BUT ANYONE WHO THINKS THE C.I.A. ATTACK AND THE MERRILL-LYNCH BOMBING ARE UNRELATED IS EITHER **IGNORANT** OR **STUPID**. THIS WHOLE **THING** SMELLS ROTTEN. WORSE THAN THAT, THE PRESIDENT AND HIS AIDES ARE STONEWALLING. DIDN'T WE ELECT THESE GUYS BECAUSE THE **PREVIOUS** BUNCH WERE CLAIMING "DENIABILITY" TOO OFTEN?! SO NOW WE HAVE THE **ARMY**, THE **FINANCIAL** COMMUNITY AND THE **CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE** BOYS RUNNING AROUND IN AN ANT FARM, BUT FOR A CHANGE WE'VE GOT A MAGNIFYING GLASS ON 'EM. I GUARANTEE THAT **SOMEONE'S** HIDING SOMETHING, AND THIS TIME WE JUST MIGHT FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.

ELSEWHERE.

YOU'RE A SMART MAN. YOU UNDERSTAND HOW ALL THIS CAN COMPROMISE PEOPLE IN OUR POSITIONS.

THE PEOPLE WE REPRESENT NEED DENIABILITY REGARDING THE SENSITIVE 'ARRANGEMENTS' WE'VE ALL MADE. THEY *DON'T* LIKE SURPRISES. OR ATTENTION! THE MEDIA'S CRAWLING ALL OVER THIS ONE. *WORLDWIDE*. THAT'S NOT GOOD FOR ANYONE'S BUSINESS. AND FRANKLY, THEY DON'T THINK YOU'RE WORTH THE RISK.

CAN'T BLAME 'EM. I'VE BEEN SAYING YOU'RE TRASH FOR YEARS NOW.



SO LET ME MAKE THIS CLEAR. YOU'RE *ALONE*. ANYONE SHINES A LIGHT IN OUR DIRECTION, THEY'LL FIND NOTHING BUT DISTANCE BETWEEN YOU AND OUR ASSOCIATES.

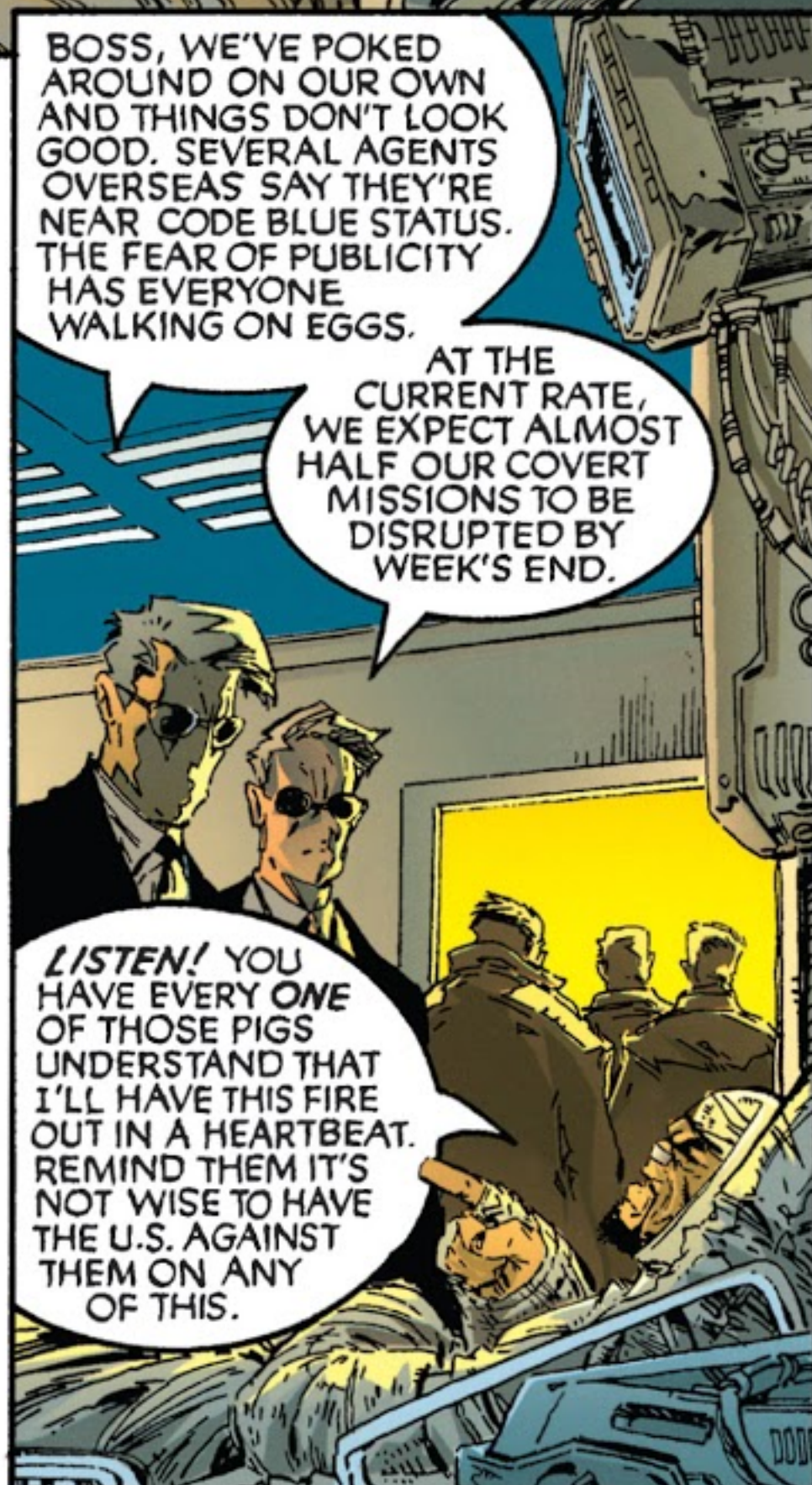
YOU'RE IN FREEFALL, WYNN, AND THIS TIME THERE ISN'T A PARACHUTE. YOU COME OUT OF THIS ONE INTACT, IT'LL BE A MIRACLE.



SO YOU GET SOME REST -- BECAUSE THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO FEEL ALL CODDLED AND SECURE. AFTER ALL, WE'RE *ALL* EXPENDABLE.

I'M JUST GLAD MY CLIENTS HAVE FINALLY DISCOVERED THAT ABOUT YOU.

AND WHAT'S EVEN SWEETER? YOU DID IT *ALL* BY YOURSELF. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, GUYS.



BOSS, WE'VE POKED AROUND ON OUR OWN AND THINGS DON'T LOOK GOOD. SEVERAL AGENTS OVERSEAS SAY THEY'RE NEAR CODE BLUE STATUS. THE FEAR OF PUBLICITY HAS EVERYONE WALKING ON EGGS.

AT THE CURRENT RATE, WE EXPECT ALMOST HALF OUR COVERT MISSIONS TO BE DISRUPTED BY WEEK'S END.

LISTEN! YOU HAVE EVERY *ONE* OF THOSE PIGS UNDERSTAND THAT I'LL HAVE THIS FIRE OUT IN A HEARTBEAT. REMIND THEM IT'S NOT WISE TO HAVE THE U.S. AGAINST THEM ON ANY OF THIS.

FINALLY ALONE,
IT TAKES ALMOST
TWO HOURS FOR
WYNN TO FALL
ASLEEP. HIS
MIND'S RESISTANCE
SUCCUMBS
GRUDGINGLY
TO HIS BODY'S
DEMANDS.

MY MY.

DON'T WE
LOOK LIKE A
LITTLE ANGEL,
LYING THERE.

HEY, STUD!
REMEMBER ME?
'COURSE YOU DO.
ANYWAYS, IT
SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE
GOTTEN YOURSELF
INTO A BIT OF
A TIGHT
SQUEEZE.

AGAIN.

WELL...
YOU'RE LUCKY
I'VE TAKEN A **SHINE**
TO YOU. SEE, OUT OF
THE GOODNESS OF MY
BLACK HEART I'M GOING
TO DO YOU ANOTHER
HUGE **FAVOR**. REMEMBER
SPAWN'S ATTACK ON YOUR
OFFICE? WELL, IT'LL APPEAR
EXACTLY LIKE THE WORK OF
A TERRORIST FROM ABROAD--
ANOTHER TRADE CENTER
BOMBING, IF YOU WILL.
NO ONE WILL BE
THE WISER.

I KNOW!
I KNOW!

YOU WANT TO
KISS ME. WELL,
LET'S NOT SPOIL
THE **MOMENT**.

Ok-- AND I
SHOULD MENTION,
IN ALL HONESTY,
THAT YOU'VE BEEN
DOING A DECENT
JOB OF PUSHING
SPAWN'S BUTTONS.
DRIVING HIM
INSANE, THAT'S
GREAT!

WHAT?



BUT PUSH TOO HARD AND HE'LL
KILL YOU IN A HEARTBEAT. WE
CAN'T HAVE THAT. YOU'RE TOO
IMPORTANT.

Y'KNOW, I'VE SEEN
HELL'S DOSSIER ON YOU.
PURE EVIL'S A RARE
COMMODITY AMONG YOU
HUMANS-- AND PAL, YOU
ARE **WAY** OFF THE CHARTS.
WE NEED YOU **INTACT**.

SO **PUSH** SPAWN.
BUT TRY AND KEEP
SOME **DISTANCE**.



EVENING,
MR. WYNN.
TIME FOR YOUR
MEDICINE. HOPE
YOU'VE BEEN
GETTING SOME
REST.



I'M
TRYING.





TERRY AND WANDA'S HOME.

POOR CYAN, ALMOST FELL ASLEEP DURING HER BATH. I SHOULDN'T HAVE KEPT HER UP SO LATE.



I WAS HOPING TERRY WOULD PHONE TO SAY GOOD NIGHT TO HER. MAYBE THE **BEDROOM** PHONE RECORDER HAS SOMETHING, SINCE **THIS** PHONE IS OUT OF POWER, **AGAIN**.

I WISH HE'D REMEMBER TO HANG IT UP...

Ding Dong

Uh?



NOW WHO COULD THAT BE?

COMING!



WANDA, PLEASE DON'T BE AFRAID. I'VE ONLY COME TO TALK.

OH MY GOD! DON'T... DON'T HURT ME! **STAY AWAY!**



DON'T YOU HEAR ME? I WANT TO TALK.

No!



THE PHONE!



I'M SORRY. I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT.



SOME-BODY-!



DAMN YOU, WANDA, I JUST WANT A MOMENT. JUST ONE MINUTE OF YOUR TIME.

BUT YOU CAN'T YELL.



LISTEN TO ME!! THIS IS ABOUT TERRY! HE'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK. HE'S DECEIVED BOTH OF US. LIED.

YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM THAT.

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?!

HE'S PROTECTING MY MURDERER! HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT ME. IT WAS YOU HE WANTED!

BUT HE DOESN'T LOVE YOU LIKE I DO.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I TRADED EVERYTHING I HAD TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN.

EVERYTHING.

NOW I TERRIFY YOU. WELL, I PROMISED I WOULDN'T HURT YOU AGAIN. REMEMBER THAT? AT CONEY ISLAND.

HOW...? WHY ARE YOU **DOING** THIS...? HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT **AL** TOLD ME?

WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T YOU KNOW?

I WAS.

INSTANTLY, SPAWN CALLS TO MIND A HUNDRED DETAILS THAT ONLY AL SIMMONS WOULD KNOW. INTIMATE MOMENTS, PRIVATE JOKES THEY SHARED...

No! No!
YOU AREN'T MY HUSBAND!
HE'S **DEAD!**
DAMN YOU-- STOP TORTURING ME. PLEASE...

HE'S DEAD.
HE'S DEAD.



...ANY OF WHICH WOULD MAKE HER BELIEVE.

MOMMY?

Uh?

GOD... NO! BABY, PLEASE, NOT NOW...

WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

DON'T HURT HER... PLEASE... NOT MY BABY.

DID HE MAKE YOU SAD?

DOES MY MOM-MA KNOW YOU?

I THOUGHT SHE DID. NOT ANY-MORE.

I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT. JUST LEAVE HER ALONE.



AS HE LEAVES,
WANDA LEANS BACK,
ACCIDENTALLY
TRIPPING THE
ANSWERING MACHINE...

"**WANDA!!** THIS IS TERRY!
GET OUT OF THE HOUSE.
NOW. DO YOU HEAR ME--
NOW! **SPAWN ATTACKED**
US... HE'S GONE NUTS. HE
MIGHT BE COMING YOUR
WAY-- **HE KNOWS US.** CHRIST.
HE'S **CRAZY.** YOU'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY."



HELL'S
TORTURE--
HIS
TORTURE--
CONTINUES.





image

37
NOV

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



McFARLANE
HERM



SO
THIS
IS IT.

THIS IS
THE POISONED
LEGACY MY LIFE
HAS LEFT ME.



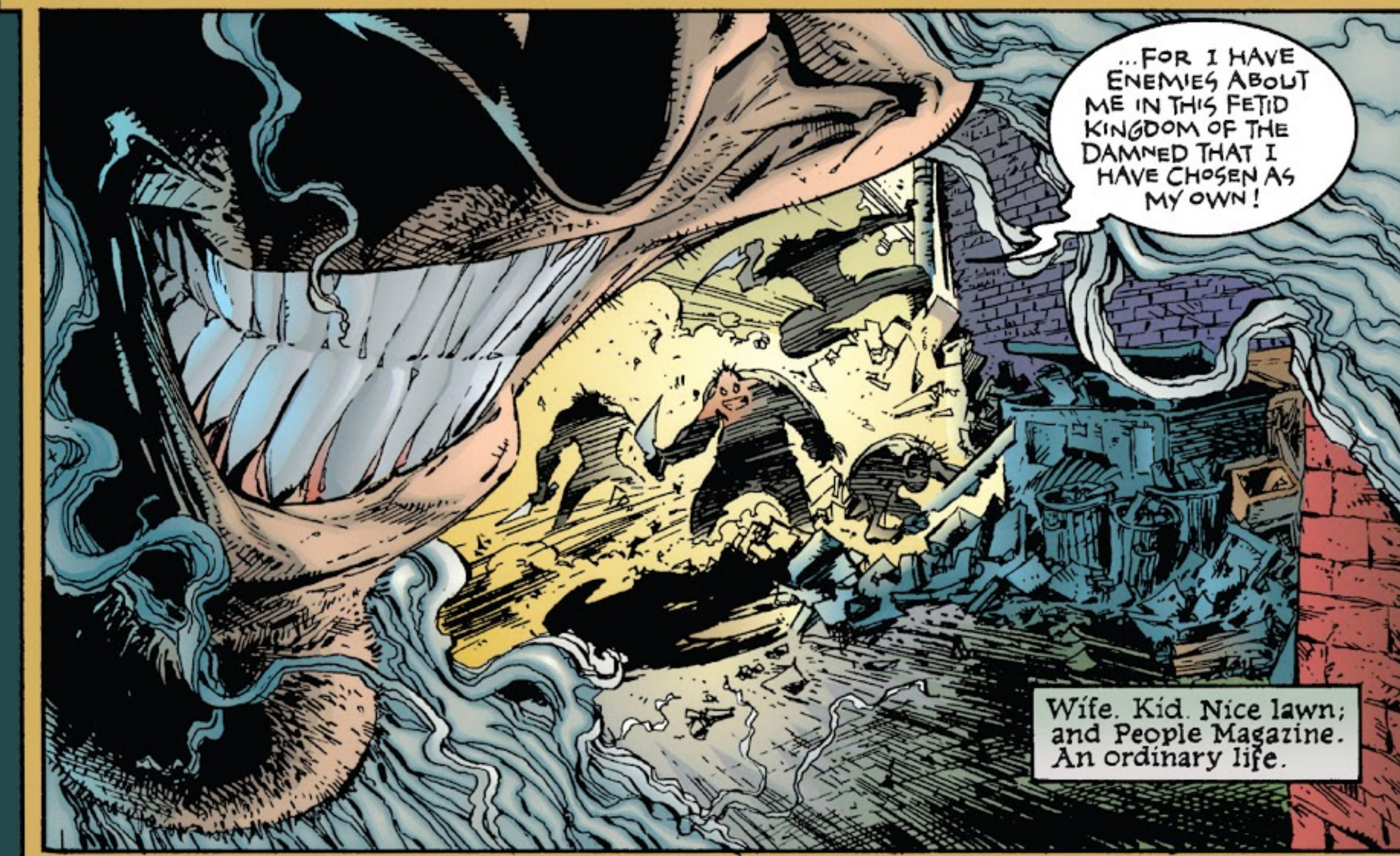
THESE
DECAYED
ESTATES ARE
ALL THERE IS OF
MY DESPISED
INHERITANCE.

THIS DISMAL PALACE,
CHANDELIERED WITH MAD
DOG BOTTLEGLASS AND TILED
WITH A MOSAIC OF SYRINGE
AND HUMAN FILTH.



THESE ARE MY
SUBJECTS, WRETCHED
AND DISCARDED. THE
DEFORMED IN BODY
OR IN MIND.

THESE
SIDESHOW
APPARITIONS, THEN,
SHALL BE MY HONOR
GUARD, WITH VOMIT
WORN LIKE MEDALS
ON EACH RAGGED
BREAST...



...FOR I HAVE
ENEMIES ABOUT
ME IN THIS FETID
KINGDOM OF THE
DAMNED THAT I
HAVE CHOSEN AS
MY OWN!

Wife. Kid. Nice lawn;
and People Magazine.
An ordinary life.

NO MATTER!
LET THEM DO THEIR
WORST, FOR IN THIS
MILDEW-GEQUINED
EMPIRE OF THE
OUTCAST AND
THE LOST...

**THE
FREAK**

SHALL REIGN
SUPREME!

Eat
dinner.
Watch
T.V. and
maybe
later go
out for a
beer...

HEY, GUYS, YA
HEAR THAT? HE
SAYS HE'S A
FREAK AND
WANTS TO
JOIN THE
SUPREMES.

LOOKS LIKE
HALLOWE'EN
CAME EARLY.

HEY!
YOU!
ALICE
COOPER!
TRICK OR
TREAT?



TRICK OR TREAT? OH, I DON'T GIVE. I DON'T WANT TO ENCOURAGE LITTLE BOYS LIKE YOU TO BE APPROACHING STRANGERS AFTER DARK.

YOU GET SO MANY FUNNY PEOPLE THESE DAYS...

...AND YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH PEOPLE. THEY'RE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.



OK, I DIG WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN', MAN. AIN'T NO GOOD GOIN' BY *APPEARANCES*. YOU GOTTA *DIG* BENEATH THE *SURFACE*...

...AND THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT *WE* GONNA DO WITH YOU!

Something put by to get the kid through college. Things at work are going great.



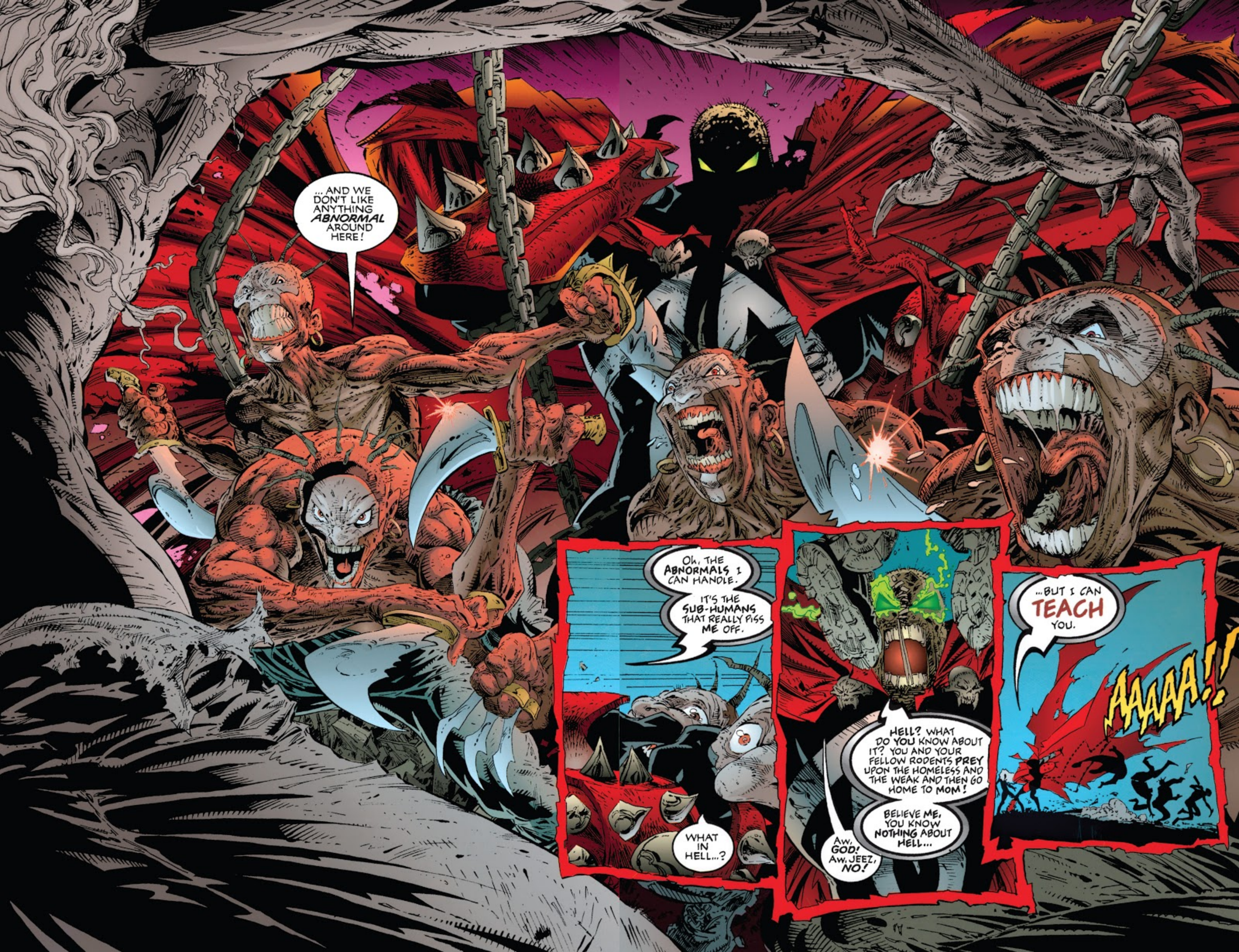
Maybe next year, a new car.

HEY, JOEY! THERE'S *ANOTHER* ONE O' THESE ALLEY-RATS SLEEPIN' OVER *HERE*!

SO? WE'LL FILLET HIM *LATER*. RIGHT NOW, I'M GONNA TEACH OUR FREAKY *FRIEND* THAT THIS IS A *CONSERVATIVE* DISTRICT...



UNNGH...



... AND WE
DON'T LIKE
ANYTHING
ABNORMAL
AROUND
HERE!

Oh, THE
ABNORMALS I
CAN HANDLE.

IT'S THE
SUB-HUMANS
THAT REALLY PISS
ME OFF.

WHAT
IN
HELL...?

HELL? WHAT
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
IT? YOU AND YOUR
FELLOW RODENTS PREY
UPON THE HOMELESS AND
THE WEAK AND THEN GO
HOME TO MOM!

BELIEVE ME,
YOU KNOW
NOTHING ABOUT
HELL...

Aw,
GOD!
Aw, JEEZ,
NO!

...BUT I CAN
TEACH
YOU.

AAAAA!!

THEY WON'T STOP
RUNNING UNTIL THEY HIT
OCEAN-- WITH LUCK, NOT
EVEN THEN. I HOPE I
DIDN'T FRIGHTEN
YOU TOO MUCH.

MY FRIEND, I'VE
MET WITH THINGS MORE
TERRIBLE THAN YOU UPON
MY TRAVELS THROUGH
THIS WORLD OF ROT
AND STARLIGHT.

IN FACT, IT
SEEMS THAT WE ARE
FELLOW KNIGHTS; BROTHERS
WITHIN THIS PUTRID, DECADENT
DOMAIN OF FLY-BLOWN
SHADOWS.

I, SIR,
AM A FREAK
OF NATURE,
AND PROUD TO
BE CALLED ONE.
PUT IT
THERE.

Uhh...
MOST PEOPLE
CALL ME
THE SPAWN.
IT'LL DO, I
GUESS.





SO, uh,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE.
DRESSED UP
LIKE THAT?

I
COULD
ASK THE
SAME OF
YOU.

WHO
KNOWS? PERHAPS
OUR ANSWERS
WOULD BE FAR
MORE SIMILAR
THAN YOU'D
IMAGINE.



WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

I MEAN
PERHAPS WE
ARE BOTH MEN
TRANSFORMED,
ERODED BY FATE'S
CARRION-BLOATED
TIDE: MADE INTO
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
WE WERE.

MADE
INTO
FREAKS.



THE LIVES
WE HAD PLUCKED
FROM US BY THE
CLAWS OF BEASTS;
CONDEMNED TO
HAUNT THIS ROACH-
JEWELLED TWILIGHT
WORLD.

DOES THAT
RING ANY
BELLS?

PERHAPS.
SO WHAT'S
YOUR
STORY?



MY STORY?
WHAT, YOU MEAN MY
ORIGIN? I COME FROM
SOMEWHERE DARK, THE
MANSION OF MY PAST
FRESCOED IN
BLOOD...

Cartoon wallpaper
in the boy's room.
Ding Dongs. Oprah.

...WITH
FIEND-CARVED
GOTHIC DOORS
I HARDLY DARE
OPEN.

"SEE, ONCE I HAD A RICH, EXCITING LIFE. I WORKED IN UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT, AND HAD A LOVELY WIFE AND KID BESIDES.

"ALL THAT GOT BLOWN APART ONE SUMMER'S NIGHT. THE HIT WAS SLICK AND ORGANIZED. PROFESSIONAL.

"IT DIDN'T TAKE TOO LONG TO FIND OUT WHO'D BEEN BEHIND IT: SOMEONE I'D TANGLED WITH BEFORE IN MY OPERATIONAL CAPACITY.

"THEY CALLED HIM DOCTOR DELIRIUM, AN INSANE SCIENTIST WITH THE MEANS TO CONTROL MINDS... OR ELSE DESTROY THEM!

"SEEKING VENGEANCE I WENT AFTER HIM, BUT IN MY RAGE I WAS TOO EAGER AND TOO CLUMSY.

"AMBUSHED, I MYSELF WAS SOON A PRISONER OF DELIRIUM.

THE TREATMENT HE SUBJECTED ME TO WAS DESIGNED TO TURN ME INTO A HUMAN VEGETABLE.

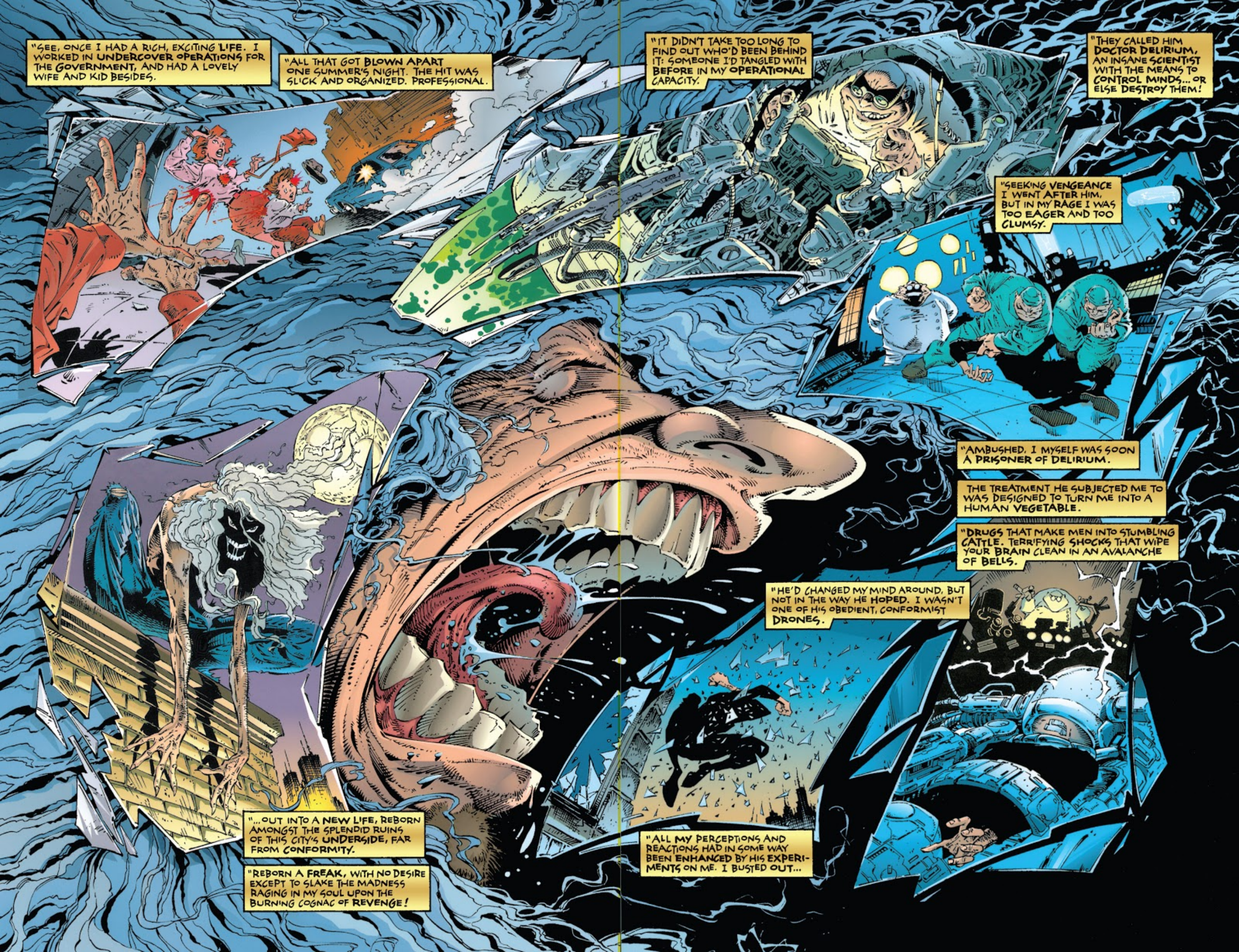
"DRUGS THAT MAKE MEN INTO STUMBLING CATTLE. TERRIFYING SHOCKS THAT WIPE YOUR BRAIN CLEAN IN AN AVALANCHE OF BELLS.

"HE'D CHANGED MY MIND AROUND, BUT NOT IN THE WAY HE HOPED. I WASN'T ONE OF HIS OBEDIENT, CONFORMIST DRONES.

"ALL MY PERCEPTIONS AND REACTIONS HAD IN SOME WAY BEEN ENHANCED BY HIS EXPERIMENTS ON ME. I BUSTED OUT...

"...OUT INTO A NEW LIFE, REBORN AMONGST THE SPLENDID RUINS OF THIS CITY'S UNDERSIDE, FAR FROM CONFORMITY.

"REBORN A FREAK, WITH NO DESIRE EXCEPT TO SLAKE THE MADNESS RAGING IN MY SOUL UPON THE BURNING COGNAC OF REVENGE!





ALAS, THE ODDS ARE STACKED AGAINST ME. THE WARPED DEMON WHO TRANSFORMED ME TO THIS SINISTER GROTESQUE HAS VAST RESOURCES.

...WHILE ONE WHOSE STORY IS AS MONSTROUS AND UNNATURAL AS MINE CAN EXPECT LITTLE AID OR SYMPATHY FROM NORMAL FOLK.



I'M NOT SURE THERE'S SUCH A THING AS "NORMAL FOLK," NOT 'ROUND HERE, ANYWAY...

...BUT IT'S NOT ONLY YOU WHOSE LIFE GOT WARPED BY DEMONS. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO HELP.



THANK YOU. I CAN'T SAY WHAT IT MEANS TO FIND A BROTHER IN THIS GORGEOUS PURGATORY OF CIGAR BUTTS AND DEAD DOGS!

IF YOU WOULD HELP ME, WE MUST STORM THE FORTRESS OF DELIRIUM THROUGH SUBTERRANEAN ROUTES I HAVE DISCOVERED. WE MUST BOTH DESCEND...

...INTO THAT STYGIAN DARK WHEREIN WE CREATURES OF THE SHADOW FIND OUR ONLY DWELLING PLACE.

OUR ONLY SOLACE.

Drink milk out of the carton. Call mom. Send out for some ice cream. Watch a game.



THERE,
GO...

...WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE.
YOU'VE BUILT YOUR-
SELF A MANSION
IN THE SEWERS?

AND
WHERE
BETTER FOR
THE LIKES OF US
THAN IN THESE
HALLWAYS, ERMINE-
RUGGED WITH PATS;
GERM-STREWN
WITH COLORED
MAGGOTS?

MORE THAN
THAT, IT IS THE
PATHWAY
TO MY
ENEMY.
THIS WAY...





WE CAN'T
APPROACH
DELIRIUM'S
FORTRESS
FROM ABOVE
THE GROUND.

HE'D BE EXPECTING
THAT, UNLIKE THIS
ROUTE THAT ONLY PALE,
BLIND ALLIGATORS
KNOW.

DOES HIS
PLACE HAVE
DEFENSES?



YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE.

MICROWAVE BEAMS
THAT WILL POACH YOUR
BRAIN INSIDE YOUR SKULL,
AND MIND-CONTROL TECH-
NIQUES THAT HAVE YOU
DOUBTING WHO
YOU ARE!

I STILL REMEMBER
THAT EXQUISITE
TORTURE...

"HE DISMANTLED ALL MY DREAMS
AND THEN DID NEUROSURGERY
UPON MY SOUL.

"IT WASN'T JUST MY
PARENTS THAT HE
KILLED. HE
BUTCHERED MY
WHOLE LIFE."



YOUR
PARENTS?
I THOUGHT
YOU SAID
YOUR WIFE
AND KID
GOT...

I SAID MY
FAMILY WERE
KILLED. THAT
BASTARD TOOK
OUT MOM AND
DAD AS WELL.

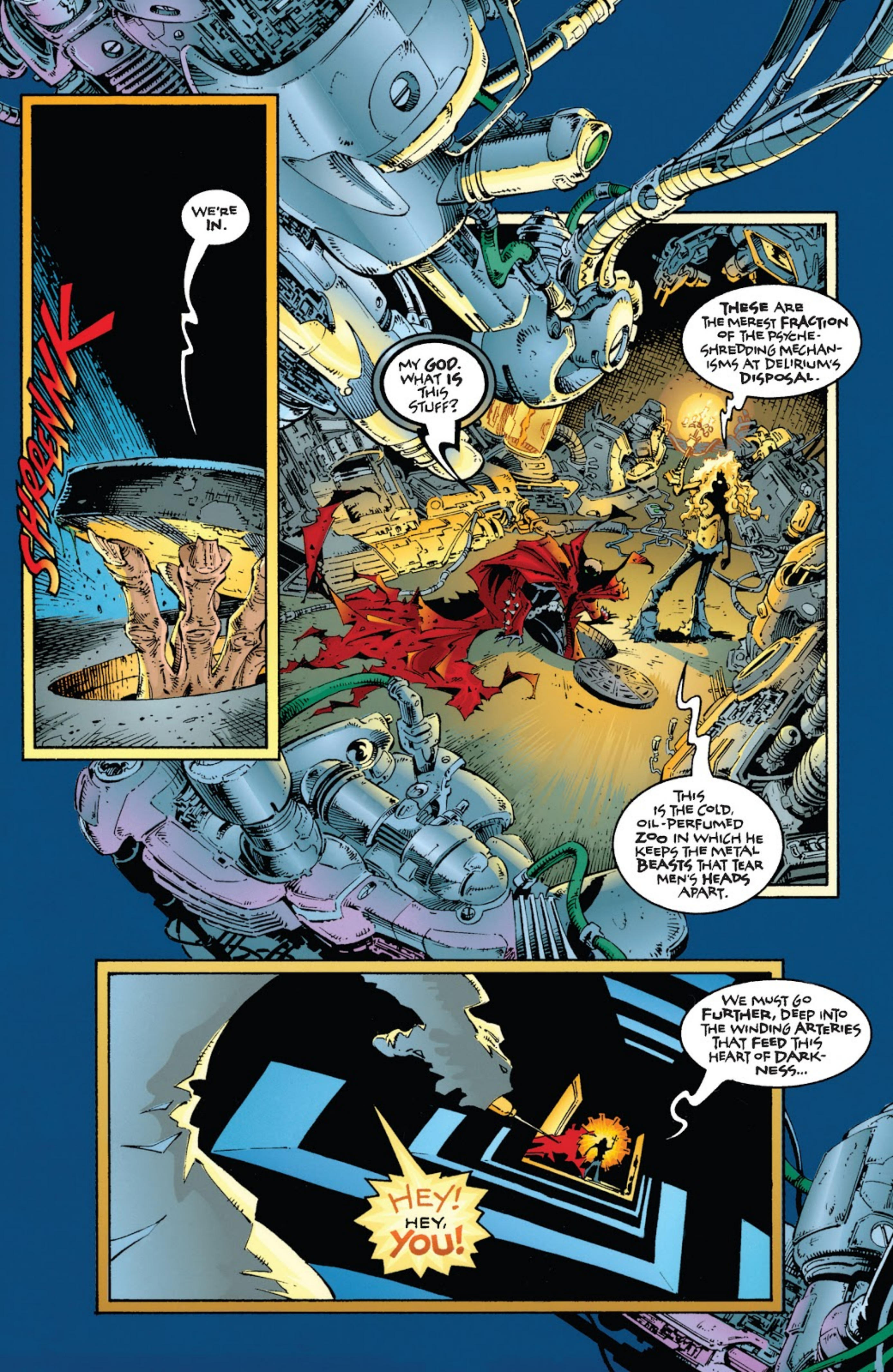
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT'S LIKE,
TO HAVE YOUR
LOVED ONES
TAKEN FROM
YOU?

YES.
YES, I
GUESS
I DO.

LEAD
ON. I'M UP
FOR ANY
RING OF THE
INFERNO THAT
YOU CARE TO
SHOW ME.

Coffee percolating in
the kitchen. Later on,
a little Springsteen;
little Meatloaf. Fri-
days, we go bowling.





WE'RE
IN.

MY GOD.
WHAT IS
THIS
STUFF?

THESE ARE
THE MEREST FRACTION
OF THE PSYCHE-
SHREDDING MECHAN-
ISMS AT DELIRIUM'S
DISPOSAL.

THIS
IS THE COLD,
OIL-PERFUMED
ZOO IN WHICH HE
KEEPS THE METAL
BEASTS THAT TEAR
MEN'S HEADS
APART.

WE MUST GO
FURTHER, DEEP INTO
THE WINDING ARTERIES
THAT FEED THIS
HEART OF DARK-
NESS...

HEY!
HEY,
YOU!



LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE
OF THE DOCTOR'S
SPECIAL PROJECTS
DECIDED TO GO
WALKABOUT.

DON'T TAKE ANY
CHANCES. LET'S
JUST GET THEM
WRAPPED UP
FAST!



GHAAAH!!

I'M SORRY,
PAL. WE'LL TAKE
OUR BRAINS UN-
SCRAMBLED.

WATCH
OUT FOR THEIR
NEEDLES OF
NOTHING-
NESS!

LET'S SHOW
THEM HOW REAL
WARRIORS OF THE
ABYSS CAN REVEL
IN THE MAW OF
SLAUGHTER!

Favorite armchair.
Favorite shows. The
drone of mowers in
the street outside.



THERE!
THAT'S
THE LAST
OF 'EM.

GOOD. WE HAVE NO
TIME TO WASTE. WE HAVE
TO BREACH THE INNER
SANCTUM OF DELIRIUM
BEFORE ONE OF HIS
HUMAN VIPERS
RAISES AN ALARM!



WHERE
DO WE
FIND
HIM?

WHERE THE
DARK IS AT ITS
THICKEST. WHERE
THE SCREAMS APPROACH
THEIR LOUDEST.
WHERE THE RUBBLE
OF MAN'S SANITY
LIES SMASHED
AND SUNDERED
ALL ABOUT...



HERE.

BEYOND THESE
DOORS THE DUKE OF
ALL DELUSION AND
DAMNATION WAITS.
IF THERE ARE
DOUBTS WITHIN
YOUR SOUL, THEN
TURN BACK
HERE.

Uh-uh.
NOT ME,
FRIEND.

IF YOU'RE
TALKIN' 'BOUT
DAMNATION
THEN I FIGURE
YOU'VE GOT ME
ALONG FOR
THE RIDE.



THERE HE IS! THE DESTROYER OF HUMAN SOULS. THE ONE WHO TOOK MY FAMILY AWAY THEN TRIED TO ERASE MY MEMORIES OF THEM.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, DEMON. TONIGHT I SHALL END YOUR REIGN OF TERROR.

W-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

Doctor's appointment at 3:00. Put roast on at 4:00.

DO YOU NEED HELP?

THANKS, FRIEND, BUT NO. YOU GUARD THE DOOR. I'VE WAITED TOO LONG FOR THIS MOMENT. MY MAKER AND I ARE ABOUT TO HAVE A MEETING OF THE MINDS...

...WITH WHAT I HAVE LEFT.



Dinner at 6:00. Strata council meeting at 7:30.

Oh,
GOD.

YOUR LORD'S
TAKING A BATH.
HE FELT DIRTY
ABOUT CREATING
YOU.

HE HAS NO STOMACH FOR WOMAN-AND-CHILD KILLERS. AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING.. NEITHER DO I.

HA HA HAA

URKGT!

**FREAK!
HURRY UP!
THINGS ARE STARTING
TO HEAT UP!**

BE WITH
YOU IN A
MINUTE,
DEAR.

GAME TIME,
DELIRIUM. "I
SPY WITH MY LITTLE
EYE SOMETHING
THAT GOES
BANG!"

WEEOWEOWEEO

Ahhh.

NOW ISN'T THIS JUST PEACHY--YOUR CORRUPT BOYS IN BLUE.

PLEASE!
I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT.

TOO LATE.

I NEED MY FAMILY.
TOO BAD YOU KILLED THEM.

SO-- DOESN'T LEAVE YOU WITH MUCH TO OFFER. DOES IT?

BUT THANKS FOR ASKING.

SMOOCH!

NOW GO CRAWL BACK STANKY BLACK HOLE FROM WHICH YOU CAME.

OH!
I FORGOT...

...SEND
ME A
POSTCARD
WHEN
YOU GET
THERE.

SPAWNIE,
IT'S TIME
WE MADE
A HASTY
RETREAT.

WHERE'S
THE
DOCTOR?

TAKING A
POWER NAP.
NOTHING
TO BE
CONCERNED
WITH.

BUT WHAT
IS ARE HIS
HORDES OF MIND-
CONTROLLED
HENCHMEN. DELIRIUM
HAD THEM ALL UNDER
HIS THUMB: COPPERS,
MAFIA LORDS,
POLITICAL
PERSONALITIES.

THIS
SANCTUM
OF HIS WILL BE
CRAWLING WITH
HUNDREDS OF
ZOMBIES OUT
FOR OUR BLOOD
IN ABOUT TEN
MINUTES.

WE NEED
TO CREATE A
CLEAN PATH OF
ESCAPE.

THEN,
MY REVENGE
SHALL BE
COMPLETE.

11:00. A warm-
up of Ovaltine,
and some ESPN
Sportscenter.

AT THE FEDERAL
HEALTH SERVICES
DEPARTMENT...

I'M SORRY
TO CALL YOU
DOWN HERE SO
ABRUPTLY,
MRS. KULBICZI.

YOUR HUSBAND
HAS ESCAPED FROM
THE INSTITUTION
AGAIN, AND
EFFORTS TO FIND
HIM HAVE BEEN
UNSUCCESSFUL.

THIS IS
MR. KULBICZI,
RIGHT?

NO, IT'S
NOT. I
THOUGHT HE'D
BE OUT OF MY
LIFE FOR GOOD
WHEN I LEFT
HIM 8 YEARS
AGO. HE JUST
LOST IT WHEN
I TOLD HIM I
DIDN'T WANT
TO HAVE
KIDS.

YEAH.

WE'D LIKE
YOUR HELP IN
FINDING HIM. YOU'VE
BEEN VERY HELPFUL
IN THE PAST, AND WE
DO APPRECIATE IT.
I'M SURE THIS
ISN'T EASY.

I COULDN'T **TAKE** IT ANYMORE. HIS
ALWAYS RUNNING OFF. I'M TELLING
YOU, HIS GRIP ON **REALITY** IS SCREWED
UP. BUT I GUESS YOU ALREADY KNEW
THAT. WELL, HE'S NOT **MY**
PROBLEM ANYMORE.

WE WERE
HOPING YOU'D
HELP US
TRY AND...

I DON'T **THINK** SO.
HE CAN ROT IN THE STREET
FOR ALL I CARE. I'M **SICK** OF
BEING DRAGGED INTO HIS
FREAKY DREAM WORLD.

WHY DON'T
YOU CALL HIS
DOCTOR, OR
SOMETHING?

WE **HAVE**.
BUT NO ONE SEEMS
TO BE ANSWERING AT
DR. DeLOREAN'S OFFICE.
WE'LL TRY AGAIN IN
THE MORNING.

OKAY, FREAK, IT'S YOU AND ME NOW. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL WE JUST DID?!

YOU WANT ANSWERS. FINE. HERE'S THE SCOOP. THE WHOLE INSANE GIG, IT'S JUST A SHITKICK, ALONG WITH THIS WIG AND MAKE-UP. IT JUST SERVES SOME PURPOSE, LIKE YOUR GET-UP.

SOUNDS KINDA CRAZY, BUT IT'S ALL I'VE GOT. THAT MURDERER DELIRIUM, HE WIPED OUT MY FAMILY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MEANS?

SO YEAH, I KILLED THE FAT GLOB. WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO, TAKE ME TO JAIL?

GO AHEAD. I DON'T CARE ANYMORE.

I'M NOT YOUR CONSCIENCE. YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD TO.

I'M FIGHTING A FEW INNER DEMONS MYSELF. YOU'VE REMINDED ME TO STAY FOCUSED.

Tuck the kids into bed. Snuggle up to the wife. All in a pretty good day.

FOCUSED?

I'VE GOT MY NEXT TARGET ALREADY PICKED OUT.

WELL, GOOD LUCK. HOPE YOU SUCCEED.

I WILL.

Hee
HeHe
HeHee!



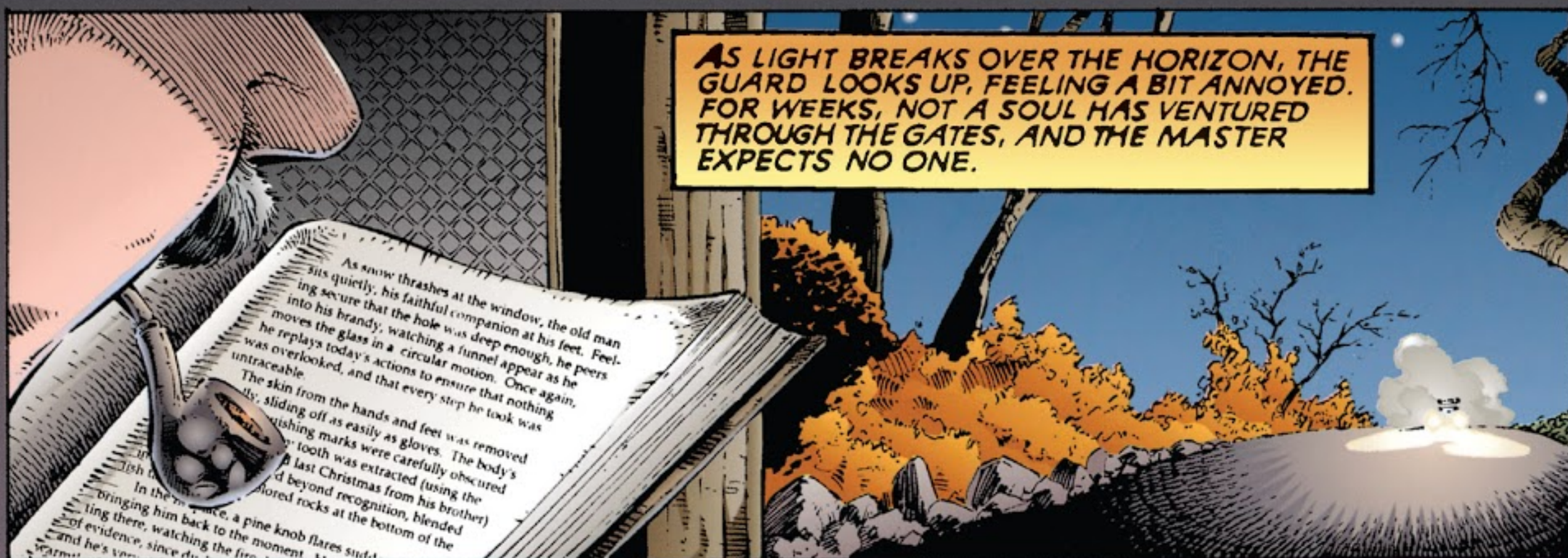
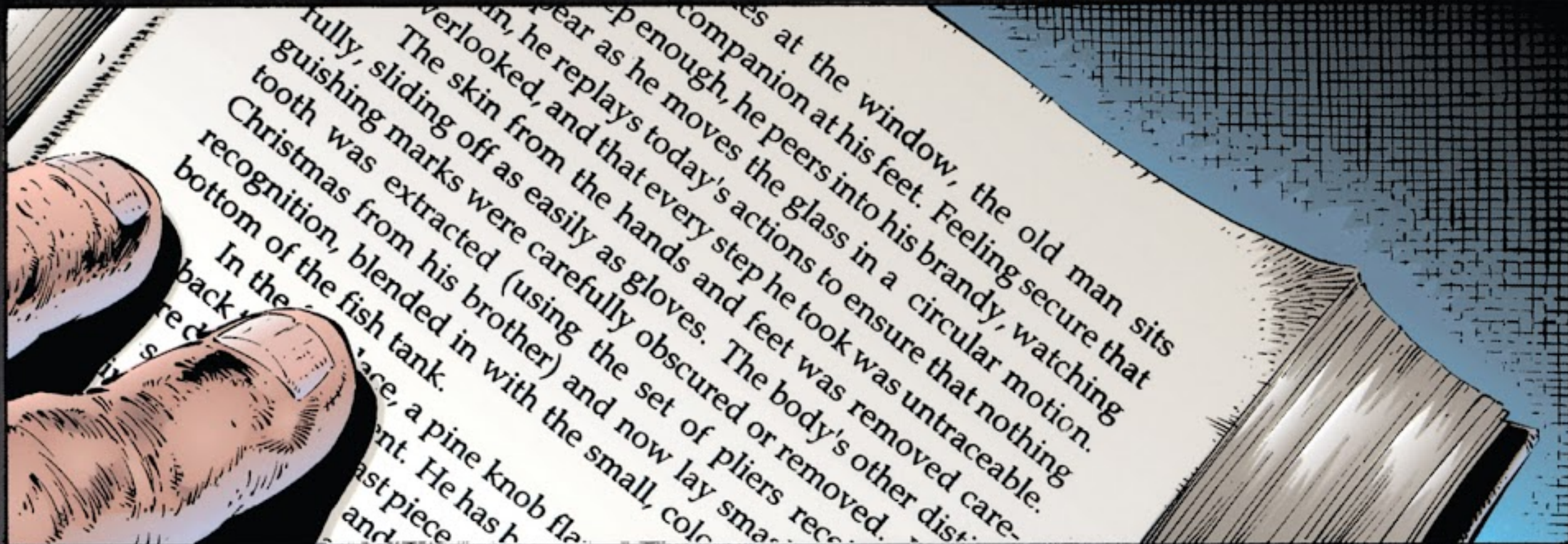


TM

SPAWN

Image
38
DEC DIGITAL EDITION

TONY DANIEL
-W-
KEVIN CONRAD
TB



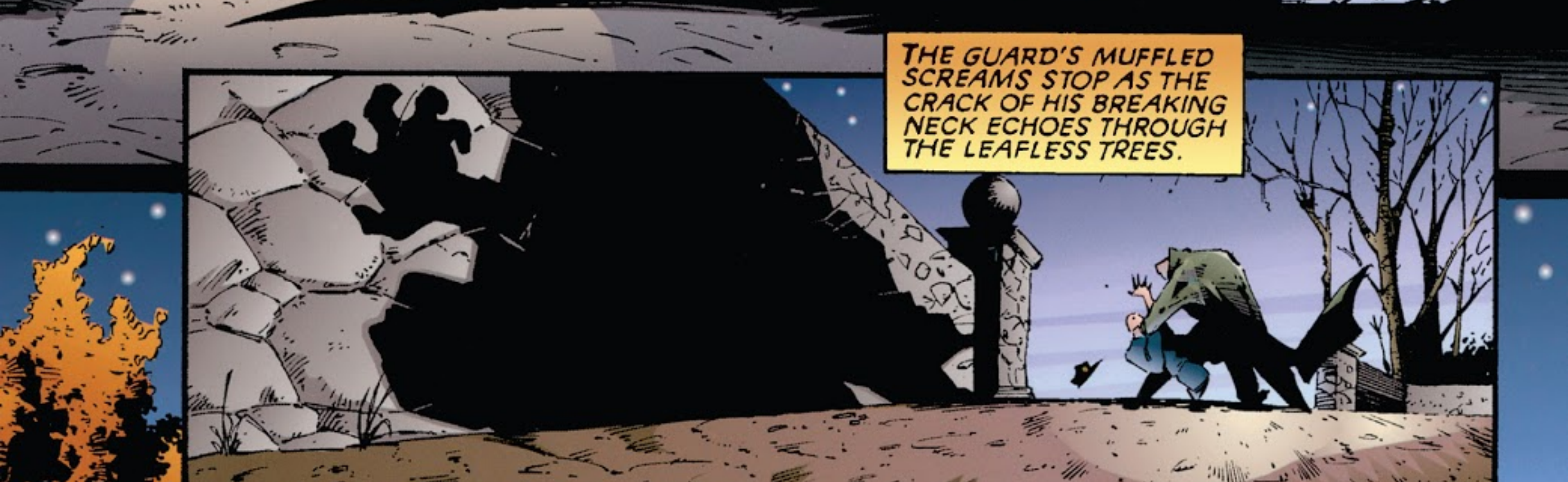


I'VE COME TO SEE THE PROFESSOR.
HE'S EXPECTING ME.

I'M SORRY,
BUT MY LOG BOOK
DOESN'T SHOW ANY
VISITORS TONIGHT.
LET ME VALIDATE YOUR
I.D. BEFORE I CALL UP
TO THE HOUSE. I HAVE
STRICT ORDERS NOT
TO DISTURB THE
DOCTOR.

WAIT A
MINUTE. THIS
CARD'S **EXPIRED**.
YOU'LL HAVE
TO COME BACK
TOMORROW
WITH VALID
DOCUMENT-
TATION.

THAT WON'T BE
NECESSARY.



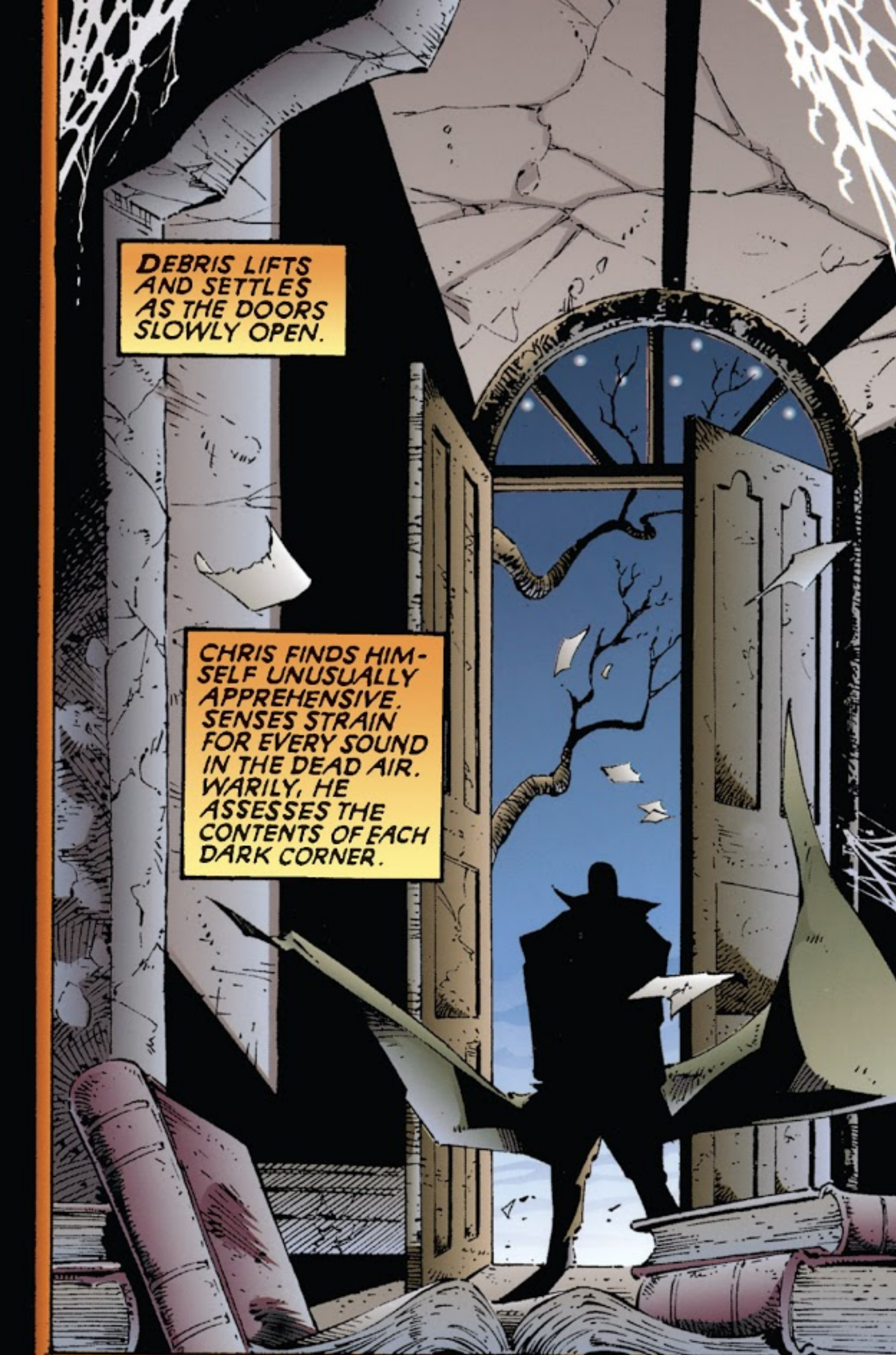
THE GUARD'S MUFFLED
SCREAMS STOP AS THE
CRACK OF HIS BREAKING
NECK ECHOES THROUGH
THE LEAFLESS TREES.



ONCE AGAIN, SILENCE BLANKETS THE MOONLIT
EVENING, AS FADING WARMTH FROM THE DEAD
GUARD'S HAND THAWS A PATCH OF ICY GROUND.



THAT WAS
EASY.
TOO EASY.



DEBRIS LIFTS
AND SETTLES
AS THE DOORS
SLOWLY OPEN.

CHRIS FINDS HIM-
SELF UNUSUALLY
APPREHENSIVE.
SENSES STRAIN
FOR EVERY SOUND
IN THE DEAD AIR.
WARILY, HE
ASSESSES THE
CONTENTS OF EACH
DARK CORNER.



WHAT
THE HELL'S
GOING **ON**
HERE...? I HEARD
THE DOC WAS A
LITTLE CRAZY,
BUT WHAT WEIRDO
COULD LIVE
WITH THIS
FILTH?



HIS FOOTSTEPS ARE
MUFFLED BY THE DUST
THAT COATS THE ROOM.
CAUTIOUSLY, HE
NAVIGATES PAST THE
DECREPIT MACHINES.

THEN-- A SIGN
OF LIFE. WARILY,
CHRIS EASES
HIS WEAPON
FROM ITS
HOLSTER.

I KNEW
I'D FIND
THAT
BASTARD
HERE.



IN FACT, IT'S ONLY
EMPTY NOISE
FROM THE TELE-
VISION. CHRIS
BREATHES A SIGH
OF RELIEF. THE
ROOM IS EMPTY.

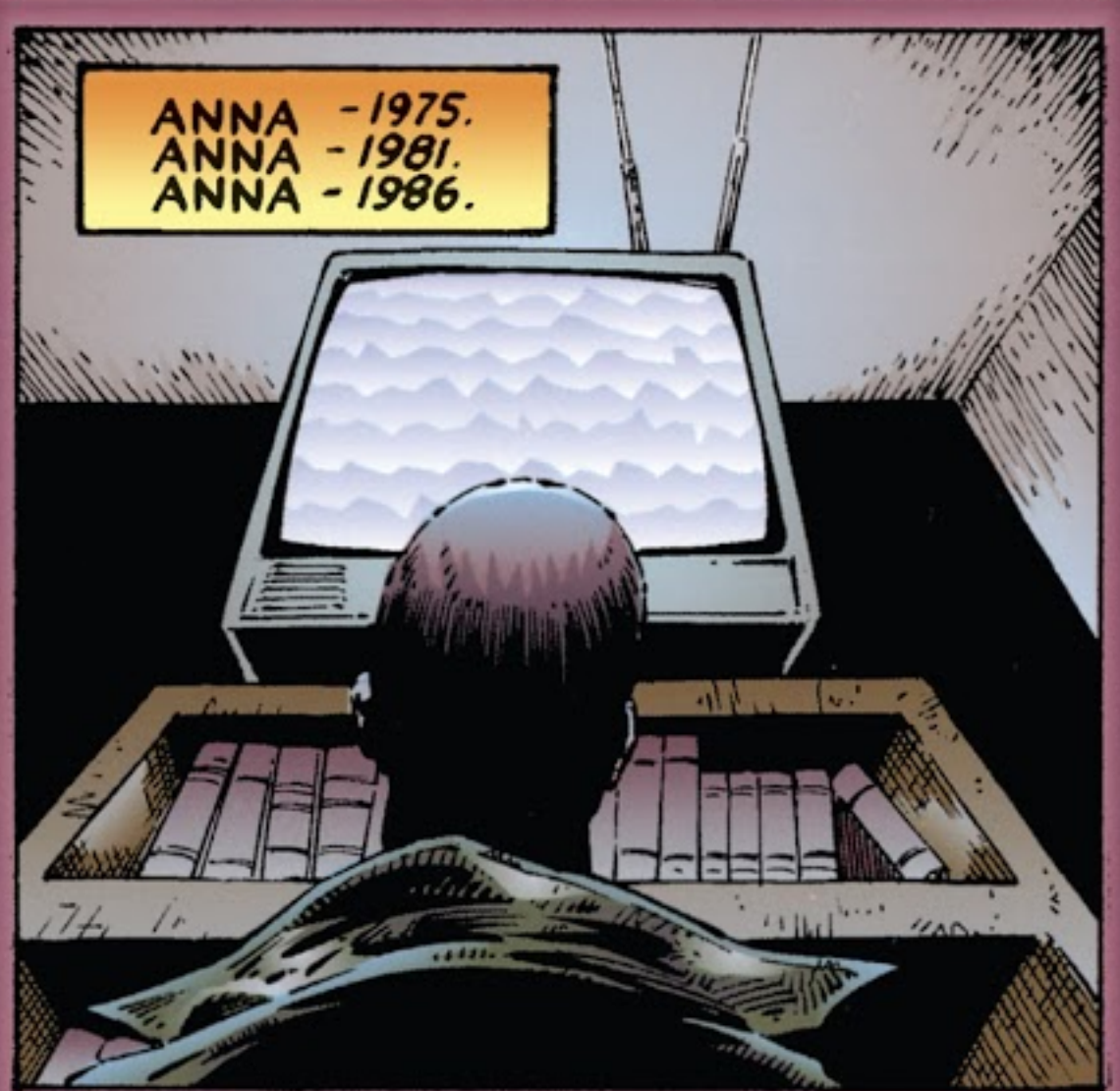
JESUS,
WHAT A
MESS-- AND
THIS GUY'S A
WELL-
RESPECTED
DOCTOR?

THERE **HAS**
TO BE SOME-
THING HERE...
SOMETHING
I CAN TAKE
WITH ME.



CHRIS SEARCHES
THROUGH THE
ROWS AND ROWS
OF OLD VIDEOS.
HIS ORDERS WERE
VERY CLEAR ABOUT
WHAT HE IS
EXPECTED TO FIND.
EACH TAPE, AS
PREDICTED, IS
SIMILARLY LABELED.

ANNA - 1975.
ANNA - 1981.
ANNA - 1986.



IT'S THE TAPE ALREADY IN
THE VCR, THEN, OR NOTHING.
AS HE PRESSES "PLAY," THE
ROOM GOES MOMENTARILY
BLACK.

VLS
VIDEO INDEX
SEARCH SYSTEM

REW

RECORD

FF

EJC

NIGHT ENVELOPS
THE CITY. A CALM
SILENCE CARESSES
ITS EMPTY STREETS--
BROKEN BY THE
MANIC RUMMAGINGS
OF RATS AND DOGS.

AND
GHOSTS.

THE RESTLESS
CREATURE FORAGES
THROUGH MOUNDS
OF DEBRIS.

SEARCHING FOR
WHAT WILL
BRING SECURITY.

VENGEANCE.

PEACE.



GOOD.
JUST WHERE
I LEFT THEM. SOME
QUICK MAINTAINANCE
AND THEY'LL BE
READY FOR
WYNN.

THAT **SLIMY PIG!**
LYING IN SOME HOSPITAL
SURROUNDED BY
TWENTY GUARDS. YOU
SLEEP WELL, JASON. I
NEED YOU NICE AND
HEALTHY. SO I CAN
BLOW OFF YOUR
HEAD.

AN EYE
FOR AN EYE.
REMEMBER? YOU
TAUGHT ME THAT.
NEVER SURRENDER.
NEVER BACK DOWN.
**KILL OR BE
KILLED.**

**HELL'S BEEN
WAITING
FOR THIS.**

The background of the top half of the page is a large, detailed illustration of Spawn. He is shown from the chest up, wearing his signature red and black tactical suit with multiple lenses on the mask. He is holding a large, futuristic assault rifle with both hands, and a bright light emanates from the barrel, suggesting he is cleaning it. The setting appears to be a dark, cluttered space filled with various pieces of military equipment and debris.

FAMILIARITY
AMPLIFIES
SPAWN'S INTEN-
SITY, AS HE
PREPARES.
EASILY WIPING
AWAY THE
GRIMY RESIDUE
OF MONTHS OF
STORAGE IN
ROTTING RUBBISH.

AK-830
ROCKET
LAUNCHER.

I REMEMBER
THIS BABY.

BLOWS
HOLES THROUGH
ELEPHANTS. **ANYTHING**.
USED IT ON THAT
LIBYAN MISSION.
WORKED LIKE A
CHARM THEN.

LOOKS LIKE
EVERYTHING'S
IN ORDER. NOW
ALL I NEED
IS...

...THE
FINAL
TOUCH.

PREPARING
FOR WAR?
YOU'VE NO
IDEA WHO
YOUR REAL
ENEMY IS.

YOU'RE
CHASING
A RED
HERRING.

BEFORE SATISFYING HIS CURIOSITY ABOUT WHAT'S ON THE TAPE, CHRIS SCOURS EVERY REMAINING INCH OF THE MANSION. HE FINDS NO ONE.

WITH MY HEALTH'S DETERIORATION, I HAVE CEASED ASSEMBLING MY NOTES, AND THE NEUROLOGY RESEARCH HAS BEEN FORCIBLY TERMINATED. WITHOUT THIS RECORDING, I FEAR MY RESEARCH WILL REMAIN UNKNOWN.

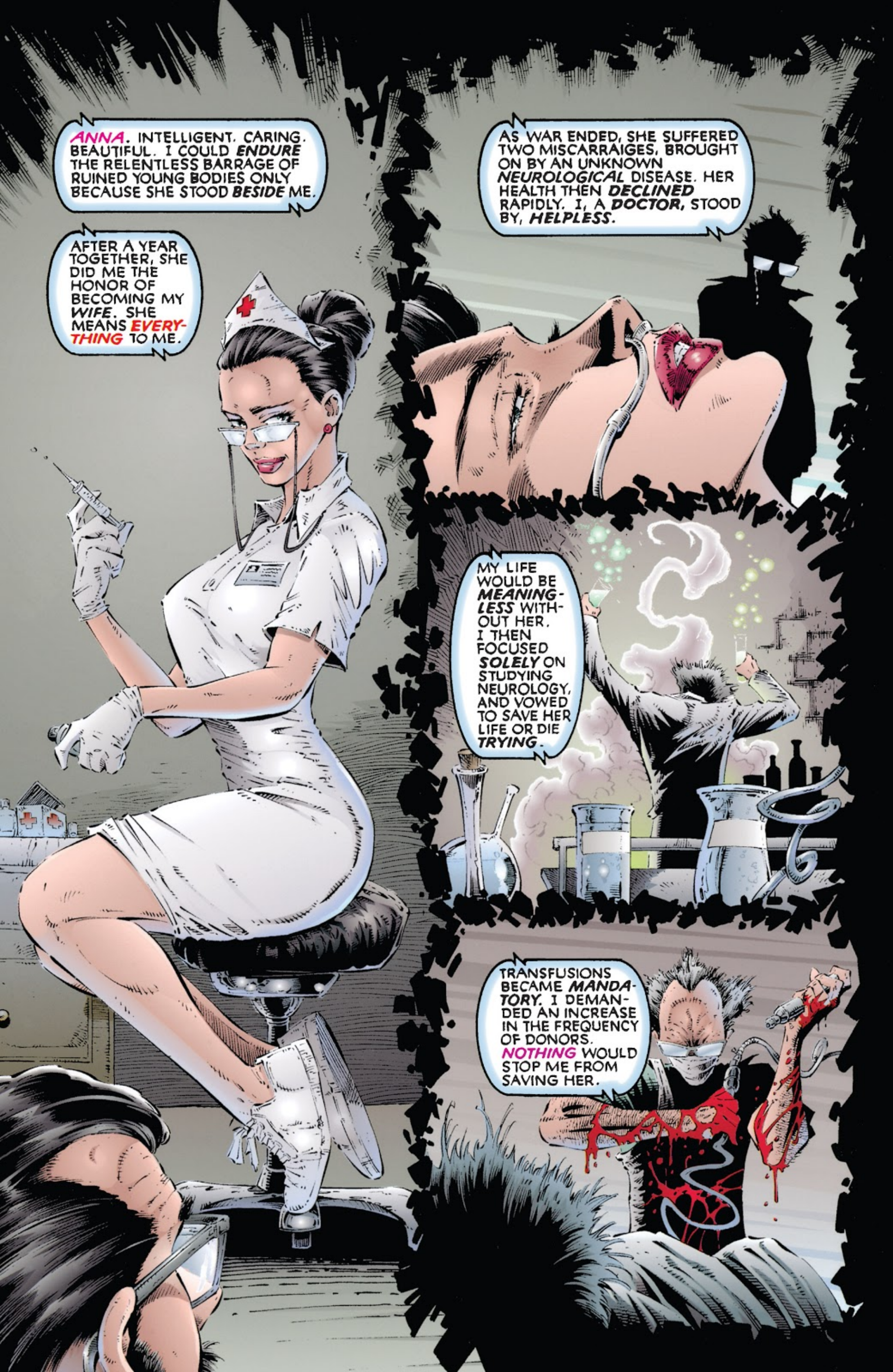
MY NAME IS **FREDERICK WILLHEIM**, AND I WAS BORN IN GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

I MUST START AT THE BEGINNING. AT THE ROOT OF MY EXPERIMENTATION.

I'M GOING TO GET A FRIGGIN' DISSERTATION.

AS A POVERTY-STRICKEN BOY, I DREAMED OF BECOMING A **DOCTOR**. WHEN WAR ENGULFED EUROPE, I SERVED AS A FRONT-LINE MEDIC IN EXCHANGE FOR TRAINING AS A PHYSICIAN.

IN MY FOURTH YEAR OF SERVICE, I MET THE WOMAN WHO WOULD FOREVER CHANGE MY LIFE.



ANNA. INTELLIGENT. CARING. BEAUTIFUL. I COULD **ENDURE** THE RELENTLESS BARRAGE OF RUINED YOUNG BODIES ONLY BECAUSE SHE STOOD **BESIDE** ME.

AFTER A YEAR TOGETHER, SHE DID ME THE HONOR OF BECOMING MY **WIFE**. SHE MEANS **EVERY-THING** TO ME.

AS WAR ENDED, SHE SUFFERED TWO MISCARRAIGES, BROUGHT ON BY AN UNKNOWN **NEUROLOGICAL** DISEASE. HER HEALTH THEN **DECLINED** RAPIDLY. I, A **DOCTOR**, STOOD BY, **HELPLESS**.

MY LIFE WOULD BE **MEANINGLESS** WITHOUT HER. I THEN FOCUSED **SOLELY** ON STUDYING NEUROLOGY, AND VOWED TO SAVE HER LIFE OR DIE **TRYING**.

TRANSFUSIONS BECAME **MANDATORY**. I DEMANDED AN INCREASE IN THE FREQUENCY OF DONORS. **NOTHING** WOULD STOP ME FROM SAVING HER.

LEARNING OF MY RESEARCH, THE U.S. ARMY INVITED ME TO HEAD UP THEIR **CYBERNETIC SIMIAN** PROJECT.

I WAS FORCED TO ACCEPT THE OFFER, AS THEIR ECONOMIC SUPPORT WAS URGENTLY NEEDED IF I WAS TO SAVE HER LIFE. THEY COERCED US TO MOVE TO THE UNITED STATES.



THE DEMANDS FOR IMMEDIATE RESULTS ON *THEIR* PROJECT JEOPARDIZED *HER* RECOVERY. MY SWEET, BEAUTIFUL ANNA SLIPPED INTO A **COMA**.

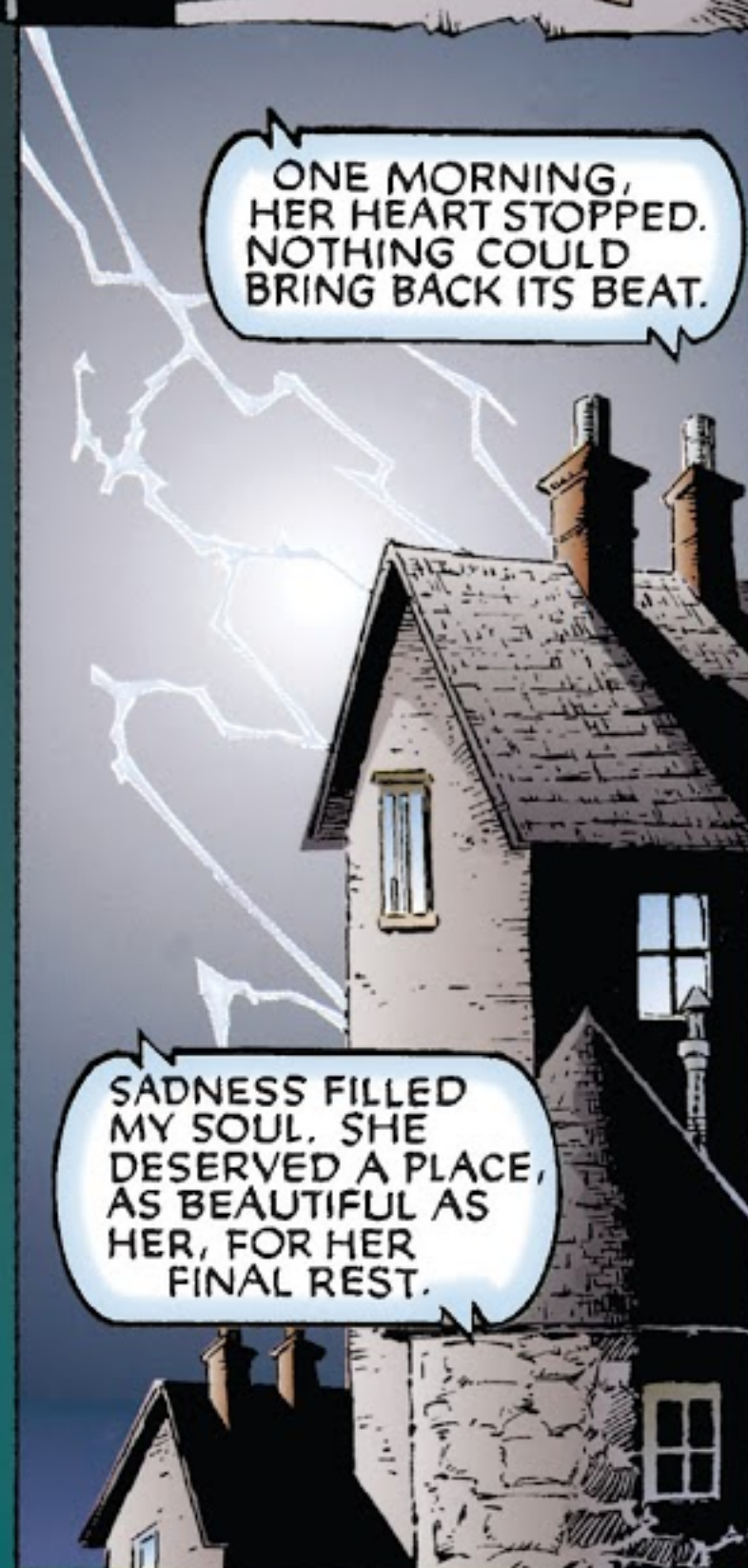


MY ANNA WAS DYING.



ONE MORNING, HER HEART STOPPED. NOTHING COULD BRING BACK ITS BEAT.

SADNESS FILLED MY SOUL. SHE DESERVED A PLACE, AS BEAUTIFUL AS HER, FOR HER FINAL REST.

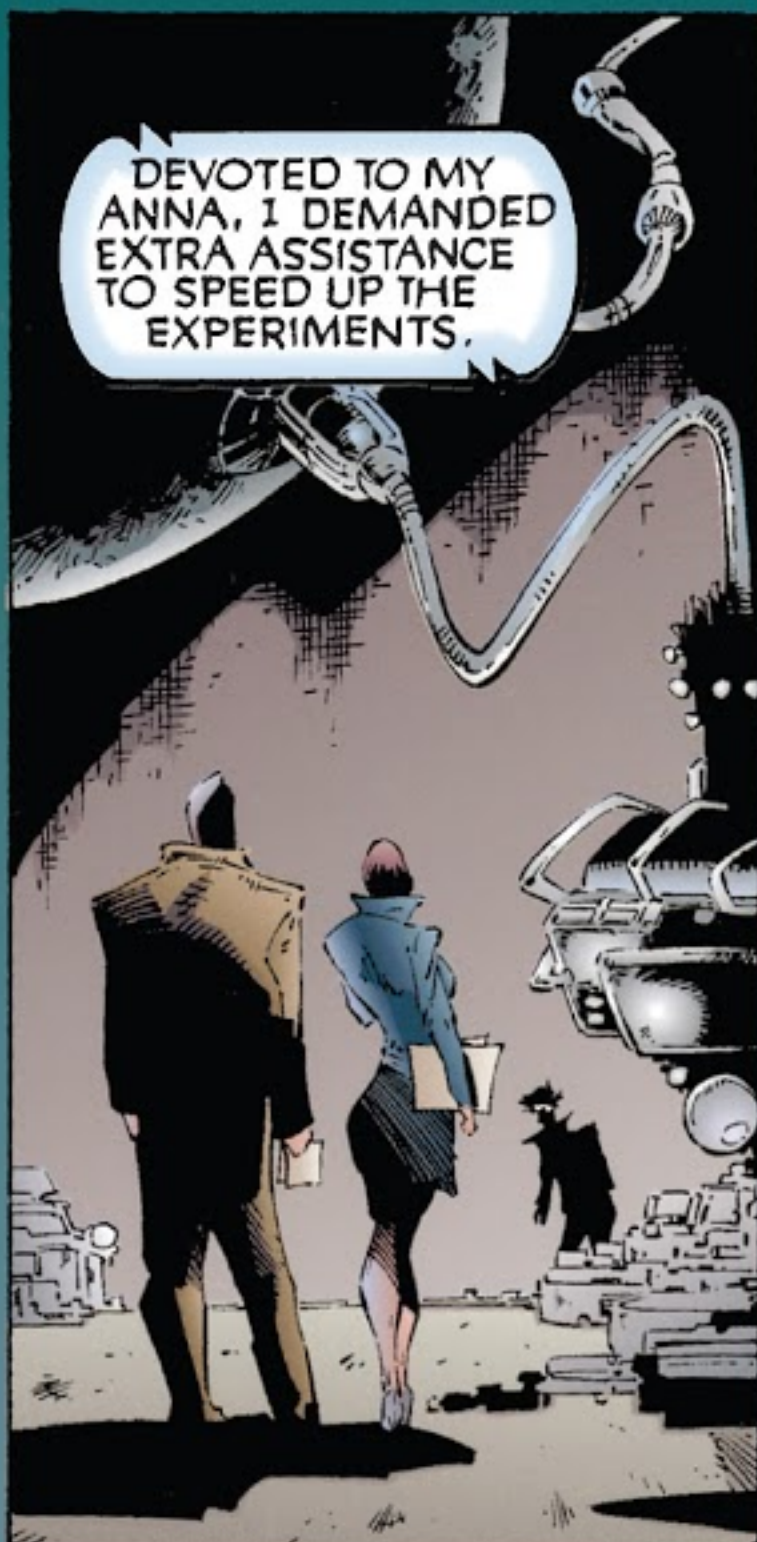


A **SAFE** PLACE, WHERE I VISITED HER **ALL THE TIME**.

I MADE A **PROMISE** I WOULD BRING HER BACK.

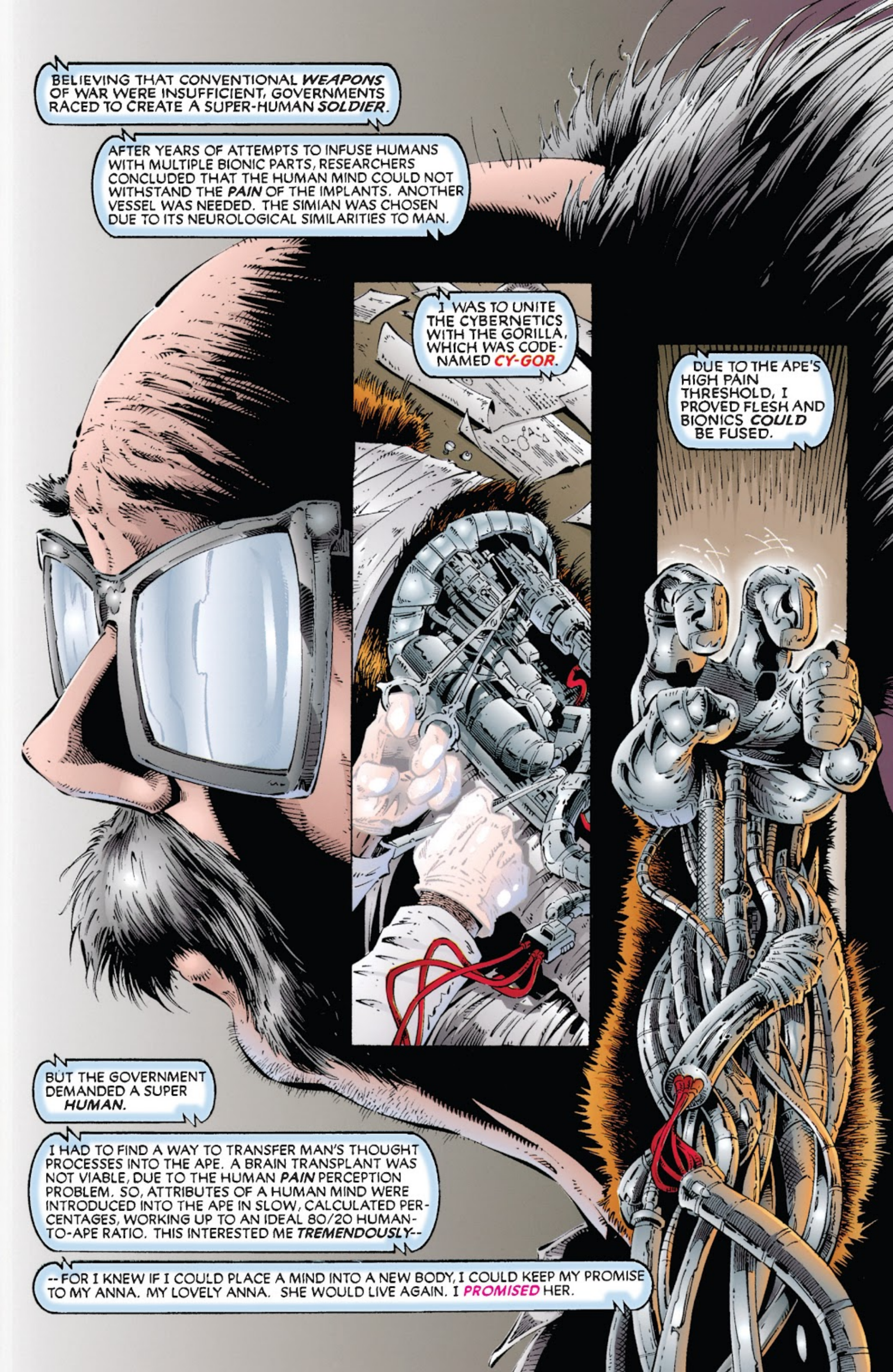


DEVOTED TO MY ANNA, I DEMANDED EXTRA ASSISTANCE TO SPEED UP THE EXPERIMENTS.



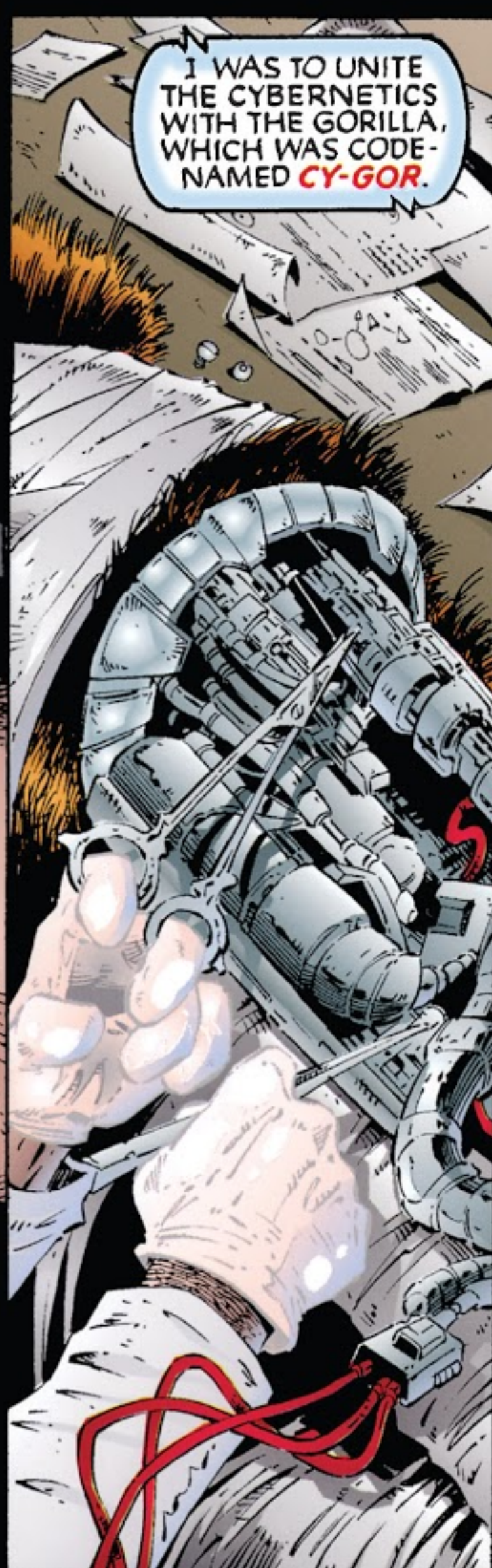
I HAD TO ENSURE MY THEORIES WERE **VALID** BEFORE I COULD HELP MY LOVE.





BELIEVING THAT CONVENTIONAL **WEAPONS** OF WAR WERE INSUFFICIENT, GOVERNMENTS RACED TO CREATE A SUPER-HUMAN **SOLDIER**.

AFTER YEARS OF ATTEMPTS TO INFUSE HUMANS WITH MULTIPLE BIONIC PARTS, RESEARCHERS CONCLUDED THAT THE HUMAN MIND COULD NOT WITHSTAND THE **PAIN** OF THE IMPLANTS. ANOTHER VESSEL WAS NEEDED. THE SIMIAN WAS CHOSEN DUE TO ITS NEUROLOGICAL SIMILARITIES TO MAN.



I WAS TO UNITE THE CYBERNETICS WITH THE GORILLA, WHICH WAS CODE-NAMED **CY-GOR**.

DUE TO THE APE'S HIGH PAIN THRESHOLD, I PROVED FLESH AND BIONICS **COULD** BE FUSED.

BUT THE GOVERNMENT DEMANDED A SUPER **HUMAN**.

I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO TRANSFER MAN'S THOUGHT PROCESSES INTO THE APE. A BRAIN TRANSPLANT WAS NOT VIABLE, DUE TO THE HUMAN **PAIN** PERCEPTION PROBLEM. SO, ATTRIBUTES OF A HUMAN MIND WERE INTRODUCED INTO THE APE IN SLOW, CALCULATED PERCENTAGES, WORKING UP TO AN IDEAL 80/20 HUMAN-TO-APE RATIO. THIS INTERESTED ME **TREMENDOUSLY**--

--FOR I KNEW IF I COULD PLACE A MIND INTO A NEW BODY, I **COULD** KEEP MY PROMISE TO MY ANNA. MY LOVELY ANNA. SHE WOULD LIVE AGAIN. I **PROMISED** HER.



FOR ANNA'S SAKE, PRECISION IN MY EXPERIMENTATION WAS **MANDATORY**. HOWEVER, THE GOVERNMENT, WHILE DEMANDING IMPOSSIBLE DEADLINES, MADE SUBSTANTIAL CUTS TO MY **RESOURCES**.

STILL, I CONTINUED MY RESEARCH WITH THE SAME **CARE AND ATTENTION** AS ALWAYS...

...USING ONLY THE MOST **ADVANCED** EQUIPMENT AND SOPHISTICATED **SUBJECTS**.

MAKING DETAILED NOTES IN ORGANIZED **JOURNALS**.

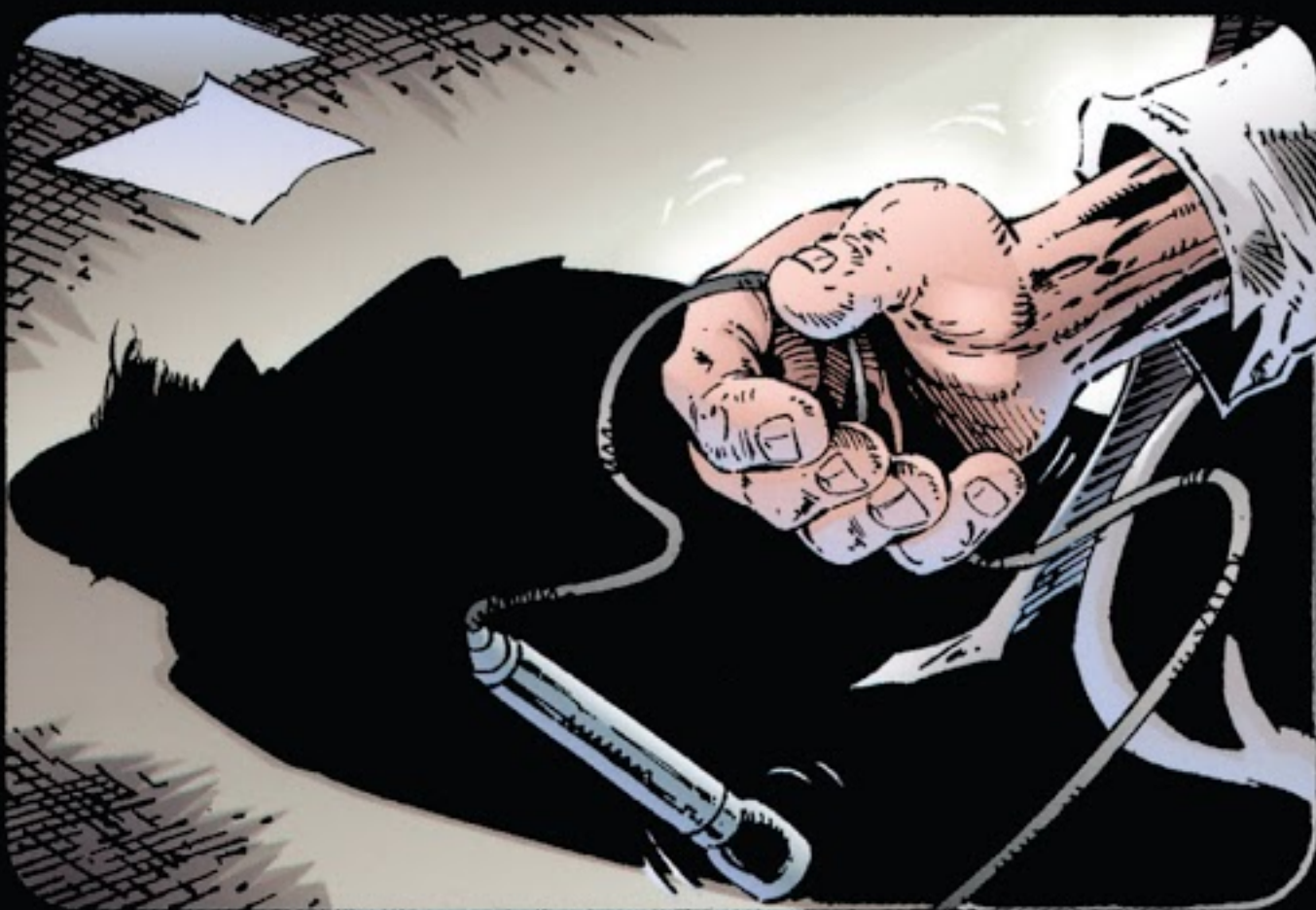
WHEN THE **CY-GOR** MOVED OF ITS OWN FREE WILL AND LIVED WITHOUT ARTIFICIAL LIFE SUPPORT, I KNEW IT WAS TIME FOR MY ANNA. I **PROMISED** HER. ALL MY HARD WORK WAS GOING TO PAY OFF. SHE WOULD, ONCE AGAIN, BE WITH ME.

DAYS BLURRED INTO EACH OTHER BECAUSE I KNEW THAT SOON ANNA AND I WOULD BE TOGETHER AGAIN. I COULD FEEL MY HEALTH DECLINING, BUT NOTHING COULD STOP ME. NOT **NOW**.



THAT BRINGS ME UP TO DATE.
I MUST CONTINUE MY WORK.
ANNA DEPENDS ON ME.

THE TELEVISION SCREEN FILLS ONCE AGAIN
WITH SNOW, BRINGING CHRIS BACK TO
REALITY. BELIEVING THE TAPE IS OVER, HE
RISES TO REMOVE IT FROM THE VCR, BUT
STOPS WHEN THE PICTURE RESUMES.



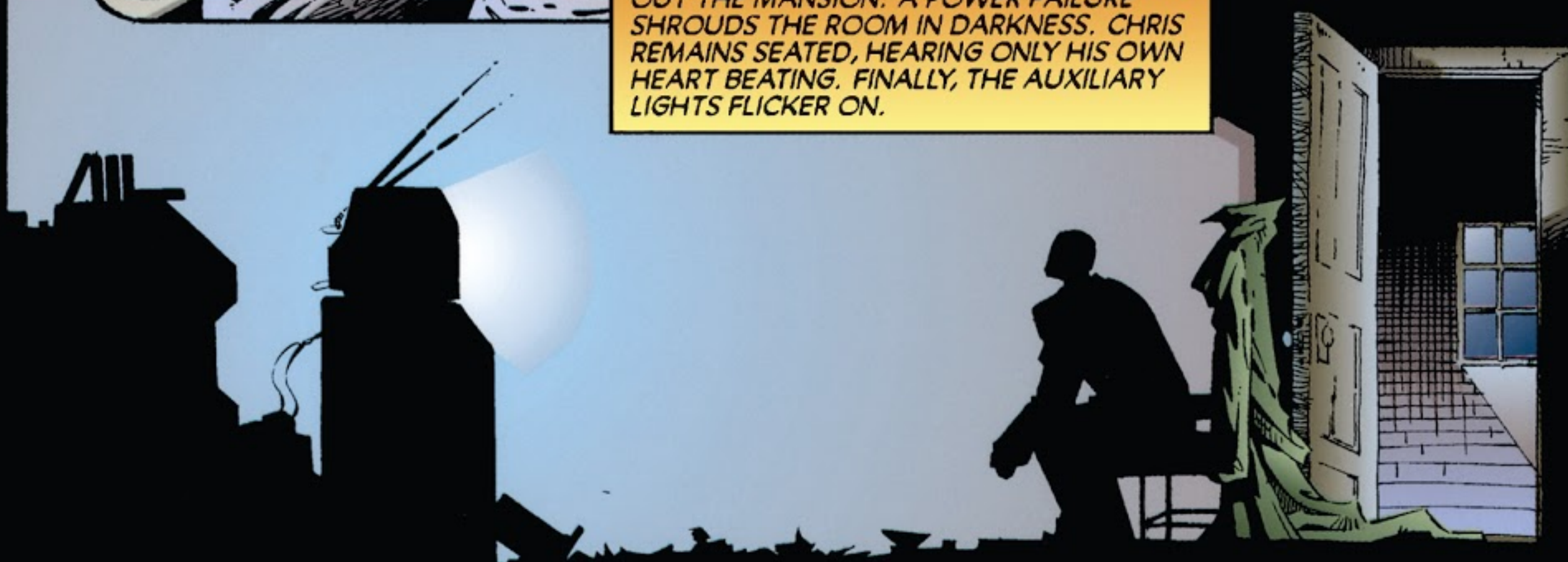
HELP ME. I'VE BEEN LYING HERE
FOR THREE DAYS. I'M WEAK. I
STRUGGLED FOR DAYS TO REACH
THE MICROPHONE.

I CANNOT MOVE MY LEFT ARM,
OR MY LEGS. I'VE HAD A **STROKE**. I
CANNOT REACH HER. MY ANNA.



I'M NOT READY, NOT **YET**. THE BEAST.
AT LEAST FOUR **DAYS** HAVE PASSED.
I CAN'T MOVE. IT WILL GET...

A THUNDERING **CRASH** ECHOES THROUGH-
OUT THE MANSION. A POWER FAILURE
SHROUDS THE ROOM IN DARKNESS. CHRIS
REMAINS SEATED, HEARING ONLY HIS OWN
HEART BEATING. FINALLY, THE AUXILIARY
LIGHTS FLICKER ON.



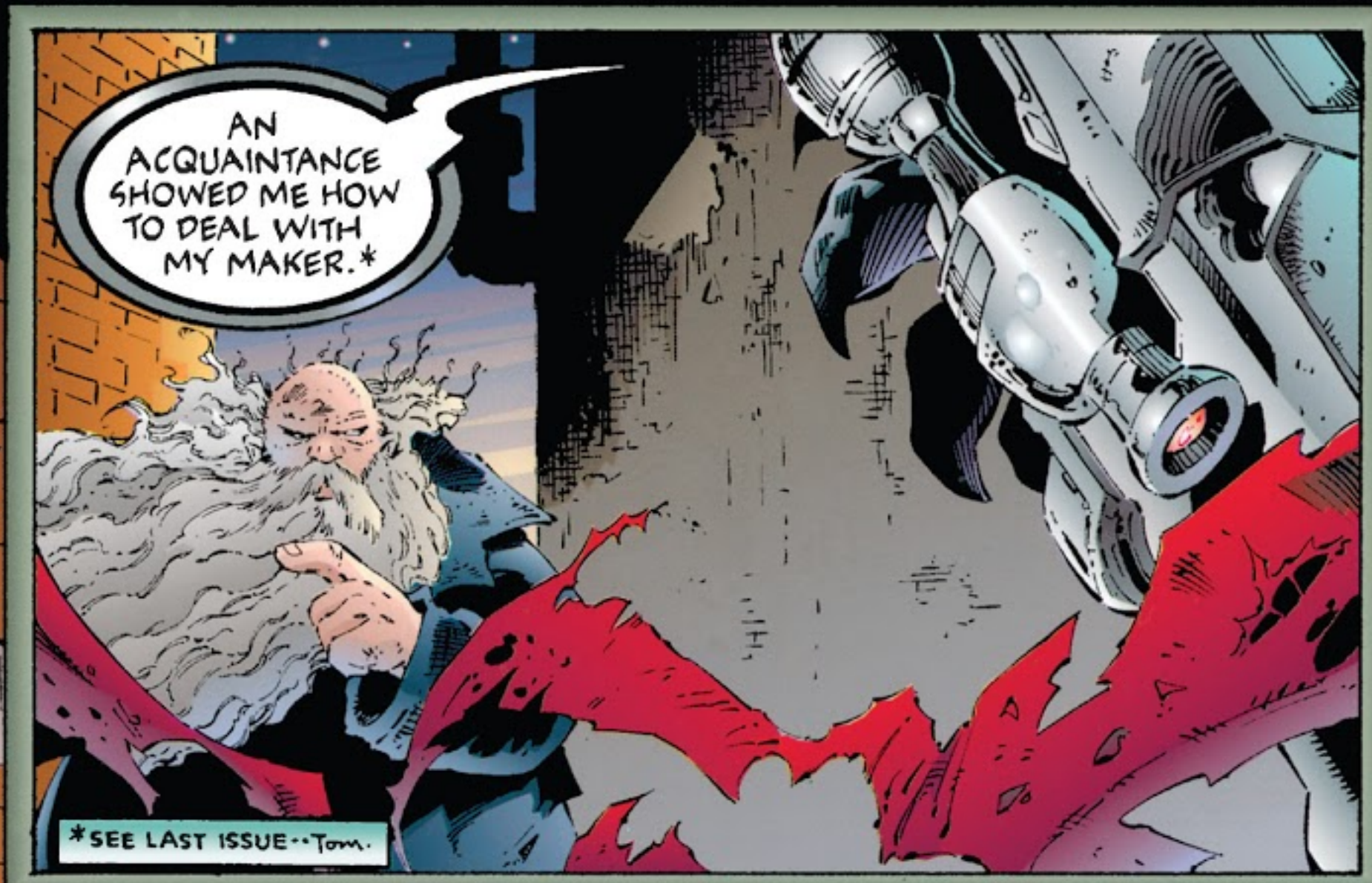


WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT,
OLD MAN?

YOU. JUST
WHO ARE YOU
HUNTING?

WYNN.

WHY
THIS?
WHY
NOW?



AN
ACQUAINTANCE
SHOWED ME HOW
TO DEAL WITH
MY MAKER.*

*SEE LAST ISSUE--Tom.



DANGEROUS
ADVICE, IF YOU ASK ME.
DO YOU BELIEVE *EVERY*
FREAK YOU MEET?

YOU'VE BEEN
HOUNDING ME FOR
MONTHS. WHAT
ARE YOU,
ANYWAY?



IT DOESN'T
MATTER. IT'S WHAT
YOU'RE BECOMING
THAT'S MY
CONCERN.

YOUR MURDER DID
NOT *BEGIN* OR *END* WITH
WYNN. KILLING HIM WON'T
SOLVE ANYTHING.

IN FACT,
HIS DEATH
WOULD
CREATE
EVEN *MORE*
PROBLEMS.

YOU'RE
WRONG. UNTIL
I *KILL* THAT
MURDERING
SONUVABITCH I'M
NEVER GOING
TO REST.



NOW IS NOT THE TIME. HE'S TOO VALUABLE TO YOU. WITHOUT HIM, YOU WILL NEVER KNOW WHY YOU WERE KILLED.

DO YOU REALLY THINK WYNN HOLDS THE **POWER** TO HAVE YOU KILLED AT A WHIM?

YOU JUST DON'T GET IT. WYNN MADE CHAPEL PULL THE TRIGGER. NO ONE ELSE. CHAPEL TOOK THE ORDER. WYNN GAVE IT.



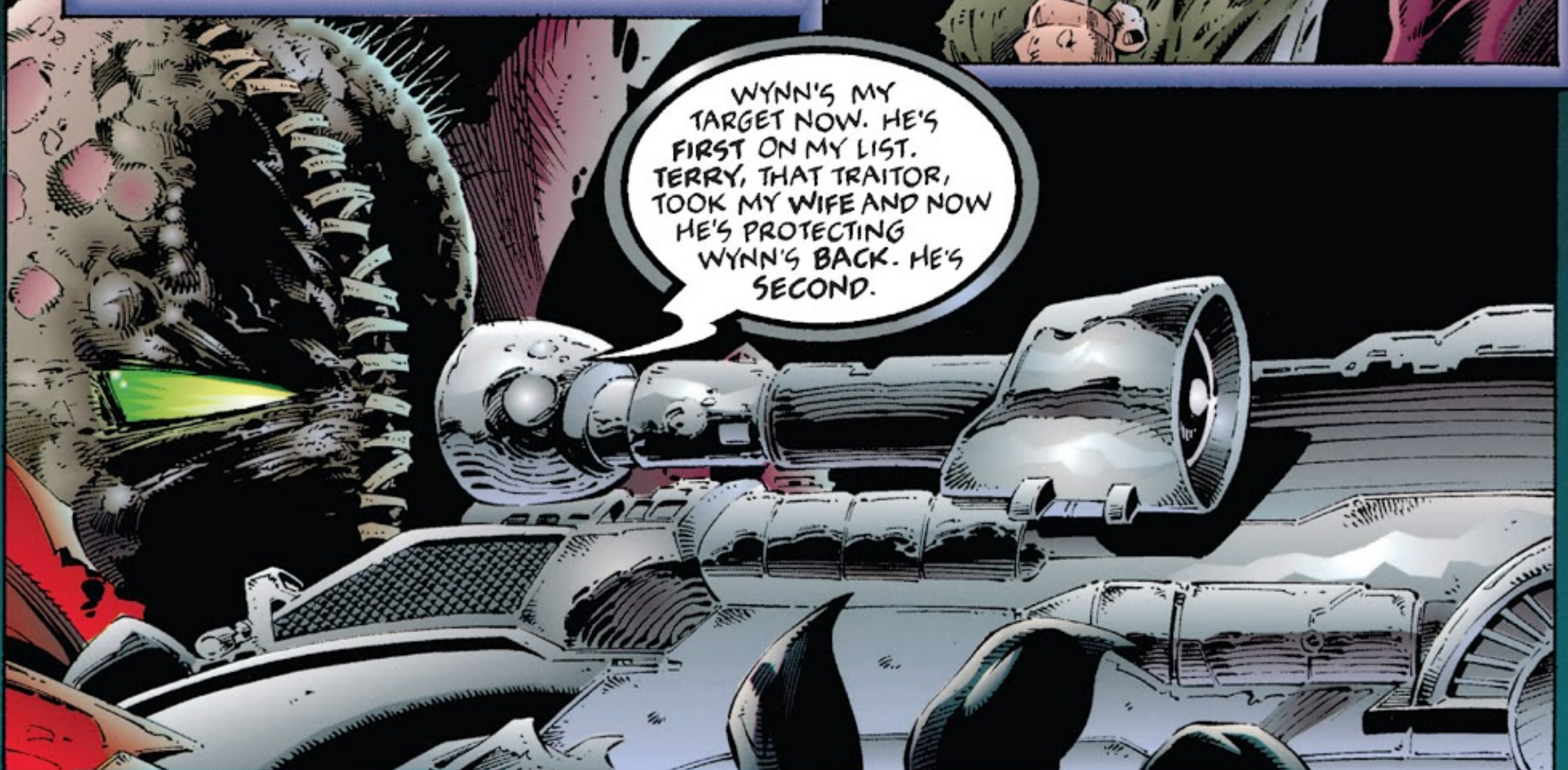
YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT. THIS GUY'S GOT A THRONE AN' **EVERYTHING**. LIFTS BUILDINGS, TOO. LIKE THAT GUY IN THE COMIC BOOKS. HE FLIES, BENDS STEEL AN' **EVERYTHING**.

COOL.

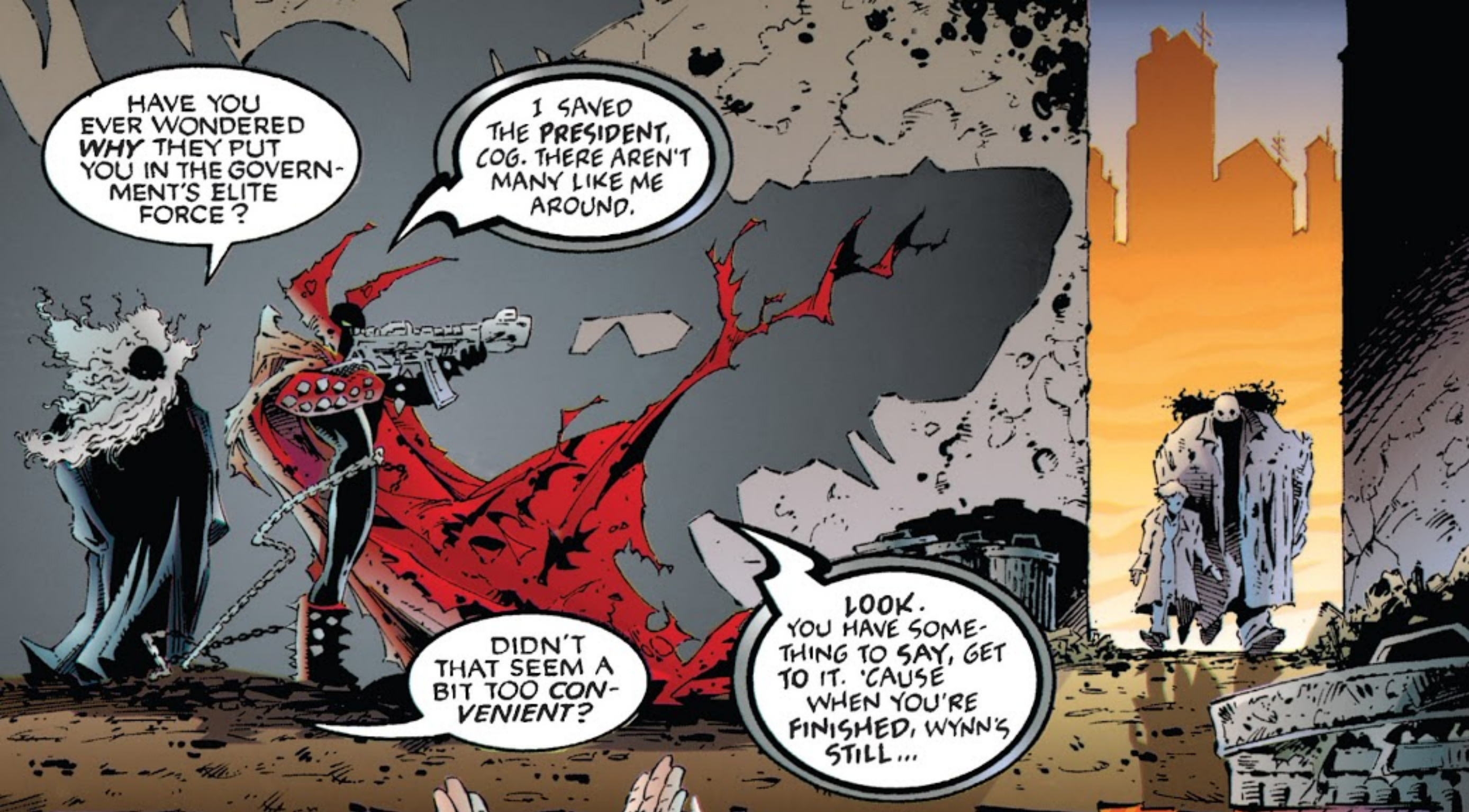


THE THRONE IS MADE UP OF ALL THIS **STUFF**. IT'S **HUGE**, MAN.

COOL.



WYNN'S MY TARGET NOW. HE'S FIRST ON MY LIST. TERRY, THAT TRAITOR, TOOK MY WIFE AND NOW HE'S PROTECTING WYNN'S BACK. HE'S SECOND.



HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHY THEY PUT YOU IN THE GOVERNMENT'S ELITE FORCE?

I SAVED THE PRESIDENT, COG. THERE AREN'T MANY LIKE ME AROUND.

DIDN'T THAT SEEM A BIT TOO CONVENIENT?

LOOK. YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY, GET TO IT. 'CAUSE WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, WYNN'S STILL...



...GOING TO **DIE!**

AHH!

AHH!

PLEASE. PLEASE. PLEASE. PLEASE. DON'T SHOOT.



Uh?

RUN.

Oh GOD. Oh GOD. Oh GOD.

HEY GUYS! I...

Aw, SCREW IT.



NOW, WHAT
WERE YOU
DRIVING AT?

THAT I WAS
RECRUITED BY THE
PRESIDENT FOR SOME
SECRET AGENDA?

NO, NOT THE
PRESIDENT.
THOSE WHO
SERVE HIM.

CONSIDER HOW MUCH
EFFORT AND INFLUENCE A
TRUSTED GROUP WOULD HAVE
TO EXERT IF THEY DECIDED TO
RID THEMSELVES OF THEIR
LEADER. ALL THE WHILE THEY'D
BE PUTTING AT RISK EVERY-
THING THEY'D ACHIEVED.
YEARS OF PLANNING MIGHT BE
REQUIRED. THE CLANDESTINE
RENDEZVOUS. THE CONVE-
NIENT *ALIBIES*.

BUT WHAT IF SOME-
THING... OR SOMEONE...
INTERFERED AT THE CRUCIAL
MOMENT. THE VAST RESOURCES
INVESTED IN THE MISSION WERE
THEN *WASTED*. WORSE, THE
HIDDEN CONSPIRITORS COULDN'T
ELIMINATE THE INTERLOPER,
FOR NOW, HE... BY WHICH I
MEAN YOU, AL... HAD
BECOME A NATIONAL
HERO.

AT THE SAME TIME,
YOU'D BECOME *UNTOUCH-
ABLE*. IF ANYTHING WERE
TO *HAPPEN* TO YOU, THE
ENTIRE *NATION* WOULD
WANT TO KNOW WHY.
THEIR BEST OPTION, THEN,
WAS TO BRING YOU *INSIDE*
THEIR RANKS... TO KEEP
YOU UNDER 'HOUSE
SURVEILLANCE'.

YOU SEE, WHILE THEY
COULDN'T HAVE ANTICI-
PATED THE INTERVENTION
OF A BRIGHT YOUNG
OFFICER THAT *FIRST TIME*,
THEY COULD MAKE SURE
YOU'D BE NOWHERE
NEAR THE KILL ZONE FOR
THEIR *NEXT TRY*.

TRUST ME.
JASON WYNN
IS JUST A SMALL
PIECE OF A
BIGGER
PUZZLE.

...AND YOU'RE
A *PUPPET*, AL. AT
LEAST YOU *WERE*.
IT'S TIME YOU
STARTED THINK-
ING LIKE A *FREE*
MAN.



OBVIOUSLY, HE
DICTATES HIS NOTES
ON EVERYTHING, SO
THERE SHOULD BE A
TAPE DISCUSSING
THE EXTRACTION
FORMULA.



OR AT LEAST
SOME FILES,
A DIARY,
NOTES, **SOME-**
THING.



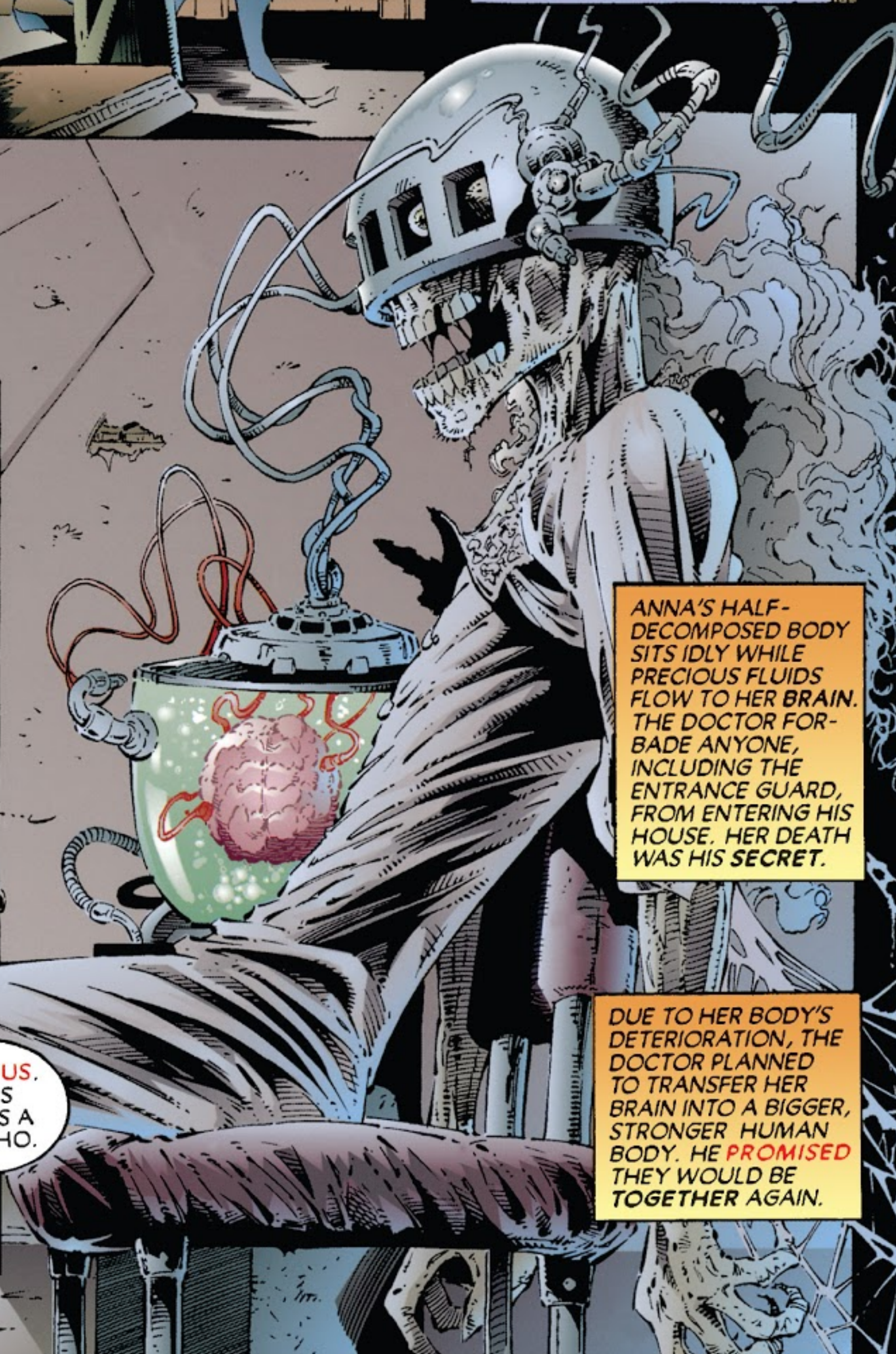
I CAN'T
GO BACK
EMPTY-
HANDED.



AS CHRIS SWINGS OPEN
THE DOOR, THE POWER
RESUMES.

Oh MY...
WHAT
THE...

JEEZ-US.
THIS
GUY'S A
PSYCHO.



ANNA'S HALF-
DECOMPOSED BODY
SITS IDLY WHILE
PRECIOUS FLUIDS
FLOW TO HER BRAIN.
THE DOCTOR FOR-
BADE ANYONE,
INCLUDING THE
ENTRANCE GUARD,
FROM ENTERING HIS
HOUSE. HER DEATH
WAS HIS SECRET.

DUE TO HER BODY'S
DETERIORATION, THE
DOCTOR PLANNED
TO TRANSFER HER
BRAIN INTO A BIGGER,
STRONGER HUMAN
BODY. HE **PROMISED**
THEY WOULD BE
TOGETHER AGAIN.



I FEAR THIS TAPE WILL END BEFORE ANYONE WILL KNOW OF THE OUTCOME. MY ANNA **MUST** BE PROTECTED. IT HASN'T **EATEN**. IT WILL **ESCAPE**.

CHRIS STOPS IN HIS TRACKS WHEN HE HEARS THE DOCTOR'S FRIGHTENED VOICE.

IF I DIE NOW, EVERYTHING WILL GET WORSE. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO REACH IT. IT WILL WANT MY ANNA. WE HAVE TO **KILL** IT.

KILL WHAT?

I KNOW IT HAS GOTTEN FREE. THREE WEEKS HAVE PASSED. GOD HELP WHOEVER **COMES** HERE. IT WILL BE HUNGRY. I DON'T...

REW

THEN, ANOTHER BLACKOUT.

NOT AGAIN.

I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING HERE.

UNBEKNOWNST TO CHRIS, THE DOCTOR STRUGGLED FOR ANOTHER SEVEN DAYS BEFORE DYING OF DEHYDRATION.



THIS
MUST
BE IT.

FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN THREE WEEKS.

FRESH MEAT.

A SOOTHING CHORUS OF CRICKETS SETS THE TONE AS ROSEMARY BLAKE BEGINS HER DAILY CONTEMPLATION.

GRANNIE?

AL? PLEASE, CHILD, COME IN. IT'S BEEN SOME TIME.

I'VE BEEN BUSY.

I'M SURE. THE LORD MUST HAVE MANY GLORIOUS DUTIES FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU.

STILL, I'M GRATEFUL FOR YOUR VISITS, NO MATTER HOW BRIEF.

NOW, PLEASE. SIT WITH ME A WHILE.

THANK YOU. I DO FEEL TIRED.



TELL ME, AL. IS HEAVEN WHAT THEY SAID IT'D BE?



I DON'T KNOW, GRANNY. I HAVEN'T BEEN THERE YET. BUT AN ANGEL DID TELL ME YOUR PLACE IN THE KINGDOM WAS WAITING. WHAT YOU'VE DONE ON EARTH HAS HONORED GOD.



BLESS YOU, SON, FOR THAT MESSAGE.

I'M SURE YOUR ENTRANCE IS IMMINENT.

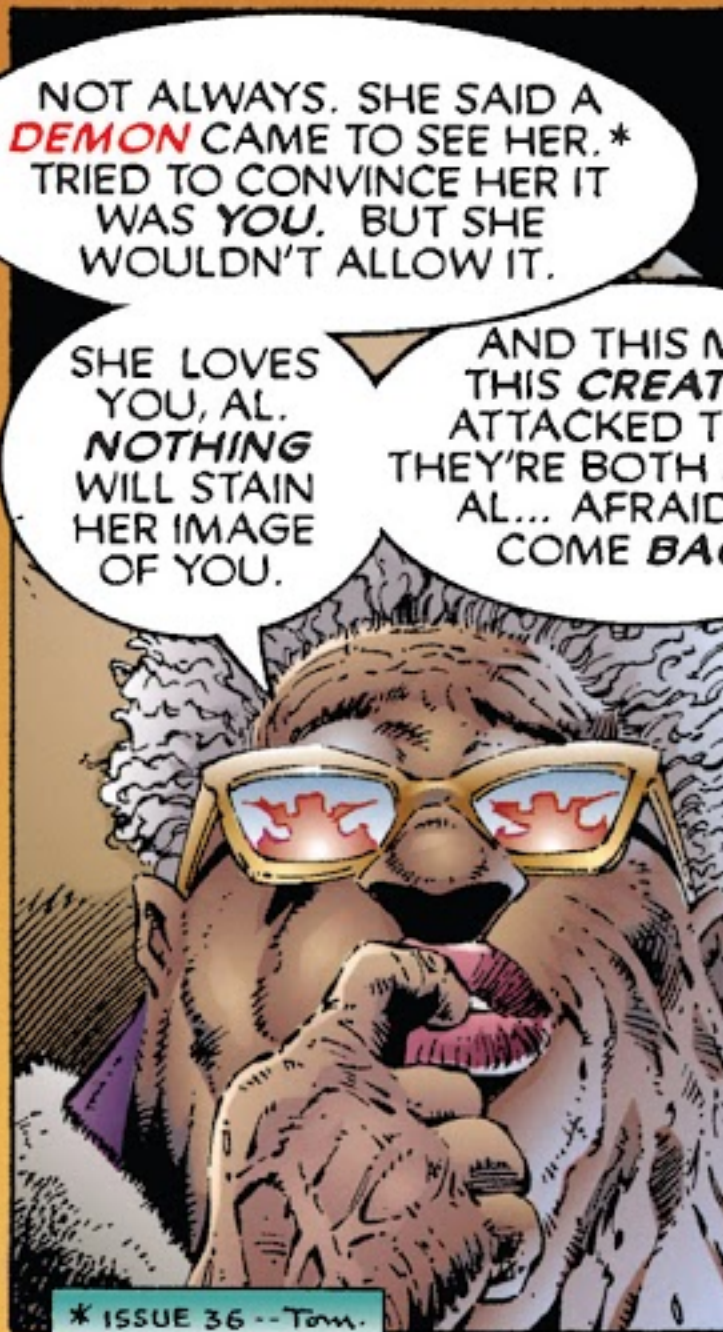
THE LORD NEEDS SOULS LIKE YOURS.

YOU WERE A TRUE HERO.



I THOUGHT SO, TOO. BUT I WAS USED. I STILL AM.

HOW ABOUT WANDA? IS SHE ALL RIGHT?



NOT ALWAYS. SHE SAID A **DEMON** CAME TO SEE HER. * TRIED TO CONVINCE HER IT WAS YOU. BUT SHE WOULDN'T ALLOW IT.

SHE LOVES YOU, AL. **NOTHING** WILL STAIN HER IMAGE OF YOU.

AND THIS MAN, THIS **CREATURE**, ATTACKED TERRY. THEY'RE BOTH SCARED, AL... AFRAID IT'LL COME BACK.



THEY TRY AND HIDE IT FROM ME, BUT I STILL SENSE IT. MAYBE YOU CAN HELP?

THERE **MUST** BE SOME WAY YOU CAN KEEP THAT EVIL MAN AWAY.

I'M TRYING.

* ISSUE 36 --Tom.



THANK YOU. NOW COME ALONG WITH ME. I WANT TO SHOW YOU A PICTURE OF HER LITTLE GIRL.





image

39
DEC

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SPAWN





CHRISTMAS EVE.
HARLEM, NEW YORK.

A SNOW
STORM
ENGULFS
THE CITY,
AND
CONCEALS
ITS GRIMY
STREETS.

THE FAINT
SOUNDS
OF
CHRISTMAS
MUSIC,
SIRENS,
AND THE
ODD GUN
SHOT
MINGLE IN
THE NIGHT
AIR.

ROWS OF BUILDINGS
HOUSE FAMILIES...
SOME EXTENDED,
SOME **BROKEN**.
THE LUCKY ONES
PREPARE FOR THE
EVENING'S FESTIVITIES.







I HATE THIS. LEAVING THEM ALONE TONIGHT. ESPECIALLY GREGGY.

I WISH WAITRESS-ING COULD MAKE ENDS MEET, BUT I NEED *THIS* JOB TOO. THE KIDS DESERVE A BETTER LIFE THAN I'VE HAD.

Oh, GOD. I'M GONNA BE LATE.



WELL, PHYLLIS. I'M GLAD YOU DECIDED TO *SHOW UP*. I'M NOT SO SURE YOU NEED THIS JOB AS MUCH AS YOU SAY. DO YOU?

I *DO*, MRS. WHITE. I'M SORRY. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

THE WEATHER. IT'S JUST *AWFUL*...

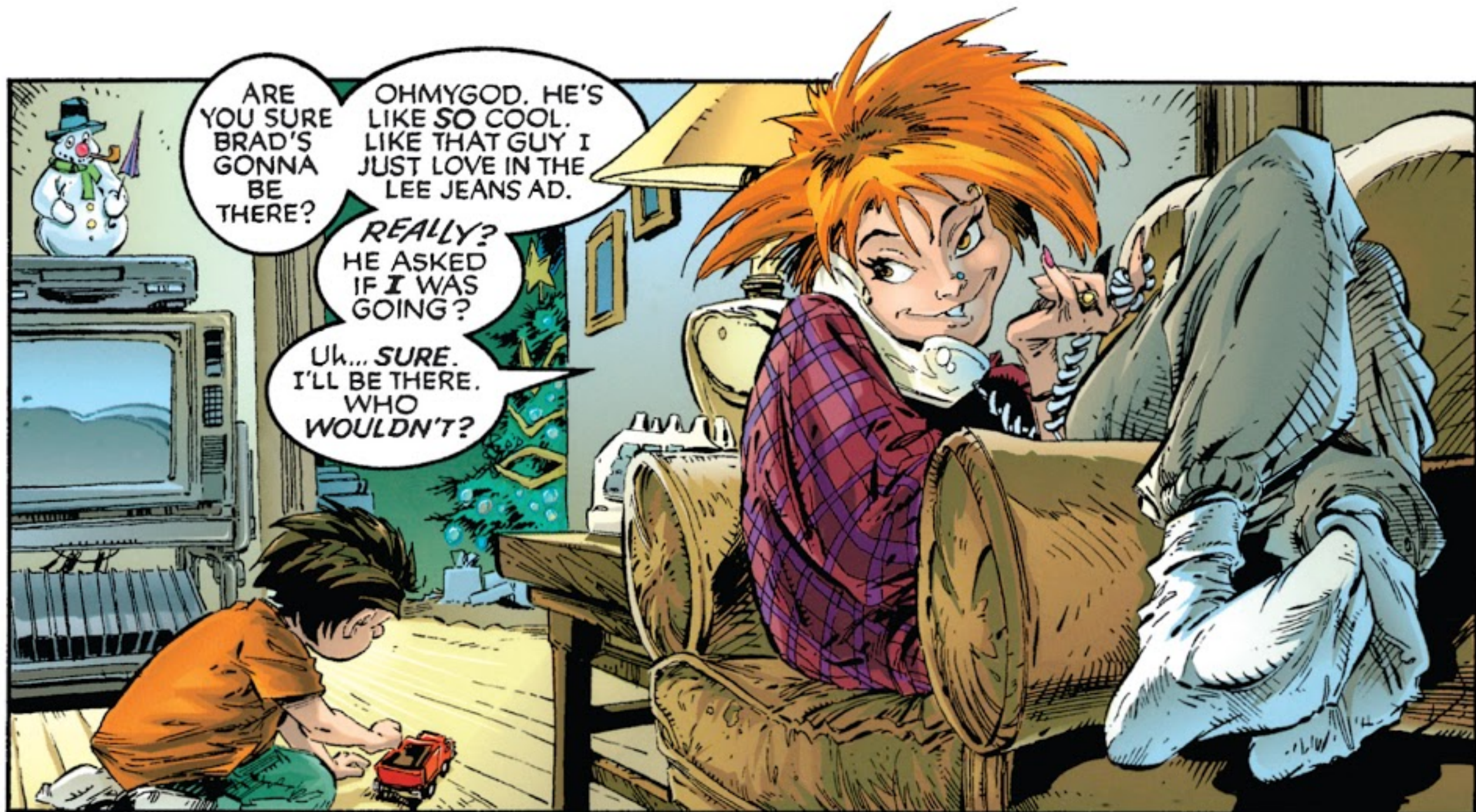
QUIET...



DON'T GIVE ME EXCUSES.

IF YOU'RE TOO LAZY TO WORK, I'LL FIND SOMEONE *ELSE*. *HUNDREDS* OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU WOULD *BEG* ME FOR THIS JOB.

YOU SHOULD SHOW ME MORE *RESPECT*.

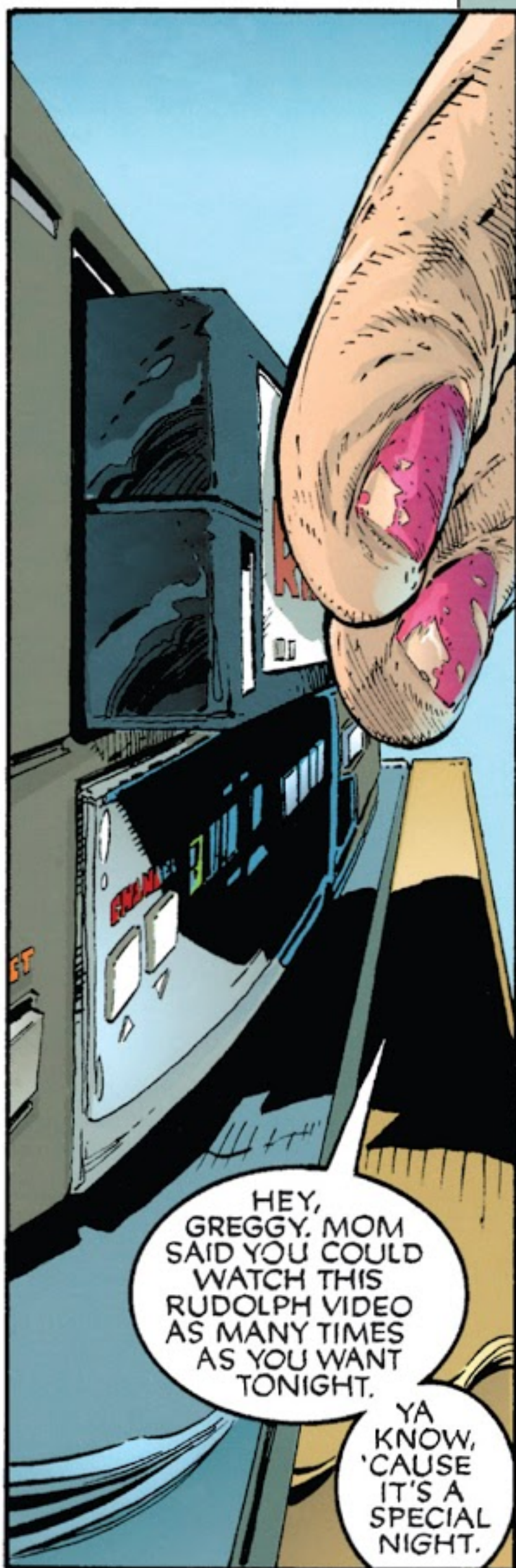


ARE YOU SURE BRAD'S GONNA BE THERE?

OHMYGOD. HE'S LIKE SO COOL. LIKE THAT GUY I JUST LOVE IN THE LEE JEANS AD.

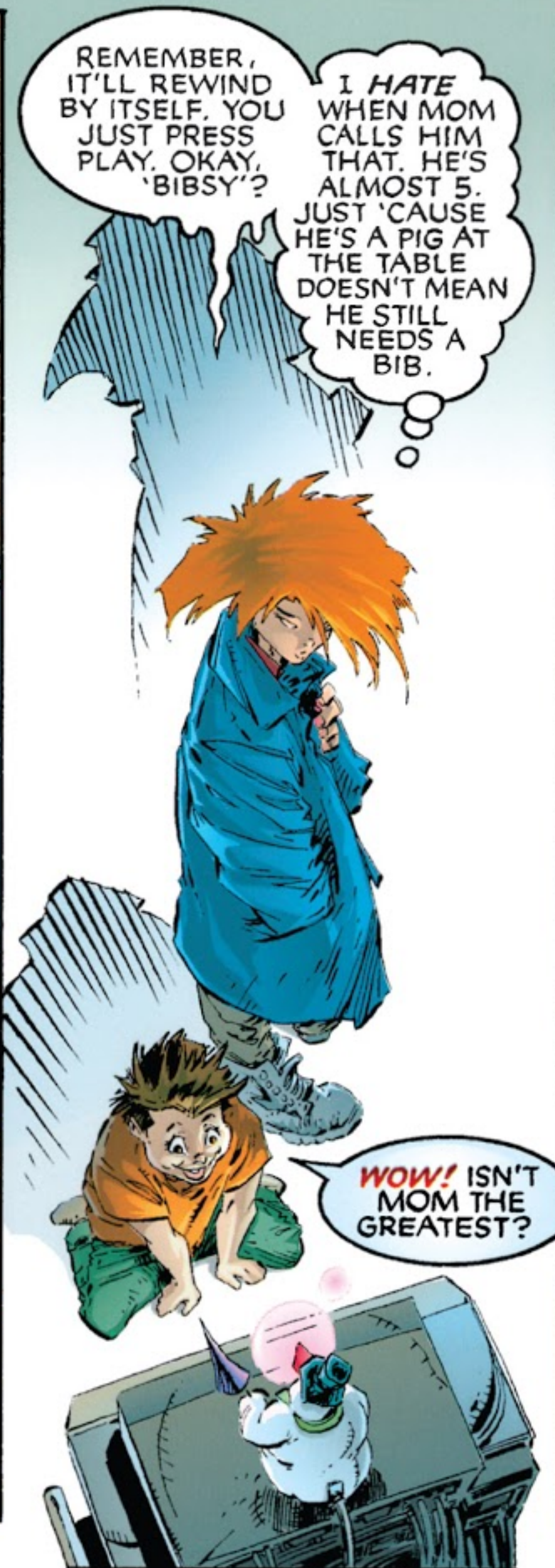
REALLY? HE ASKED IF I WAS GOING?

Uh... SURE. I'LL BE THERE. WHO WOULDN'T?



HEY, GREGGY. MOM SAID YOU COULD WATCH THIS RUDOLPH VIDEO AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WANT TONIGHT.

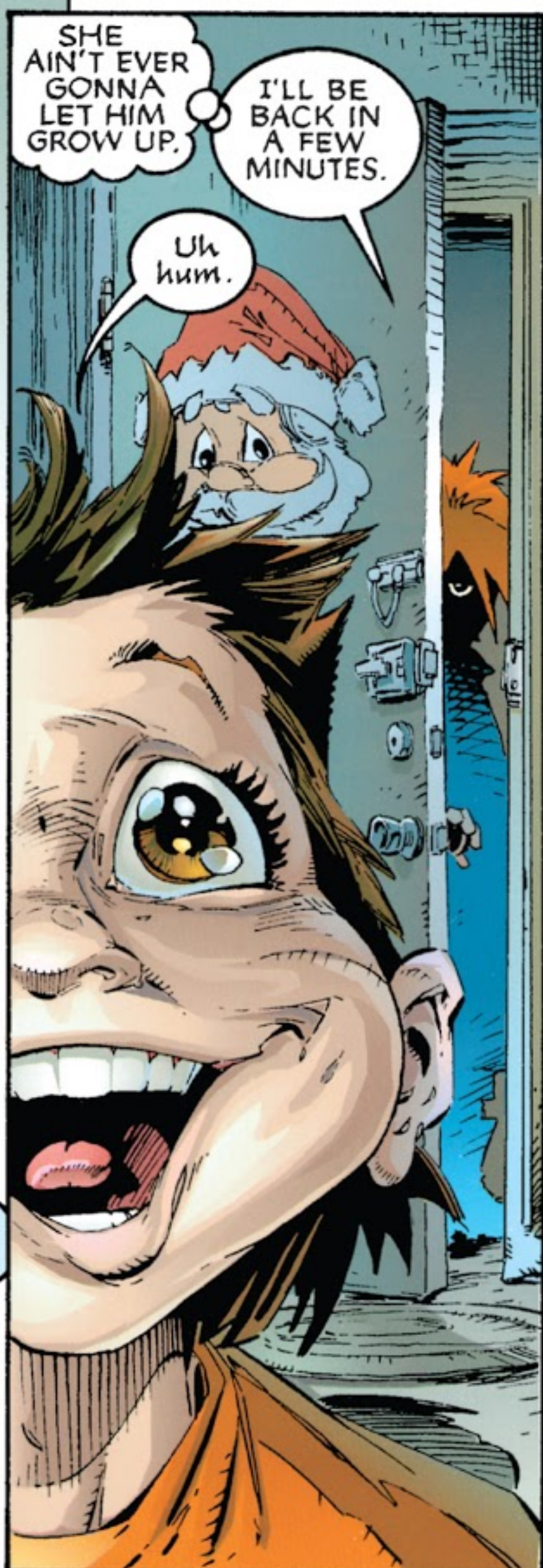
YA KNOW, 'CAUSE IT'S A SPECIAL NIGHT.



REMEMBER, IT'LL REWIND BY ITSELF. YOU JUST PRESS PLAY. OKAY, 'BIBSY'?

I HATE WHEN MOM CALLS HIM THAT. HE'S ALMOST 5. JUST 'CAUSE HE'S A PIG AT THE TABLE DOESN'T MEAN HE STILL NEEDS A BIB.

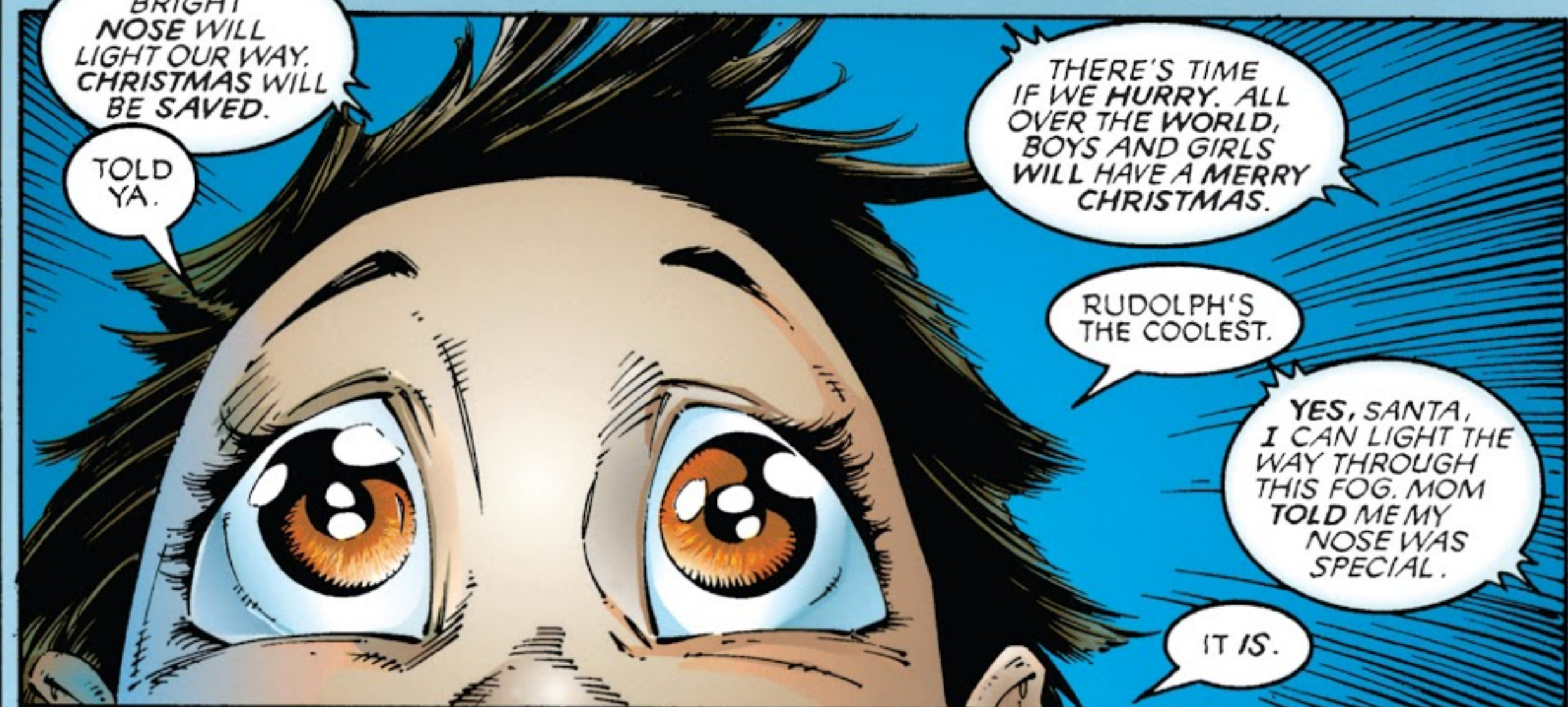
WOW! ISN'T MOM THE GREATEST?



SHE AIN'T EVER GONNA LET HIM GROW UP.

I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES.

Uh hum.

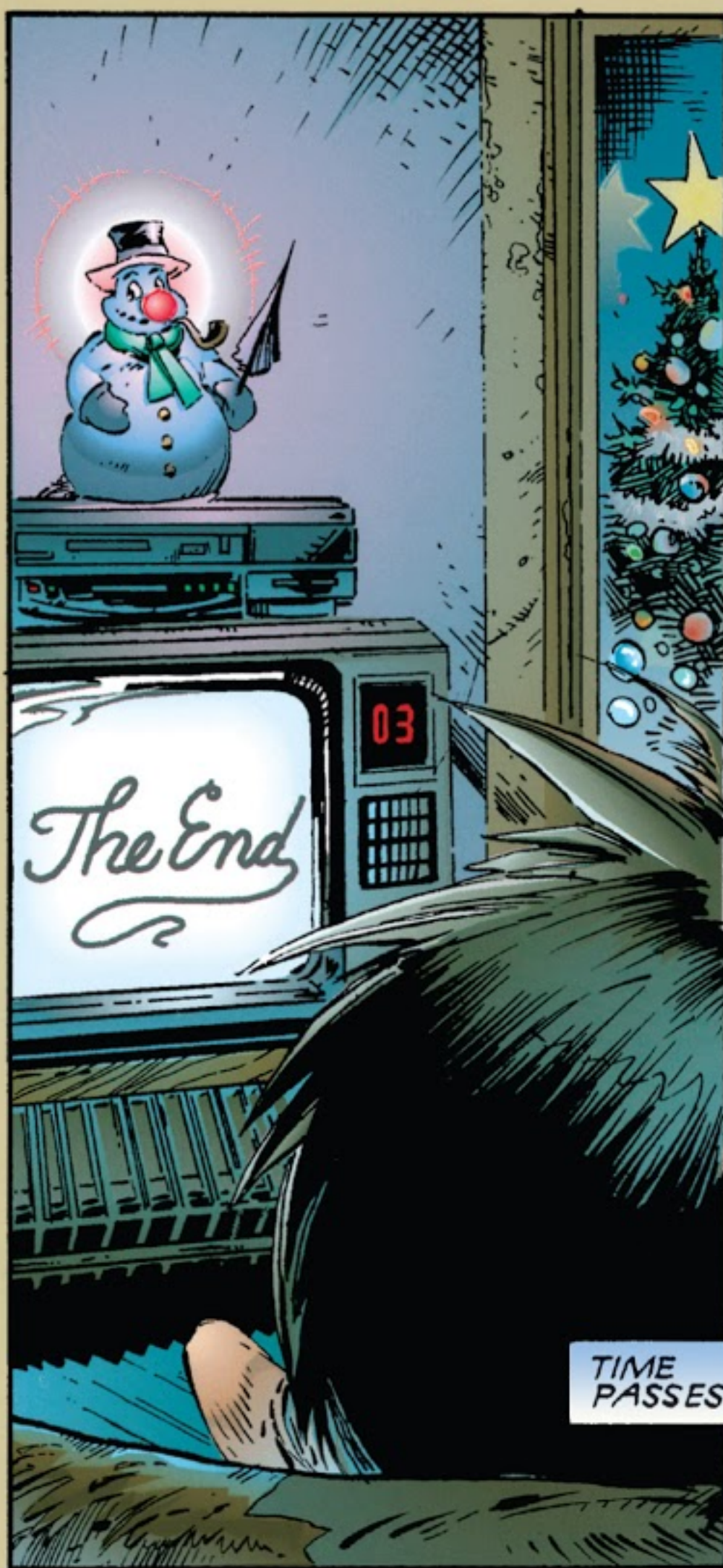


WITH HIS MOTHER WORKING ALMOST EVERY NIGHT, HE THINKS NOTHING OF BEING LEFT ALONE WITH NADINE.

AS FOR THE MANY NIGHTS SHE TAKES OFF, HE THINKS NOTHING OF BEING LEFT ALONE, PERIOD.

READY TO GO, RUDOLPH? YOU WILL LEAD THE SLEIGH TONIGHT.

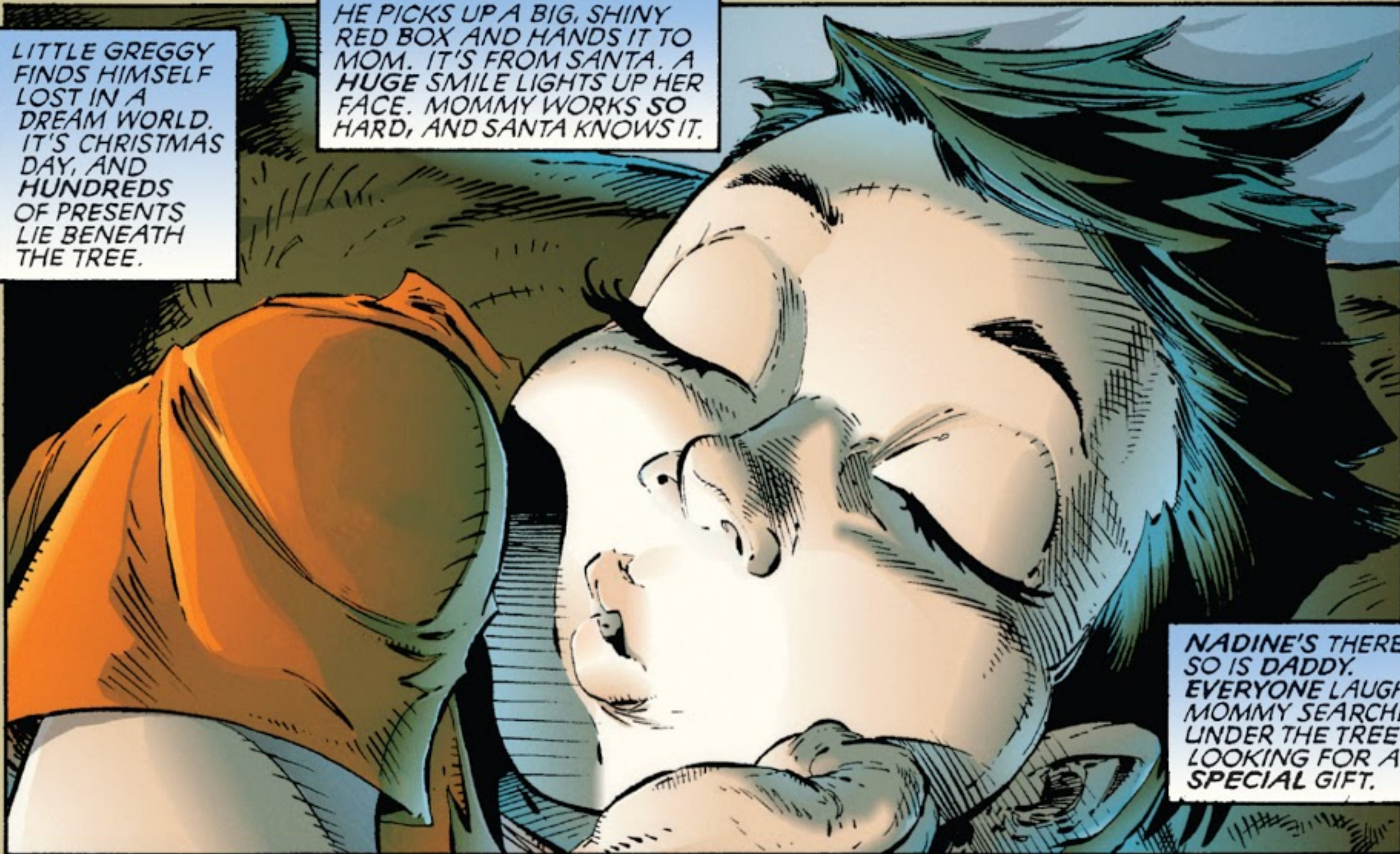
YEAH!
RUDOLPH!



TIME PASSES.

LITTLE GREGGY FINDS HIMSELF LOST IN A DREAM WORLD. IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY, AND HUNDREDS OF PRESENTS LIE BENEATH THE TREE.

HE PICKS UP A BIG, SHINY RED BOX AND HANDS IT TO MOM. IT'S FROM SANTA. A HUGE SMILE LIGHTS UP HER FACE. MOMMY WORKS SO HARD, AND SANTA KNOWS IT.



NADINE'S THERE. SO IS DADDY. EVERYONE LAUGHS. MOMMY SEARCHES UNDER THE TREE. LOOKING FOR A SPECIAL GIFT.

NOW, IT'S
GREGGY'S
TURN.

A FUNNY
LOOKING
PRESENT
WITH A
HUGE BOW
ON IT.

A NEW
GUITAR.

JUST WHAT
HE ALWAYS
WANTED.

THE BEST
CHRISTMAS
EVER.

BZZT!



NADINE...?

IS
THAT
YOU?

Unh? FOOTSTEPS.



LOTS
OF
THEM!

OH!

MAYBE...

YES!

IT'S
THEM!
THE LITTLE
HELPERS!

THAT
MEANS...

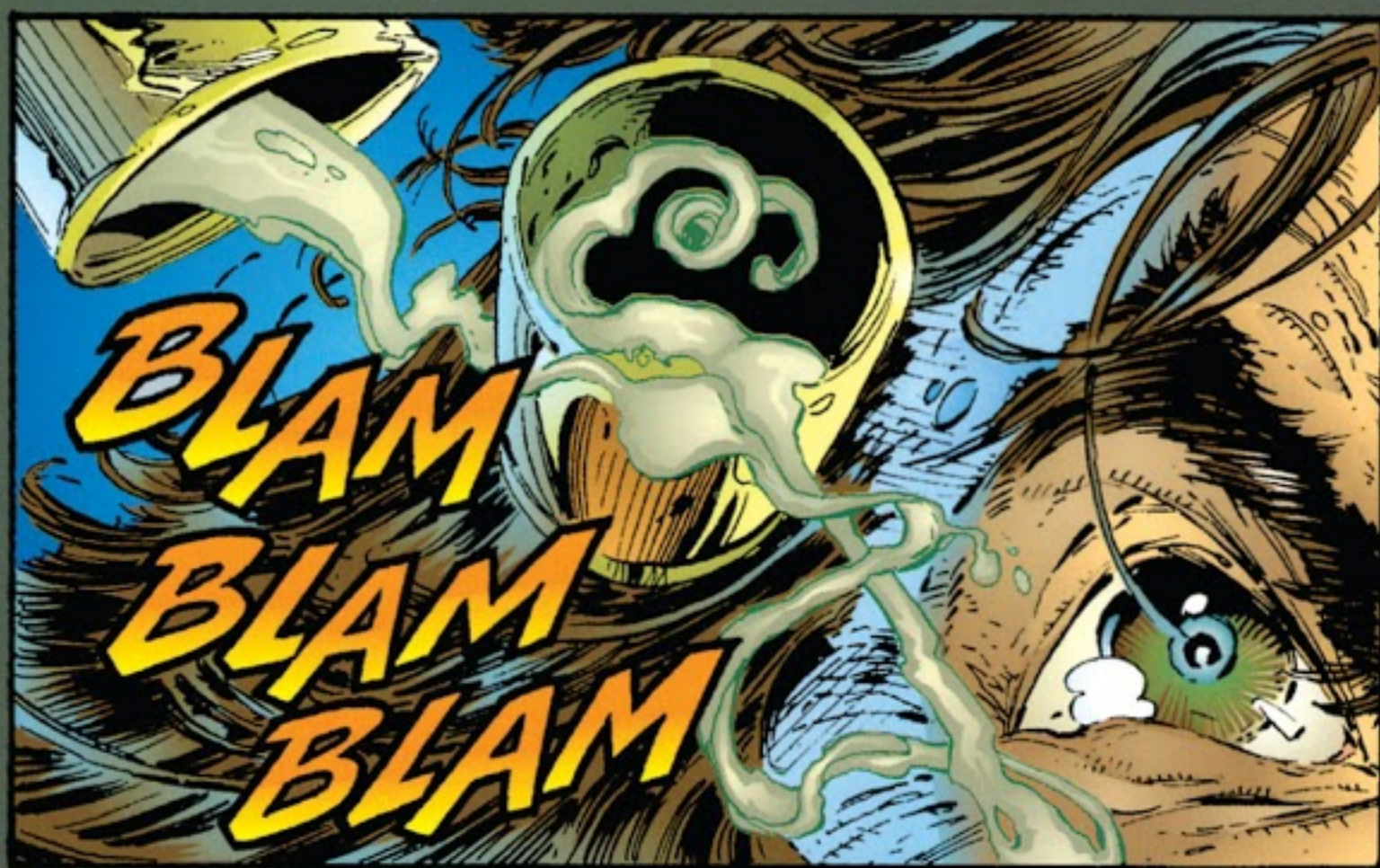
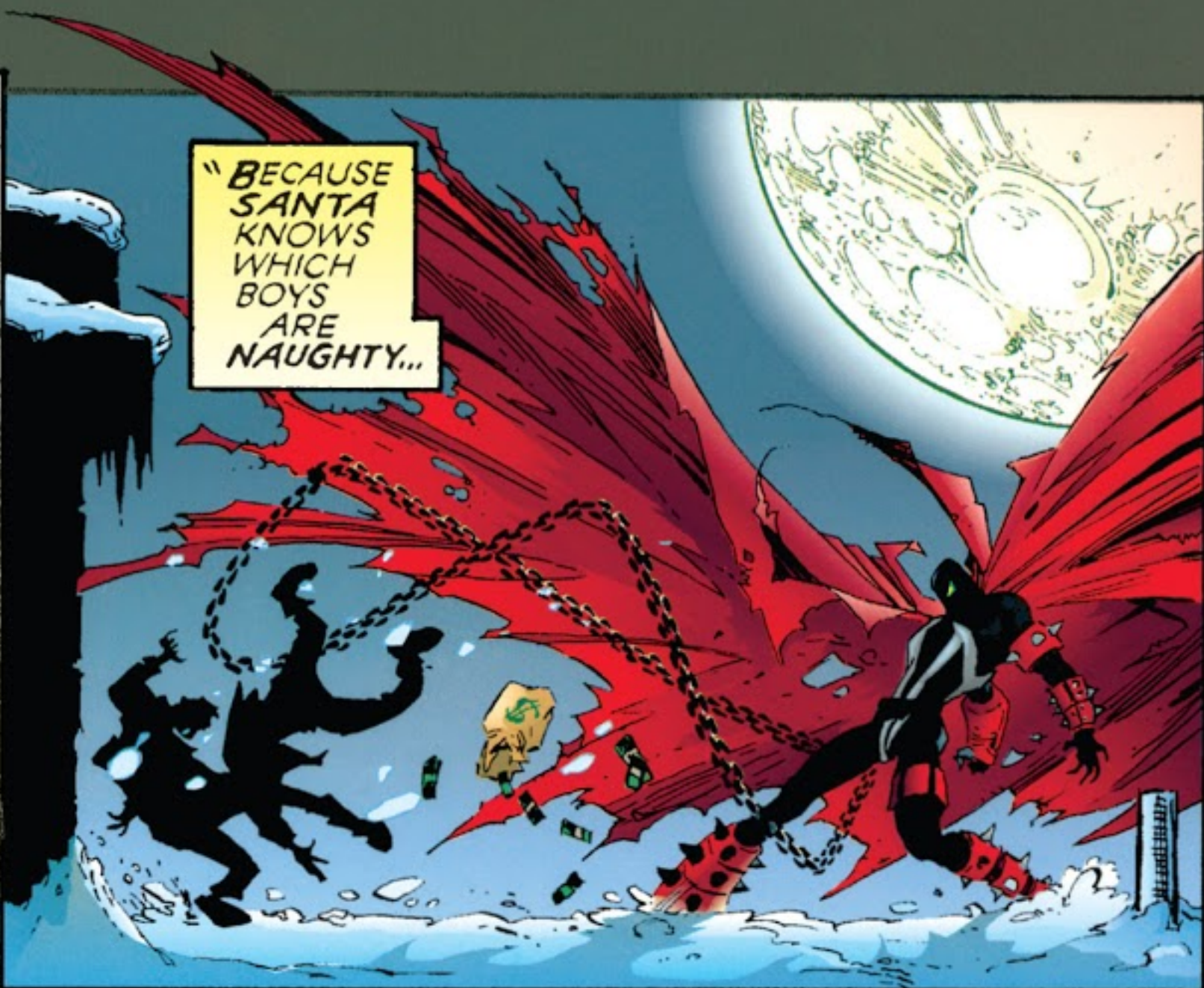


...**SANTA'S**
HERE!









"HOPE HE KNOWS MOMMY'S BEEN NICE, TOO. EVEN NADINE. BUT SHE'S NAUGHTY SOMETIMES, LIKE THAT ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN. HE'S ALWAYS...

"OH NO!"

I LEFT THE MILK IN THE KITCHEN!!

KREE
KRAH

THE COOKIES WILL MAKE THEM THIRSTY.

CREECH
KRMP
KRMP

KRINK

NOW, I'D BETTER GET BACK TO BED BEFORE...

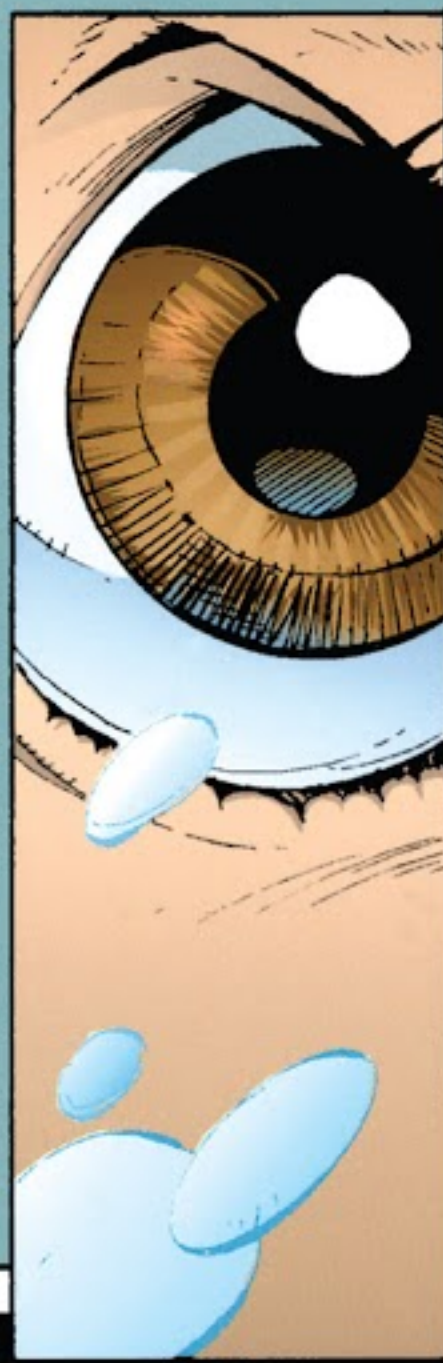


Wow!

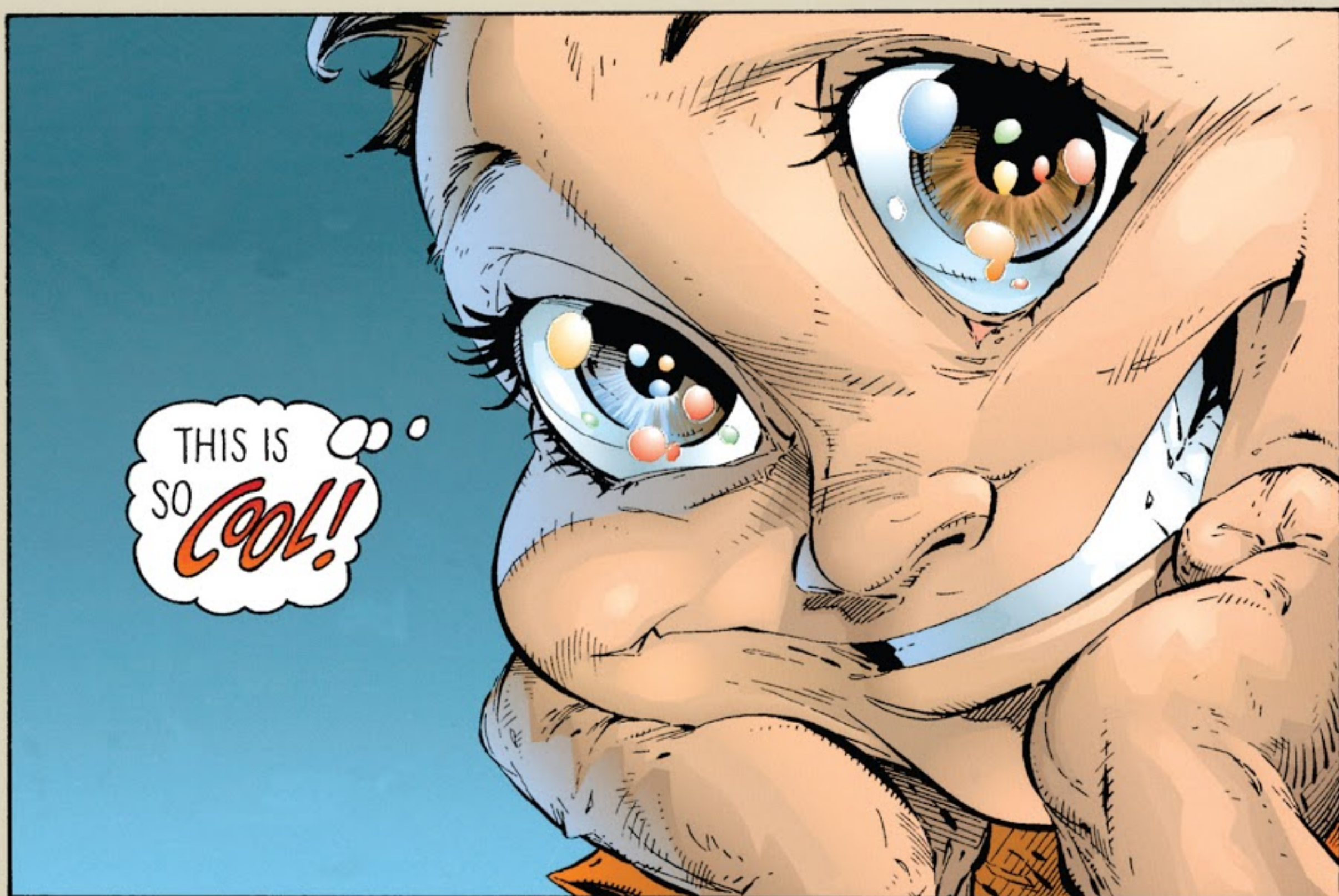


HAVING COUNTED THE GIFTS A DOZEN TIMES A DAY FOR THE PAST WEEK, GREGGY CAN SEE AT ONCE THAT NOTHING HAS BEEN DISTURBED.









THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN PHYLLIS OPENS HER UNEXPECTED FINAL PRESENT, SHE SEES HER SON BEAMING WITH PRIDE. THEN, AS SHE AND NADINE STARE IN SHOCK AT ITS CONTENTS, GREGGY TELLS THEM OF THE LATE-NIGHT VISIT.

HE RADIATES INNOCENCE AND SINCERITY. FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, PHYLLIS WRESTLES WITH HER CONSCIENCE. FINALLY, SHE COMES TO TERMS WITH HER DILEMMA.

THOUGH SHE KNOWS SHE SHOULDN'T, SHE KEEPS THE MONEY, DEDICATING IT TO A GREATER PURPOSE.

WITHIN TWO DAYS, ALL THE MONEY IS SPENT ON THE OTHER POOR FAMILIES IN HER BUILDING. A WONDERFUL DINNER. TOYS FOR EVERY CHILD. IT'S A PARTY NONE WILL SOON FORGET.

'BIBSY.'

YES, MOMMA.

YES, MOMMA.

I'M SO PROUD OF YOU. DO YOU KNOW THAT?

I WANT YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR, PLEASE. REMEMBER THIS. REMEMBER TODAY. ALL THE JOY IN THIS ROOM IS BECAUSE OF YOU.

AND SANTA!

HIM, TOO. YOU SEE, WHAT YOU'VE DONE IS GIVE ME A CHANCE TO REMIND US ALL OF WHAT'S IMPORTANT IN THIS LIFE.

"OUR FAMILIES."

"OUR FRIENDS."

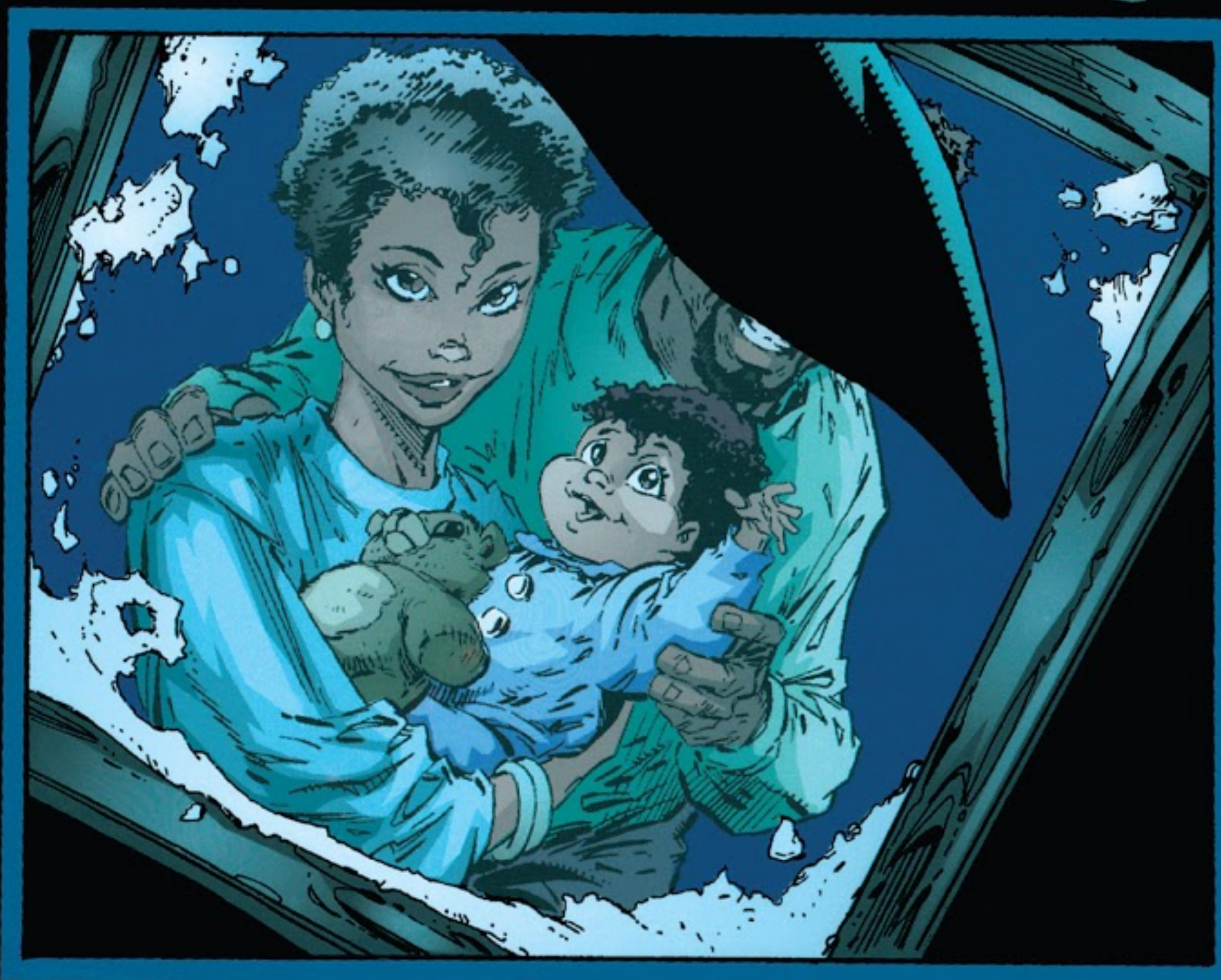
"PLEASE. NEVER FORGET THOSE YOU CARE FOR."

TO PHYLLIS! THE GREATEST NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND A PERSON COULD HOPE FOR.





"ALWAYS FIND
TIME TO BE
WITH THEM."



"AND NEVER, *EVER*
DESERT THEM IN A
TIME OF NEED.
THAT'S HOW YOU
SHOW YOU CARE.
HOW PEOPLE KNOW
YOU LOVE THEM."

"I'LL REMEMBER."

"MOMMY?"

"YES, GREGGY?"

"ISN'T THIS THE
BEST CHRISTMAS
EVER?"

"YES IT IS, SON.
YES IT *IS*."





image

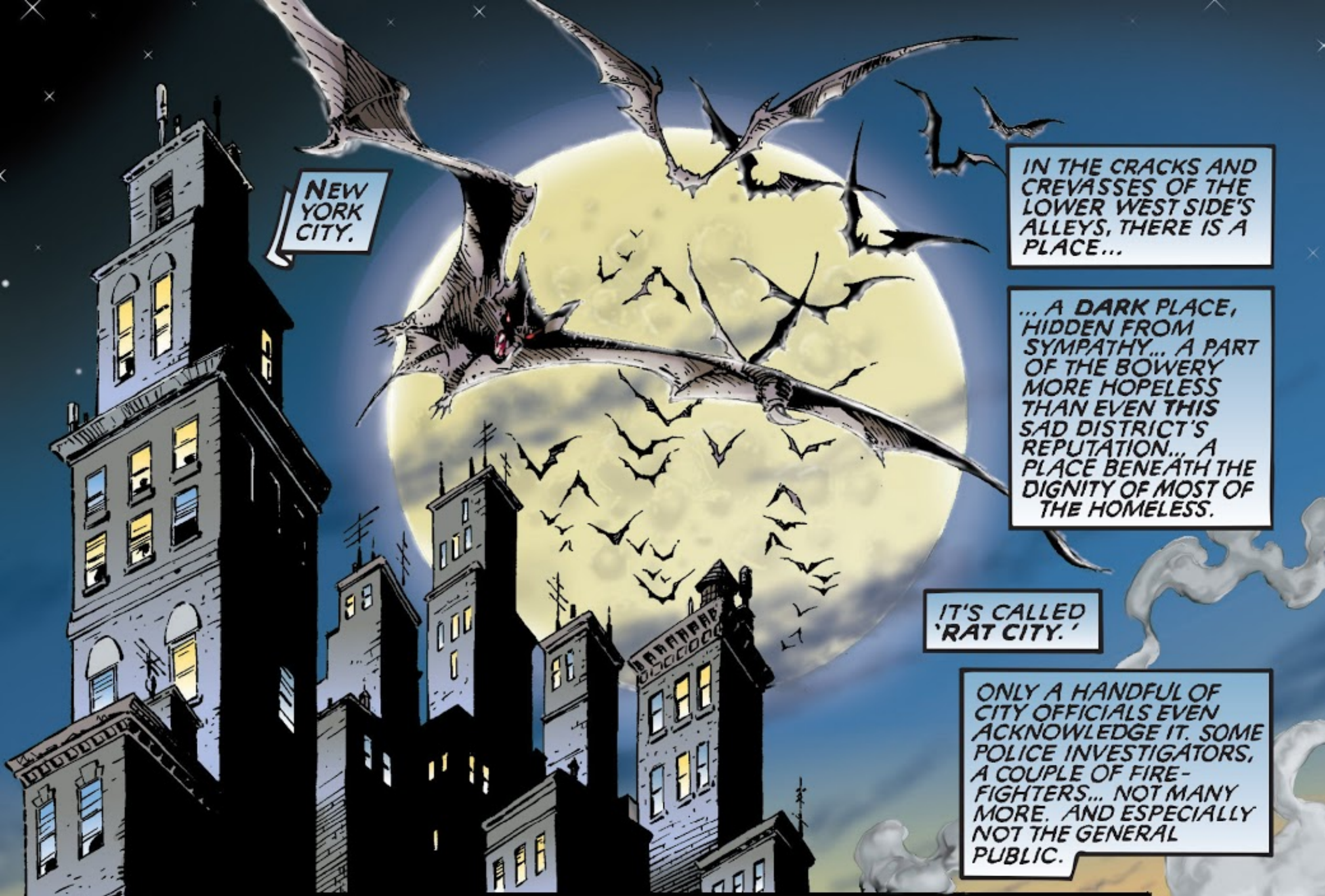
40
JAN

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



T. DANIEL
CONRAD
TB



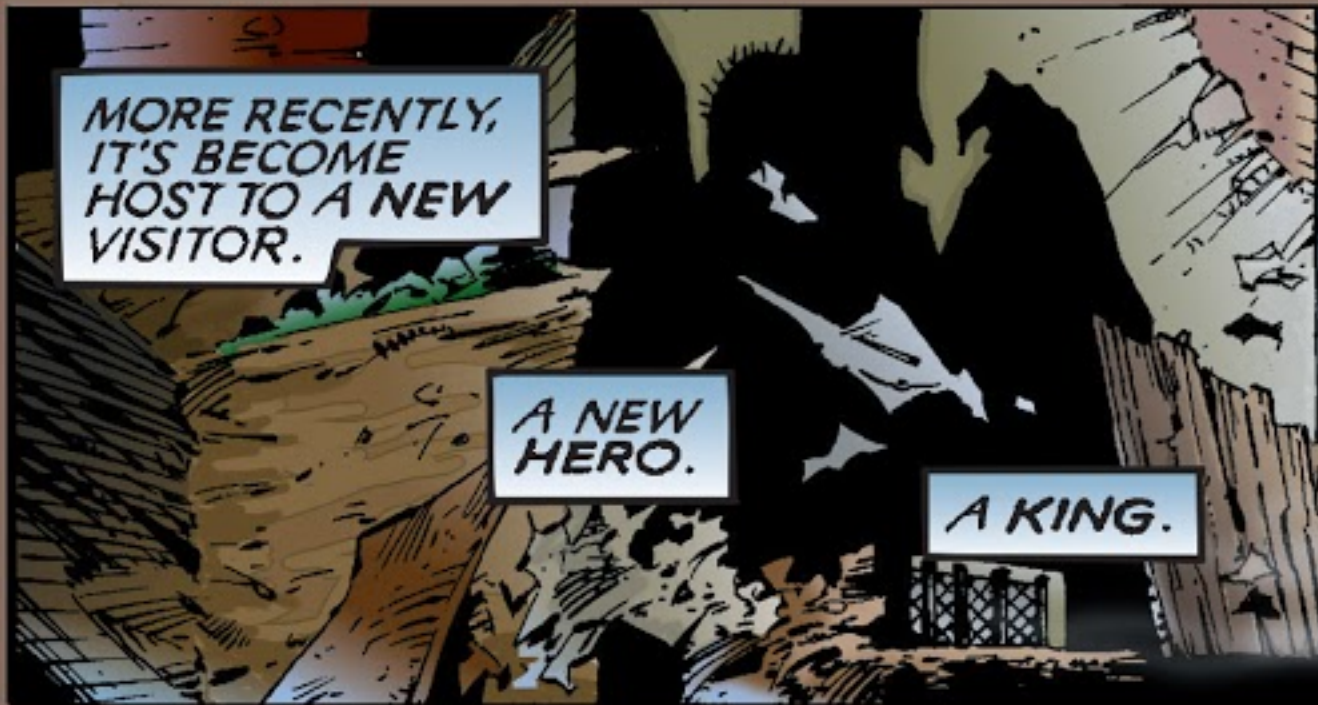
NEW
YORK
CITY.

IN THE CRACKS AND
CREVASSES OF THE
LOWER WEST SIDE'S
ALLEYS, THERE IS A
PLACE...

... A DARK PLACE,
HIDDEN FROM
SYMPATHY... A PART
OF THE BOWERY
MORE HOPELESS
THAN EVEN THIS
SAD DISTRICT'S
REPUTATION... A
PLACE BENEATH THE
DIGNITY OF MOST OF
THE HOMELESS.

IT'S CALLED
'RAT CITY.'

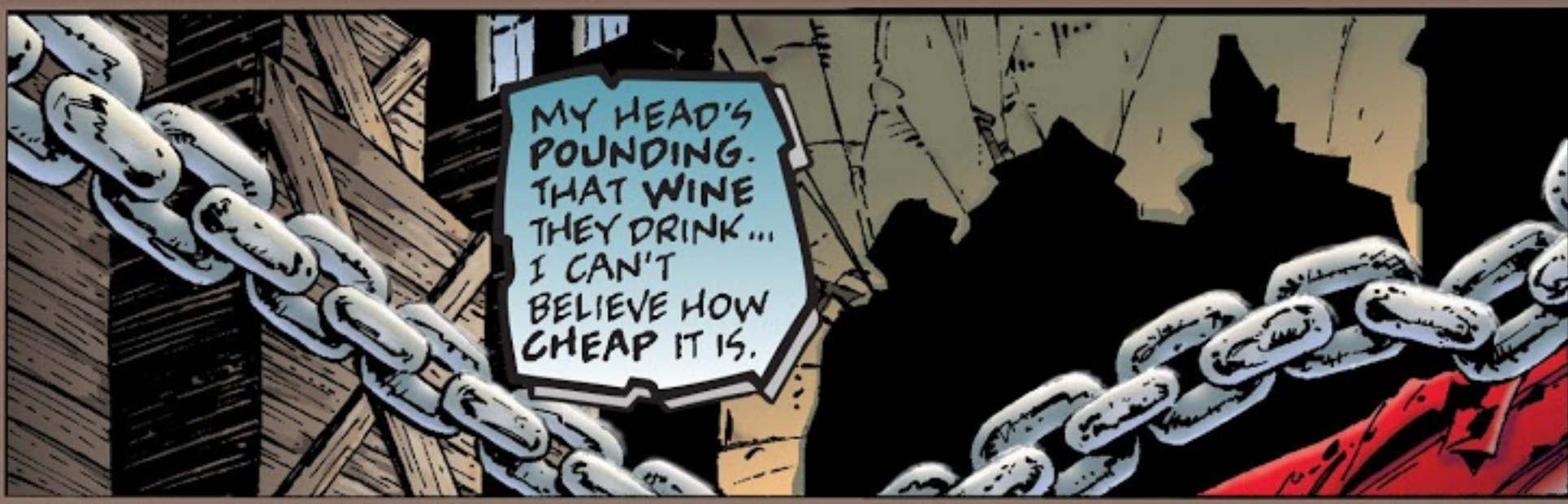
ONLY A HANDFUL OF
CITY OFFICIALS EVEN
ACKNOWLEDGE IT. SOME
POLICE INVESTIGATORS,
A COUPLE OF FIRE-
FIGHTERS... NOT MANY
MORE. AND ESPECIALLY
NOT THE GENERAL
PUBLIC.



MORE RECENTLY,
IT'S BECOME
HOST TO A NEW
VISITOR.

A NEW
HERO.

A KING.



MY HEAD'S
POUNDING.
THAT WINE
THEY DRINK...
I CAN'T
BELIEVE HOW
CHEAP IT IS.



HOW DO BOBBY
AND BOOTSY DO
IT EVERY NIGHT...?
THEY MUST... uh?



CAN I
HELP
YOU
GUYS?

I
JUST
WET
MYSELF.

TAKE IT EASY, SPAWN.
WE WERE J-UST ADDING
TO YOUR THRONE.
TRYING TO MAKE IT
MORE... UM...
IMPRESSIVE.

AND
COMFY.

УААААА!

I-IT'S
HIM!

WHAT-
EVER.

I DON'T
WANT YOU TO
TOUCH IT AGAIN.
NOT EVER.
UNDERSTAND?

SURE.
SORRY. DIDN'T
MEAN ANY
HARM.

ONE OF
THE BUMS
GIGGLES.

WHY'S HE
LAUGHING?

WHO, ELMO?
DON'T PAY ATTENTION
TO HIM. DRUGS FRIED
HIS BRAINS YEARS
AGO.



I CAN TELL.

SO WHY DON'T YOU BOYS TAKE YOUR ACT DOWN THE ROAD.

I LIKE BEING ALONE.

MAN, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE IN MY FACE. NEEDING A PIECE OF ME. EVERYONE EXCEPT WANDA, AND SHE CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF ME. BUT WHAT DO I EXPECT? SHE THINKS I'M SOME KIND OF PSYCHOTIC TERROR.

EVERY TIME I GET NEAR HER, THINGS SPIN OUT OF CONTROL. *

AND NOW, CAGLIO-STRO DROPS A BOMBHELL... THAT JASON WYNN MIGHT NOT BE THE REASON I'M DEAD.

WHICH MAKES TERRY'S ROLE IN THIS EVEN MORE CONFUSING.

WHY'S HE HEADING UP WYNN'S PERSONAL SECURITY? HE WAS A DESK JOCKEY WHEN I DIED. NOW HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME.

SLEEPING WITH MY WIFE ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM, I GUESS.

* ISSUES 28 AND 36 -- Toms

LOST IN THOUGHT, SPAWN IS
BARELY AWARE OF
HIS COSTUME TENSING.

IT'S JUST
THE ALCOHOL,
HE TELLS
HIMSELF.

LET'S GET
THE HELL
OUTTA HERE!
IT'S BEEN
ACTIVATED!

HE SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
BETTER.

SHZZ

SHZZ

ZHPP

SHZZ

THE COSTUME
DOESN'T LIE.

SHZZ

VWZZ

WHAT IS
THIS?!

ZHPP

VWZZ



A BOOBY-
TRAP!

THE BIO-MECHANICAL
TENTACLES ARE STUDED
WITH ELECTRO-NEURONS.
THEY DISCHARGE WITH
THE EXPLOSIVE FORCE
OF A SMALL BOMB.

THOSE STUDS ARE
PACKING MORE THAN
50,000 VOLTS EACH.
THE RESULT IS AS
EXPECTED...



...THE COMPLETE SHUTDOWN
OF AN ENTITY MADE ENTIRELY
FROM NECRO-PLASM.

HIDING THE TRAP IN A
THRONE OF DEBRIS WAS
EASY. NEATNESS DIDN'T
COUNT. IT WAS ALWAYS
COLLAPSING UNDER HIS
WEIGHT ANYWAY. THE
HARD PART WAS FINDING
THREE TECHS WILLING TO
ACT LIKE BUMS WHILE
PLANTING THE DEVICE
IN THE DEMON'S DEN.

OTHERS NOW
ARRIVE TO CARRY
OUT THEIR PART
OF THE MANIACAL
MISSION.

NOW,
NUMBER 4!
STRIKE
QUICKLY! THE
MASTER IS
UNSURE HOW
LONG THE
CREATURE
WILL BE
AFFECTED.

BRRM

KRK

KRNK



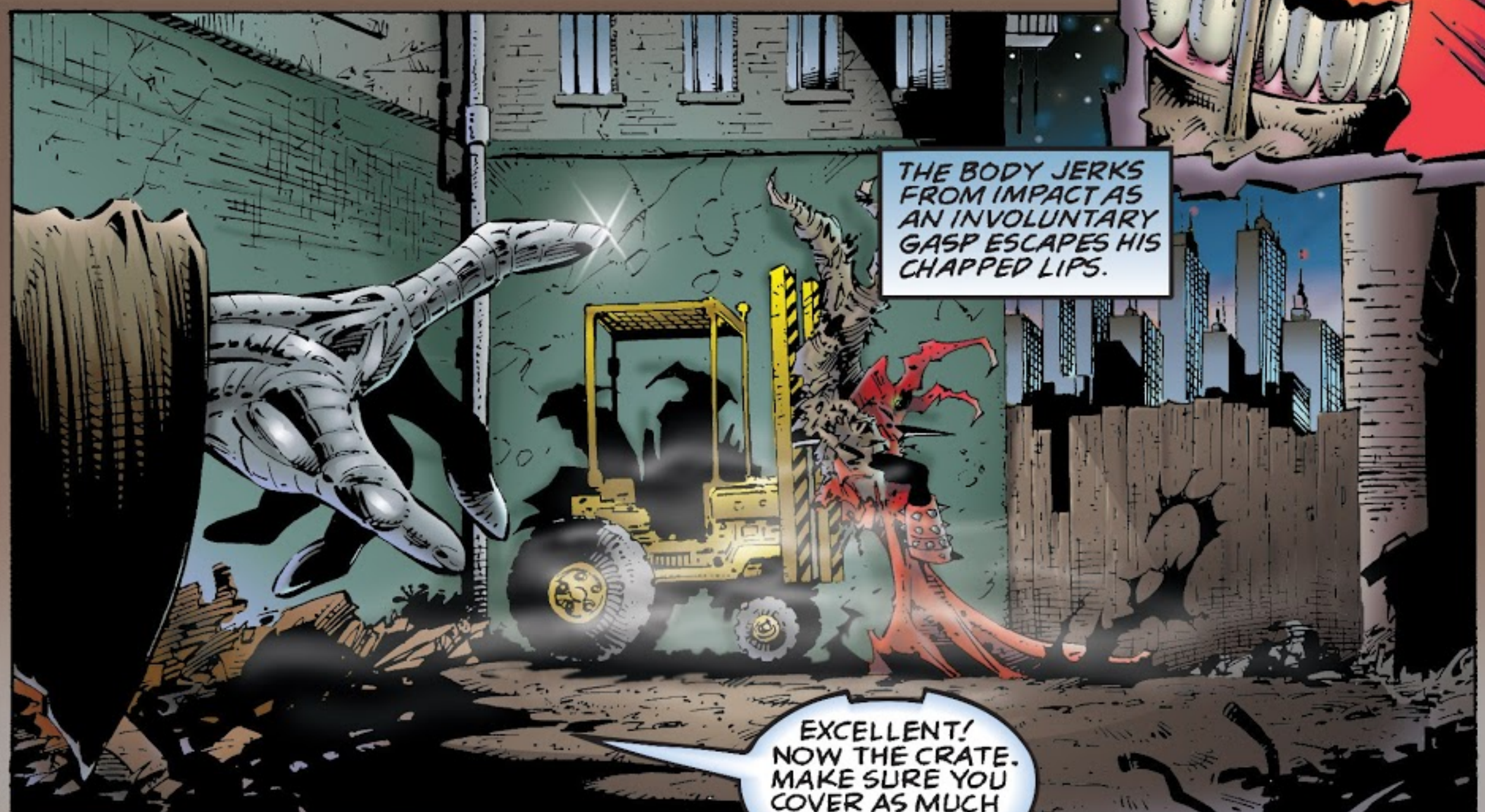
I KNOW
THE PLAN, NUMBER 7.
BUT POSITIONING IS
IF I DON'T HIT IT RIGHT,
THERE WON'T BE
ENOUGH OF HIM
FOR A SECOND
TRY.





TIED DIRECTLY TO THE EBBB AND FLOW OF THE NECRO-PLASM, SPAWN'S UNIFORM PUTS UP NO RESISTANCE. IT, TOO, HAS BEEN RENDERED USELESS.

LEAVING SPAWN FAR TOO VULNERABLE.



THE BODY JERKS FROM IMPACT AS AN INVOLUNTARY GASP ESCAPES HIS CHAPPED LIPS.

EXCELLENT! NOW THE CRATE. MAKE SURE YOU COVER AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.



NUMBER 12, COVER OUR TRACKS AND REBUILD THE CHAIR. THEN MEET US BACK HOME.



"WE'LL HEAD TO THE
DROP POINT. HOPE-
FULLY, THEY'RE
WAITING."



AFTER THAT,
WE'LL SPLIT
UP-- AND THEN
RENDEZVOUS
AS PLANNED.



"I'LL CONTACT THE
MASTER. HE SHOULD
JUST BE FINISHING
HIS PREPARATIONS
FOR THE DELIVERY..."



"... AND THE
UPCOMING
OPERATION."



ARE YOU SURE
CYAN'S
OKAY?

GOOD.
SORRY I
COULDN'T BE
THERE TO
HELP WITH
THE
BANDAIDS.

YEAH, THEY
WANT ME TO
CROSS-CHECK A
COUPLE MORE
FILES TONIGHT
BEFORE I GO. DON'T
WANT TO TAKE ANY
CHANCES. I SWEAR,
EVERYONE'S SO
PARANOID.

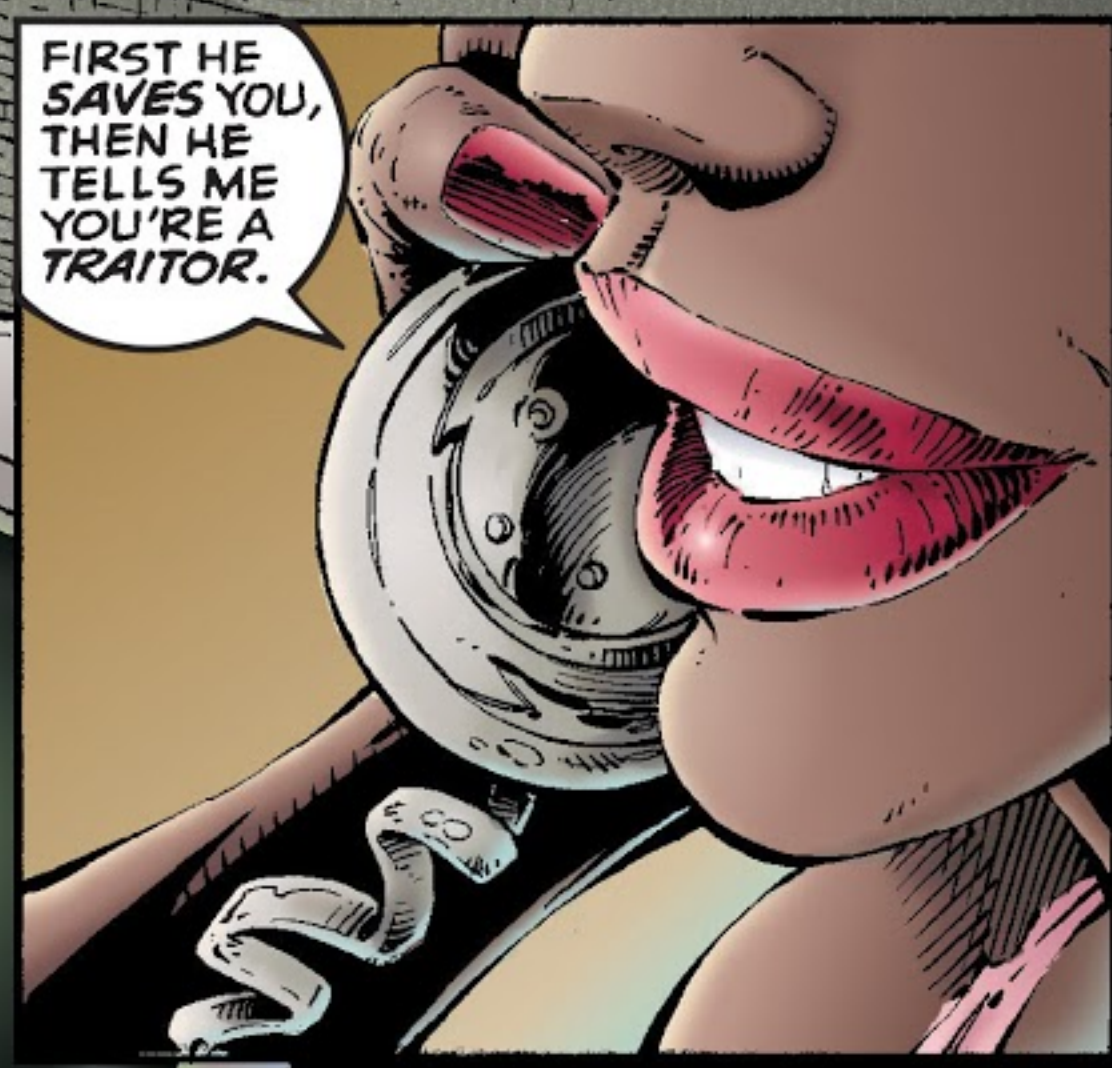
WE'RE ALL
TRYING TO BUST
THIS CASE OPEN, BUT
WE KEEP RUNNING
INTO WALLS. JUST
LIKE OUR EARLIER
SEARCH. NOTHING
MAKES SENSE.



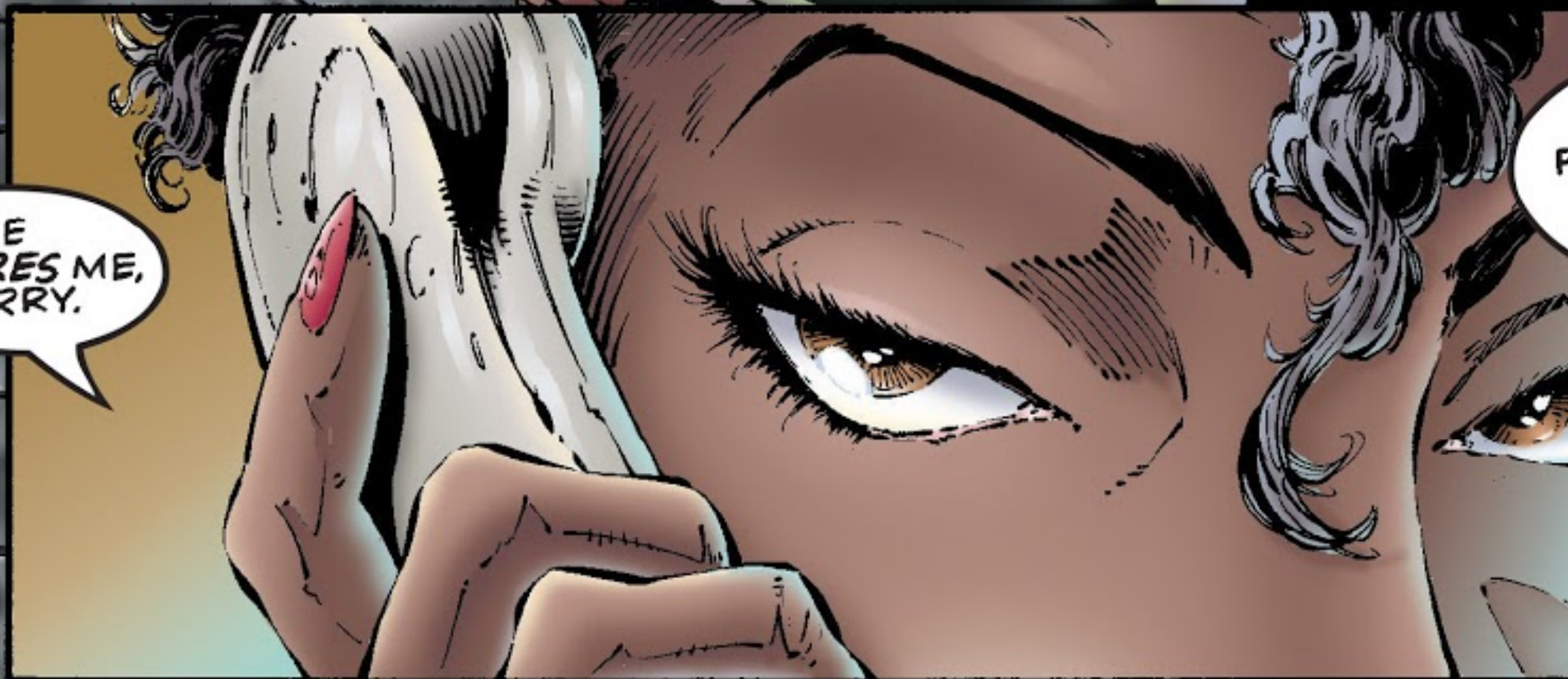
WHOEVER THIS SPAWN GUY
IS, HE'S GOT SOME POWERFUL
REASON TO BE MESSING WITH
THE GOVERNMENT.

MOST
SPECIFICALLY,
WYNN.

AND US.



FIRST HE
SAVES YOU,
THEN HE
TELLS ME
YOU'RE A
TRAITOR.



HE
SCARES ME,
TERRY.

I KNOW
WE'VE GOT
PROTECTION NOW,
BUT I STILL DON'T
FEEL SAFE.

IF SPAWN CAN PENETRATE YOUR OFFICES, WHY WOULD A HOUSE BE A PROBLEM.

YEAH, I KNOW HE KNOCKED LAST TIME. THAT STILL Baffles ME. I... I DON'T KNOW, TERRY. EVERYTHING'S SO OUT OF CONTROL.

FIRST THEY TRY AND MAKE YOU A MURDERER. THEN THEY TRY AND PROMOTE YOU, AND THE GUY WHO PROTECTED YOU THEN WANTS TO KILL YOU. WHERE DOES THIS STOP?

WAITING TO Exhale
TERRY McMILLAN

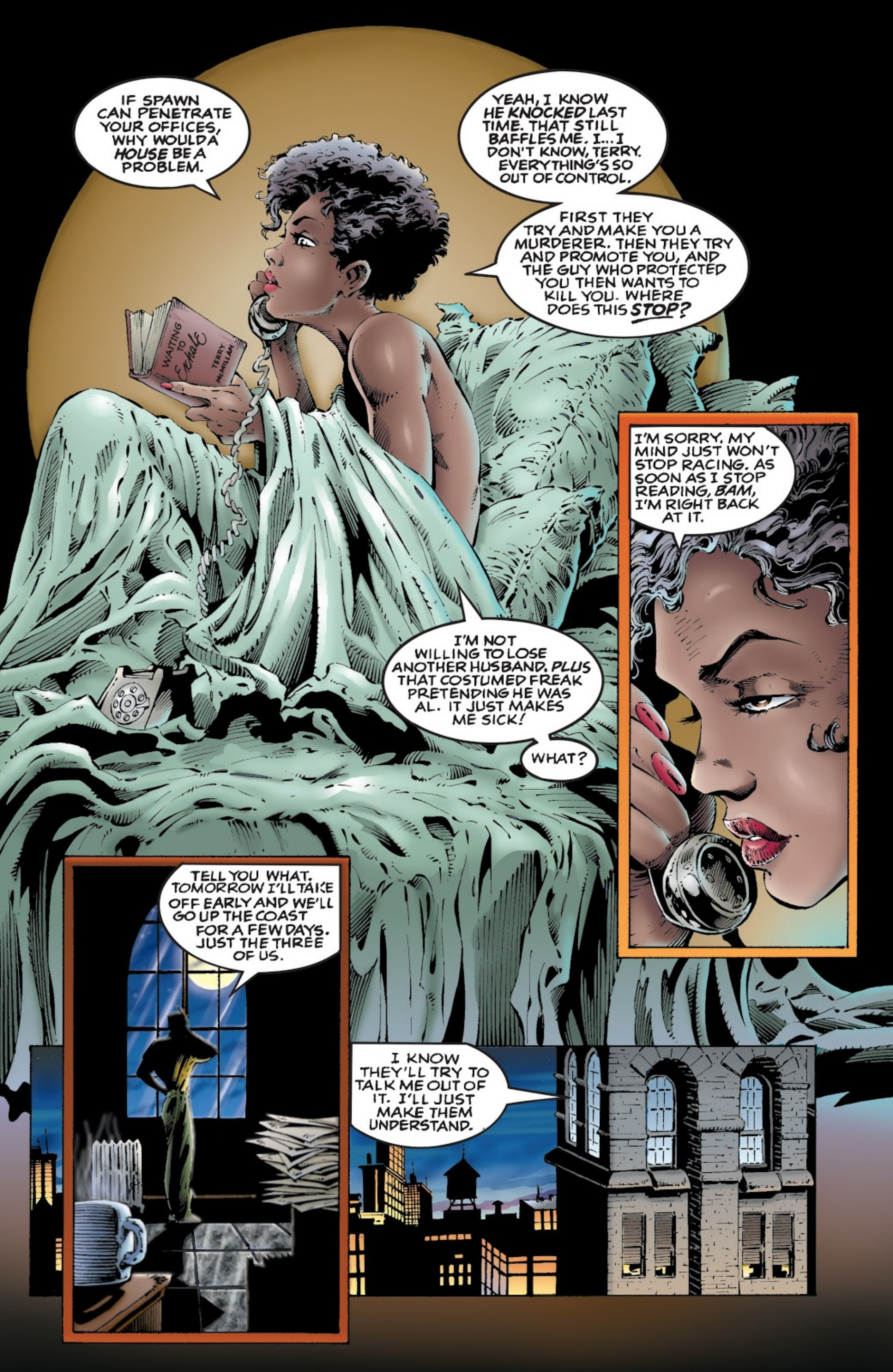
I'M NOT WILLING TO LOSE ANOTHER HUSBAND. PLUS THAT COSTUMED FREAK PRETENDING HE WAS AL. IT JUST MAKES ME SICK!

WHAT?

I'M SORRY, MY MIND JUST WON'T STOP RACING. AS SOON AS I STOP READING, BAM, I'M RIGHT BACK AT IT.

TELL YOU WHAT. TOMORROW I'LL TAKE OFF EARLY AND WE'LL GO UP THE COAST FOR A FEW DAYS. JUST THE THREE OF US.

I KNOW THEY'LL TRY TO TALK ME OUT OF IT. I'LL JUST MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND.





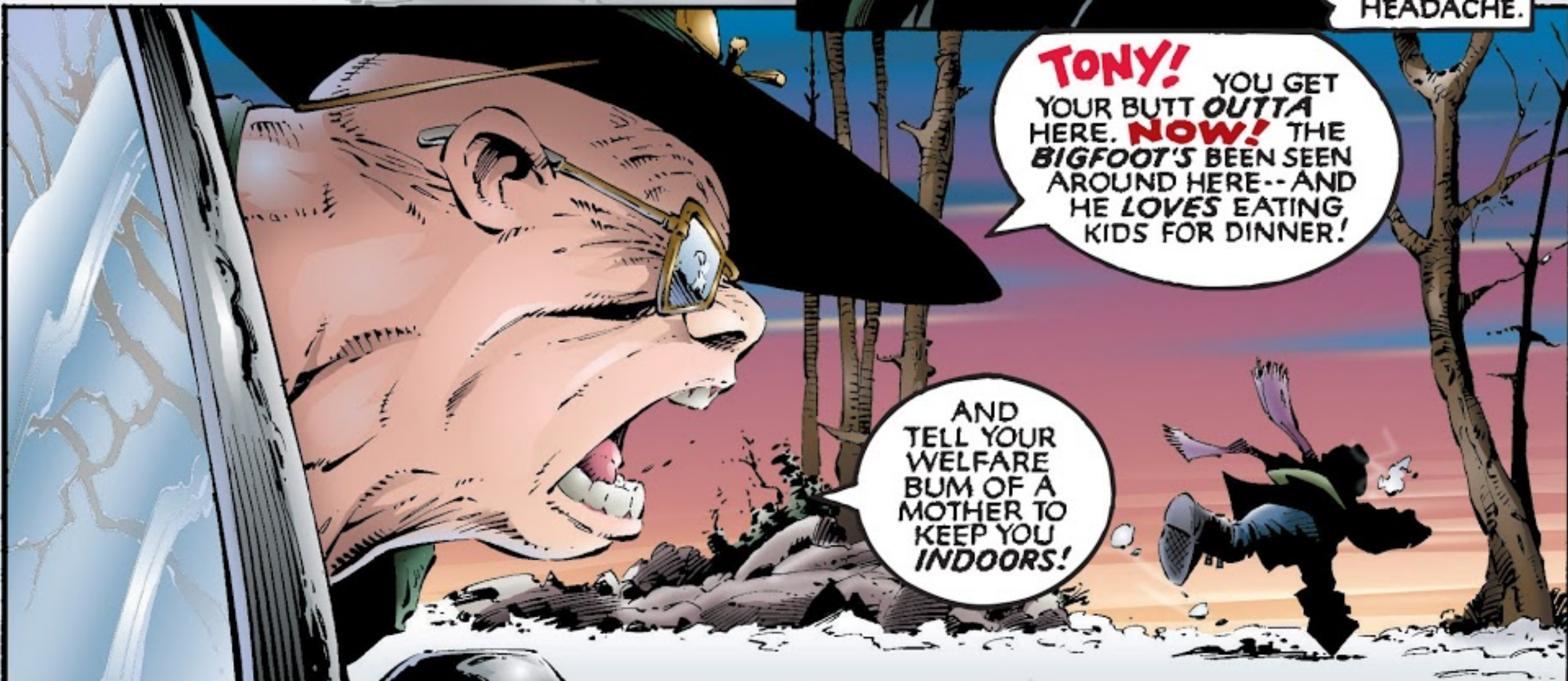
LITTLE TONY BILLOTO SMILES CONTENTEDLY AS HE BUSTLES ALONG. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A MONTH OF ANGLING HE'D ACTUALLY GOTTEN A BITE.

SINCE HE NEVER USED BAIT ON HIS MAKESHIFT FISHING POLE, THIS WAS QUITE A HUGE ACCOMPLISHMENT.



... IF HE'S WILLING TO CONTINUE MAKING SACRIFICES. SUCH AS SCHOOL ATTENDANCE. AS HE'S DONE THREE TIMES THIS WEEK.

AND NOW-- A BITE! HE'S ALREADY DREAMING UP HIS NEXT DAYS' EXCUSE.



TONY! YOU GET YOUR BUTT OUTTA HERE. **NOW!** THE **BIGFOOT'S** BEEN SEEN AROUND HERE-- AND HE LOVES EATING KIDS FOR DINNER!

AND TELL YOUR WELFARE BUM OF A MOTHER TO KEEP YOU INDOORS!

ACTUALLY,
THE LOCALS
DIDN'T
KNOW **WHAT**
THEY WERE
SEARCHING
FOR--

-- BUT SOMETHING HAD
LEFT A BLOODY TRAIL
WITH TWO DEAD COWS
AND A HANDFUL OF
DOGS. THEY ALL AGREED
IT HAD TO BE SOME KIND
OF ANIMAL. A BEAR.
MAYBE A CRAZED
COUGAR. WHATEVER.

SO, THE SHERIFF
WAS BROUGHT IN.

NOW, ALL THAT
REMAINS IS TO
FIND THE
BEAST... AND
A SIGHTING
HAD BEEN
CALLED IN, LESS
THAN AN HOUR
EARLIER.

A FRESH KILL.

IT'S STILL
WARM--WHAT'S
LEFT OF IT. BLOOD
HASN'T EVEN
COAGULATED YET.
NOW HOW IN THE
HELL DID IT GET
HERE WITH NO
FOOTPRINTS
AROUND?

MAYBE
BIGFOOT
IS A LIGHT-
WEIGHT.

CAN THE
JOKES,
FRED. THIS
IS BAD. I'VE
NEVER **SEEN**
A KILLING
LIKE THIS
BEFORE.

GUYS!
HEY! I'VE
GOT SOME-
THING
HERE!



HE'D HEARD THE
SOUND BEFORE--
THE LAST TIME
A BEAR HAD
COME ONTO
HIS LAND.





THE BLACK TERROR
STANDS NEARLY
THIRTEEN FEET AT
THE SHOULDER.

ITS BODY, NOW
ENTWINED WITH
HARD-CASE METAL,
IS BARELY VISIBLE
IN THE DARKNESS.

IT NEEDS
TIME TO
FEED.

OH... OH... OH...
**IT IS
BIGFOOT!**

ROY!
WHAT THE
HELL ARE
YOU DOING
NOW... ?!

SHUT UP!
THIS THING'S
GOT MY DOGS...
BUT NOT FOR
LONG.

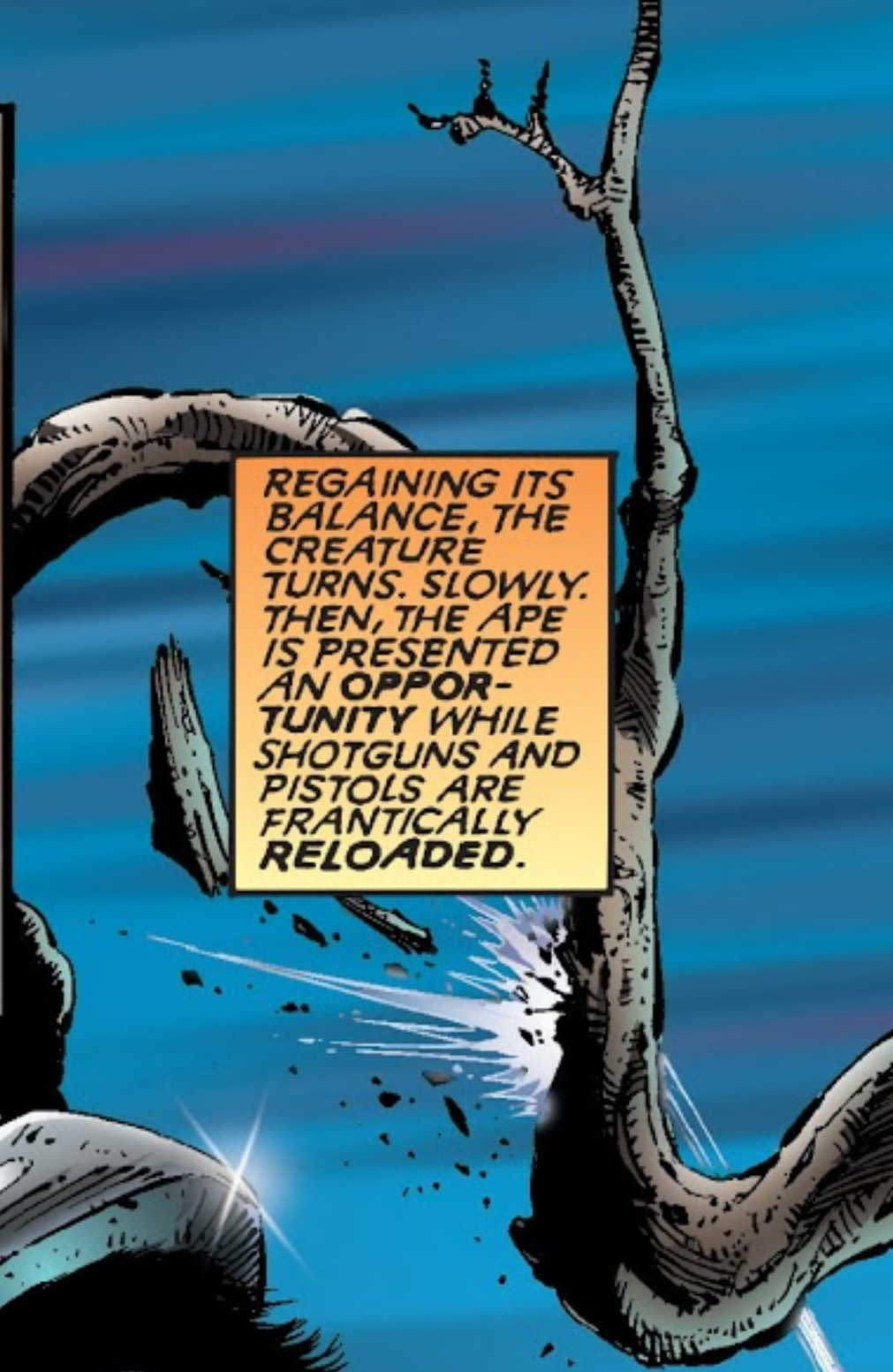


AFTER ROY'S FIRST SHOT, HIS FRIENDS ARE QUICK TO JOIN IN.

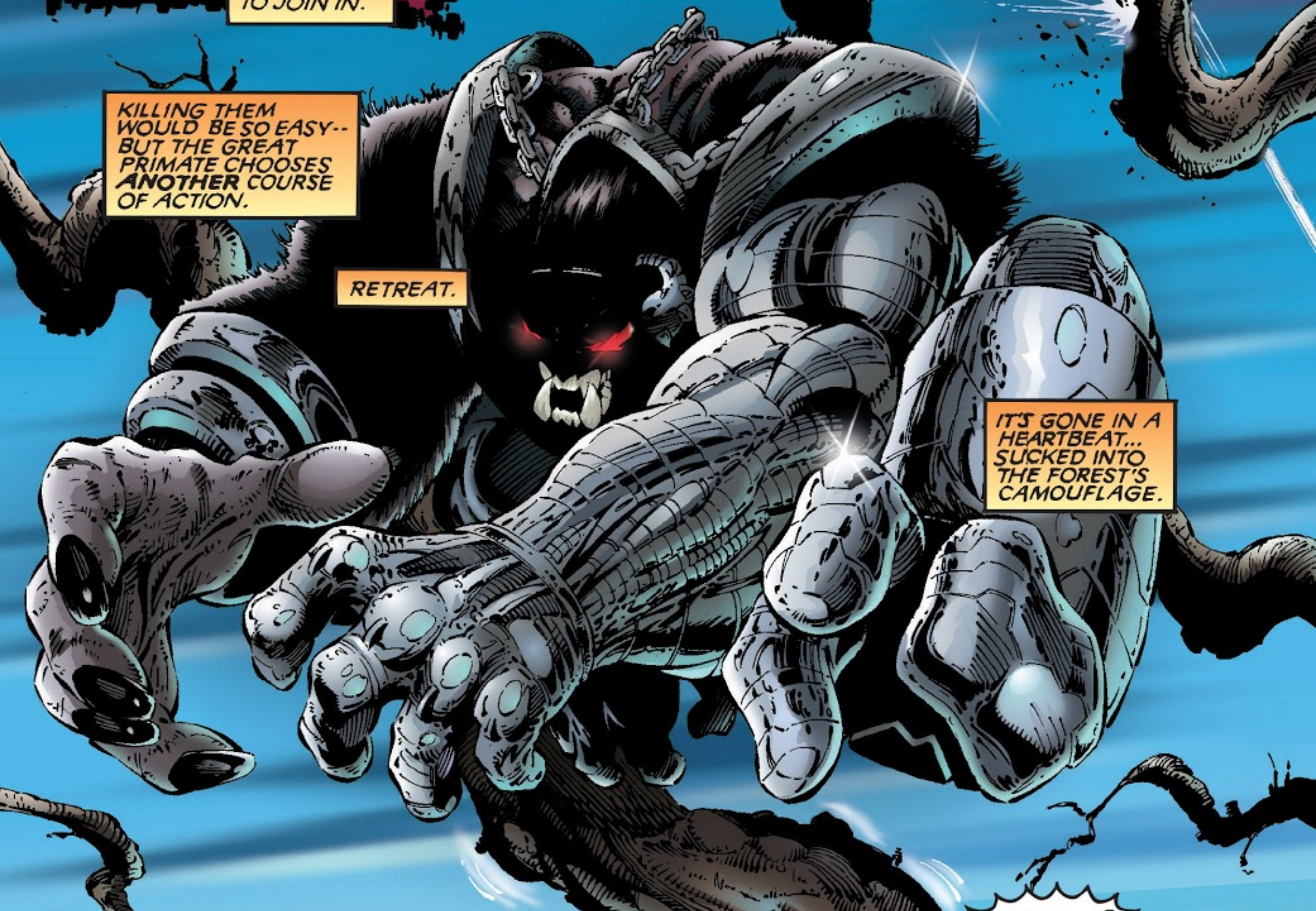


THEY'RE NOT QUITE SURE WHERE TO AIM. A FEW BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK.

THE BEAST RECOILS.



REGAINING ITS BALANCE, THE CREATURE TURNS. SLOWLY. THEN, THE APE IS PRESENTED AN OPPORTUNITY WHILE SHOTGUNS AND PISTOLS ARE FRANTICALLY RELOADED.



KILLING THEM WOULD BE SO EASY-- BUT THE GREAT PRIMATE CHOOSES ANOTHER COURSE OF ACTION.

RETREAT.

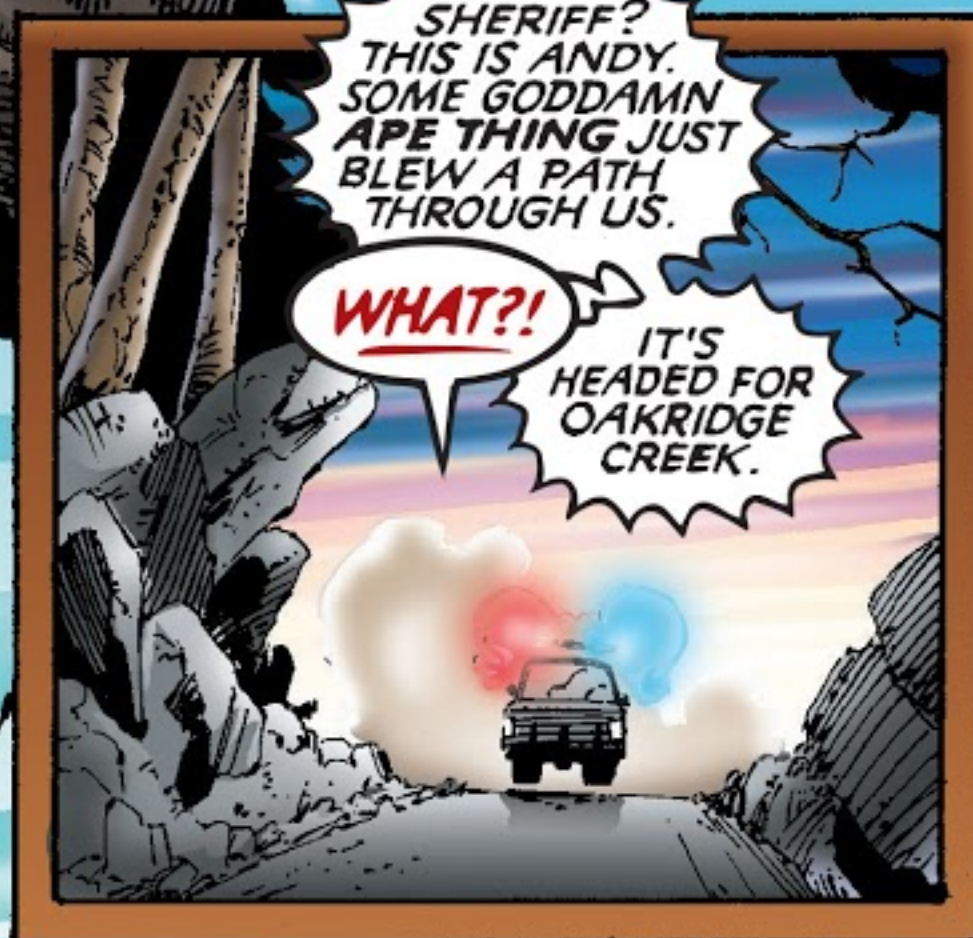
IT'S GONE IN A HEARTBEAT... SUCKED INTO THE FOREST'S CAMOUFLAGE.



SOMEONE RADIO THE SHERIFF!! GIVE HIM A FIX ON THAT THING.

WE'LL CLEAN UP BACK HERE.

C'MON, ROY, IT'S NO USE. THEY WON'T MAKE IT. LOOK AT 'EM. WE HAVE TO PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR PAIN.



SHERIFF? THIS IS ANDY. SOME GODDAMN APE THING JUST BLEW A PATH THROUGH US.

WHAT?!

IT'S HEADED FOR OAKRIDGE CREEK.

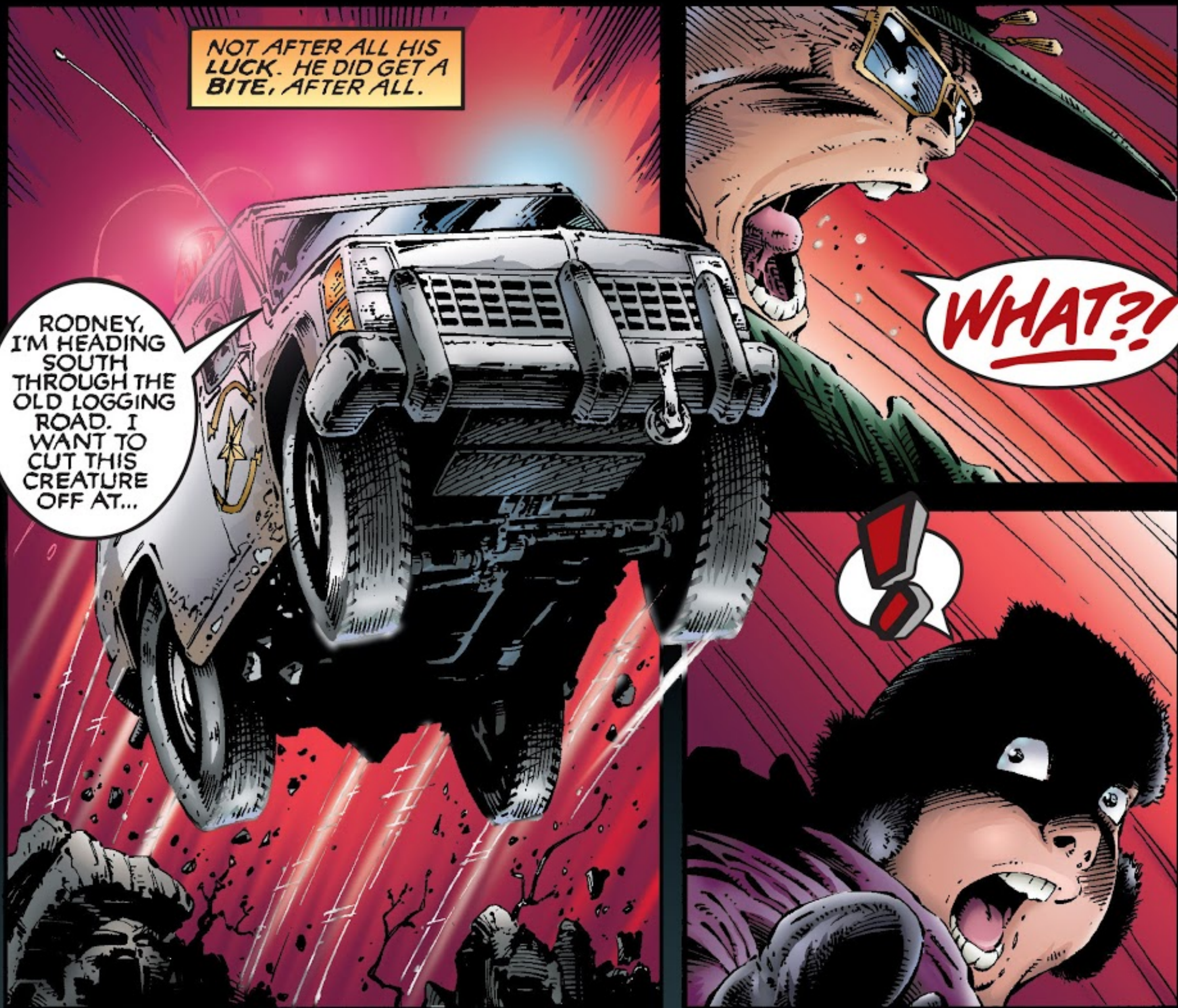


ONE OF THE
COUNTY'S BEST
FISHING HOLES...

THIS TIME FOR
SURE! COME ON,
YOU STUPID FISH,
BITE! LIKE
BEFORE.

MAN,
THAT
FELT
GOOD!

TONY SHOULD
HAVE LISTENED
THE FIRST
TIME. "GO
HOME." HE WAS
TOLD. BUT HE
COULDN'T.



NOT AFTER ALL HIS
LUCK. HE DID GET A
BITE, AFTER ALL.

RODNEY,
I'M HEADING
SOUTH
THROUGH THE
OLD LOGGING
ROAD. I
WANT TO
CUT THIS
CREATURE
OFF AT...

WHAT?!





THE PROJECT WAS
NAMED "BIO-MECHANIC
NEUROLOGICAL TRANS-
FERRAL SYSTEM".

THE MELDING
OF FLESH AND
WEAPONS.

THEY WERE TRYING TO
BUILD A WALKING
TANK. ONE THEY
COULD CONTROL. IT
SUCCEEDED.

ALMOST.

THE CODENAME CAME
A BIT LATER. SINCE
THIS WAS A CYBER-
NETIC GORILLA, IT
ONLY MADE SENSE:

CY-GOR

THAT'S
ITS NAME
NOW.
CY-GOR.



...THOUGH
EVERYONE IN
THIS COUNTY
WILL CALL IT
SOMETHING
ELSE.

THANKS...
BIGFOOT.

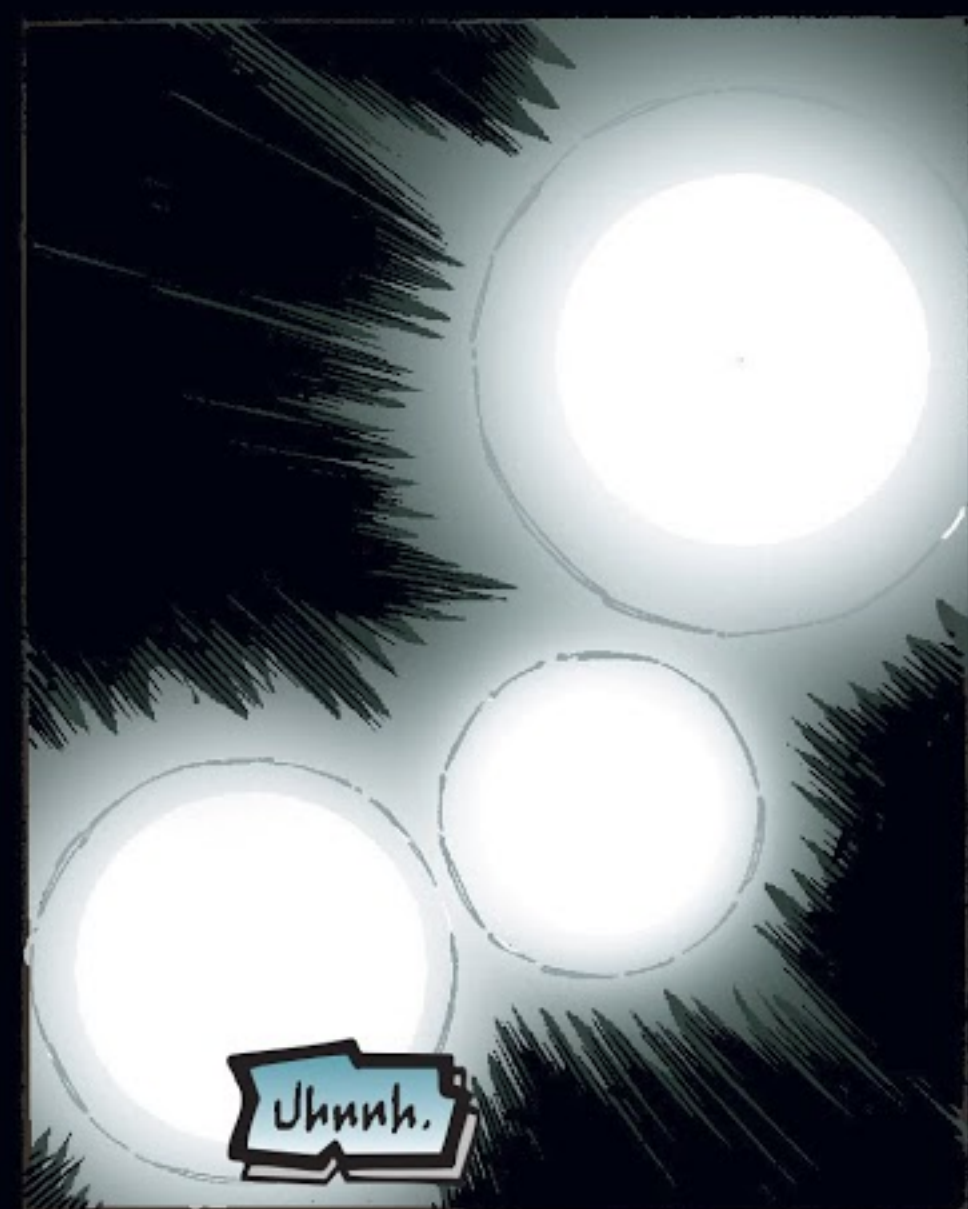


AS ONE
CREATURE
SLIPS
BACK INTO
THE BLACK-
NESS...

... ANOTHER
COMES FORTH.



"Ah, GOOD.
THE DRUGS
ARE WORKING.
HE'S COMING
TO. I WANT
HIM TO SEE
THIS FOR
HIMSELF. SEE
EXACTLY
WHAT HELL
HAS DONE
TO HIM."



Uhhhh.



WHERE AM I?
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?



SOME FRIGGIN' FRANKEN-
STEIN CASTLE, COMPLETE
WITH CLOAKED HENCHMEN.

DON'T
STRAIN
TOO HARD,
HELL-
SPAWN.



IT WON'T
MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE.

YOU SEE,
I'VE FIGURED
IT OUT. WHAT
YOU'RE *MADE*
OF. HOW YOU
GET YOUR
POWERS.

IT'S TRUE
THE DEVIL
GAVE THEM TO
YOU, BUT NOW
YOUR STRENGTH
RESIDES *WITHIN*.
YOU'VE BECOME A
HOLDING TANK,
IF YOU WILL,
OF *EVIL*.

CURSE!

WHAT
ARE YOU
BABBLING
ABOUT?

YOU
REMEMBER
ME. THAT'S GOOD.
VERY GOOD.
BECAUSE I
HAVEN'T FOR-
GOTTEN YOU
EITHER.

HOW YOU
NAILED ME TO A
WALL. IGNORED
MY PLEAS. LEFT
ME TO *ROT*! YOU
WANTED ME
TO DIE, DIDN'T
YOU?

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT
YOU.

AND YOUR
FRIEND
SANSKER.
HE WANTED
ME DEAD,
TOO. *



NOW IT'S
MY
TURN.

AS YOU'VE
BEEN OBSERVING,
MY ASSISTANTS
ARE **QUITE** BUSY,
EACH WITH A
SPECIFIC JOB.

ONE
CAREFULLY
STORES EACH
EXTRACTION.

ONE
CATALOGUES
AND INDEXES
THE INFORMA-
TION.

OTHERS
MONITOR THE
COSTUME. AND
DON'T BOTHER
TRYING TO
DEDUCE HOW I
SEPARATED THE
TWO OF YOU.
BELIEVE ME,
IT WAS A
CHALLENGE.

BZZ!

THE SAME
IS TRUE OF YOUR
CHAINS... THOUGH
THEY'RE SHOWING A
GREAT DEAL MORE
SPIRIT IN
RESISTING THE
DISSECTION.

DISSECTION?

PLIP



MORE OF AN
AUTOPSY, ACTUALLY.
BUT AS WITH ANY UNTRIED
PROCEDURE, THERE ARE
SIDE EFFECTS. THE SURGICAL
SEPARATION OF TWO JOINED
ENTITIES HAS *ALWAYS* BEEN
PROBLEMATIC, AND IT
WAS NO DIFFERENT WITH
YOU AND YOUR
COSTUME.

STILL, THE
OPERATION IS
FAR FROM OVER--
AND NOW THAT YOU'RE
AWAKE, I *SINCERELY*
HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE
TO *FEEL* THE GRAND
FINALE:

THE
SEARING
PAIN AS I
REMOVE YOUR
LIVING
BRAIN!



NEXT ISSUE--
THE CONCLUSION!
... by McFARLANE
AND CAPULLO!



image

41
JAN

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



April 11
45
McFARLANE

BRIAN

ARMAGEDDON.

THE PLACE WHERE IT ALL ENDS: ULTIMATE GOOD VERSUS ULTIMATE EVIL IN THE LAST BEST EXAMPLE OF HOLY WARFARE.

THE WINNER, IT HAS BEEN PROPHESIED, WILL REIGN ETERNALLY. SUCH A PRIZE IS COVETED BY BOTH SIDES, THE SUPERNATURALLY OPPOSING CAMPS WHOSE PHILOSOPHIES INSPIRE US HUMANS. WHILE SOME OF US SEEK HARMONY WITH ALL PEOPLE AND THINGS, OTHERS WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO THWART AND HUMILIATE THEM. AND DAY BY DAY, HEAVEN AND HELL NUDGE US AS THEY'VE DONE FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES... GROOMING US INTO ARMIES WHICH WILL CHARGE HEAD-
LONG INTO BATTLE UNTIL THE ENEMY HAS, AT LAST, BEEN SILENCED.

NOW, TODAY, SOME SAY THAT THE **END TIMES** HAVE BEGUN. BEHAVIOR AMONG MANY PEOPLE HAS BECOME MORE **EXTREME**, AND THE RECRUITMENT OF SOULS HAS GAINED A NEW **INTENSITY**. AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH, EACH SOUL IS WELCOMED TO BOTH HEAVEN AND HELL. FROM THIS POOL OF MILLIONS THE TWO SIDES SEEK NEW CANDIDATES. MOST ARE WORTHY BUT UNREMARKABLE... ACCEPTED, WELCOMED, ABSORBED INTO THE ASSEMBLED WHOLE. AND OCCASIONALLY, A **JEWEL** WORKS ITS WAY TO THE FORE.

THEY ARE GIVEN **POWER**. A NEW **LIFE**. ANOTHER CHANCE TO USE EARTH AS A **LEARNING FACILITY**. IN HEAVEN, THIS SORT ARE CALLED "**ANGELS**". IN HELL, THEY ARE KNOWN AS "**SPAWN**".

LIEUTENANT COLONEL **AL SIMMONS** WAS SUCH A FIND. HE HAD THE RIGHT **WIRING**. THE **GIFT**. HELL COULD ONLY SMILE WHEN HE CAME DOWN THE CHUTE. FOR YOU SEE, A GREAT ARMY DEMANDS GREAT **LEADERS**. **AL SIMMONS'** LIFE SHOWED HIS **POTENTIAL**. **DUTY FIRST**. **BLIND OBEDIENCE** TO HIS SUPERIORS, WITH A GOOD SENSE OF **IMPROVISATION** IN THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THEIR GOALS. IN ALL, A CREDIT TO HIS OFFICIALLY-SANCTIONED **ASSASSINS' TRAINING**.

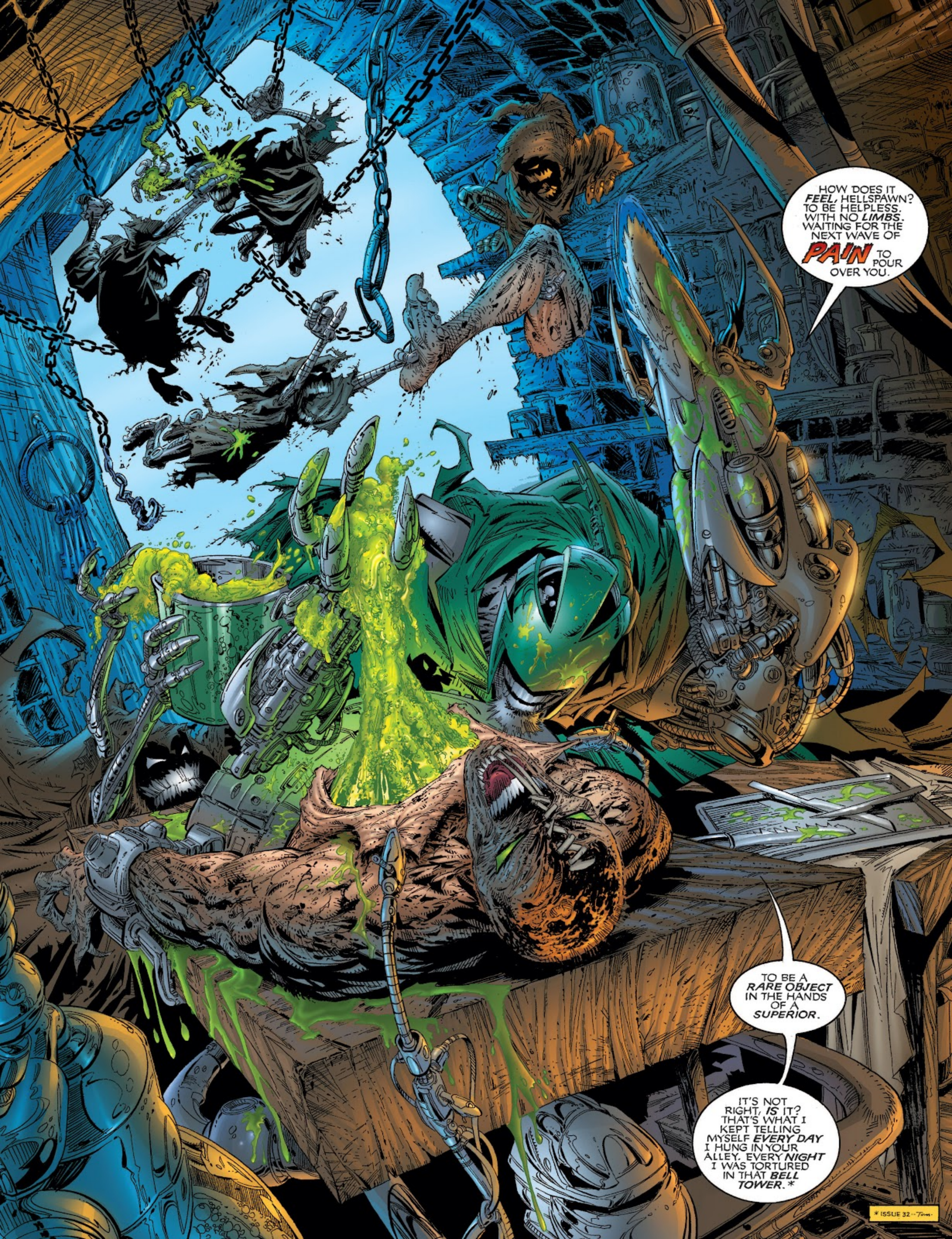
BETTER YET, HE HAD COME **WILLINGLY** INTO THE DOMAIN OF **SIN**. HIS LOVE FOR HIS WIFE INSPIRED HIS **INFERNAL BARGAIN**.

NOW, HE'S AN OFFICER-IN-TRAINING, AND THE TIME HAS COME AGAIN FOR HELL TO PUT HIM THROUGH HIS PACES... TO SEE IF HE IS TRULY WORTHY OF HIS POST. AND, IF EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT, THIS **SPAWN** WILL LEAD THE LEGIONS OF DARKNESS THROUGH A GREAT AND DECISIVE BATTLE AND INTO VICTORY.

ALL HE HAS TO DO IS PASS THE TESTS.

SURVIVE
THE
MADNESS.

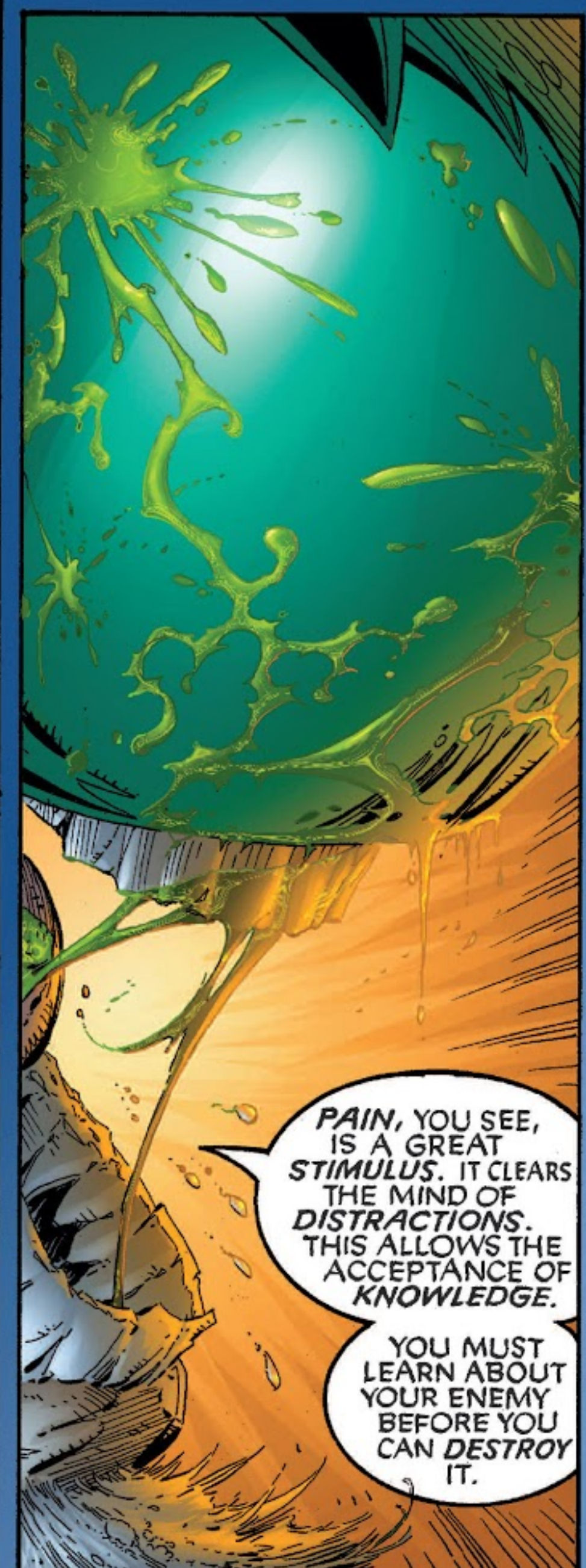


A full-page comic book illustration depicting a scene of intense torture. In the center, a Hellspawn, a creature with a green, armored head and a brown, muscular body, is being held and tortured by a large, complex mechanical being. The mechanical being has a green, segmented body and a large, multi-jointed arm that is currently holding a large, green, bubbling mass of liquid. The Hellspawn is lying on a wooden surface, his mouth open in a scream, revealing sharp teeth. His body is covered in green liquid, which is also splashing around him. In the background, several other Hellspawn are hanging from chains, their bodies also covered in green liquid. The scene is set in a dark, industrial environment with various mechanical parts and structures visible. The overall color palette is dominated by blues, greens, and browns, with a high level of detail and a sense of horror and brutality.

HOW DOES IT
FEEL, HELLSPAWN?
TO BE HELPLESS.
WITH NO LIMBS.
WAITING FOR THE
NEXT WAVE OF
PAIN TO POUR
OVER YOU.

TO BE A
RARE OBJECT
IN THE HANDS
OF A
SUPERIOR.

IT'S NOT
RIGHT, IS IT?
THAT'S WHAT I
KEPT TELLING
MYSELF EVERY DAY
I HUNG IN YOUR
ALLEY. EVERY NIGHT
I WAS TORTURED
IN THAT BELL
TOWER.*



YEARS OF STUDY HAVE GIVEN ME GREAT *INSIGHT* INTO THE ORIGIN OF SIN. AND *EVIL*. WHERE DO THEY GAIN THEIR POWER?

WHY, FROM *WITHIN*.

YOU ARE MADE OF *NECRO-PLASM*. THE FLESH AND BLOOD OF *HELL*, IF YOU WILL. AND WITHIN THAT FLESH DWELLS HATRED. ANGER. LUST. ALL THE *DEADLY SINS* OF MANKIND.

THOUGH GOD *FORSOOK* ME IN MY HOUR OF NEED, IT IS STILL MY MISSION TO *DESTROY* ANY *WICKEDNESS*.

PAIN, YOU SEE, IS A GREAT *STIMULUS*. IT CLEARS THE MIND OF *DISTRACTIONS*. THIS ALLOWS THE ACCEPTANCE OF *KNOWLEDGE*.

YOU MUST LEARN ABOUT YOUR ENEMY BEFORE YOU CAN *DESTROY* IT.



IF I CAN DISCOVER YOUR SECRET--*CONTROL* IT-- THEN I WILL HAVE POWER OVER *SATAN*.

THEN, HE WILL
HAVE TO THINK
TWICE BEFORE
SENDING **ANOTHER**
OF HIS AGENTS TO
EARTH **EVER**
AGAIN.

WHILE YOU
FIGHT THE OPERA-
TION, CONSIDER THAT
YOUR DEATH WILL BE
THE SALVATION OF
THE **MILLIONS** OF
SOULS DAMNED TO
DARKNESS.

EACH PART
OF YOUR BODY IS
NOW BEING PREPARED
FOR SHIPMENT--TO BE
STUDIED BY SOME OF
THE GREATEST MINDS
ON EARTH.

EACH HAS
A PASSION
FOR PURITY
FOR **GOOD.**

BUT THERE ARE
STILL A FEW
DETAILS TO BE
IRONED OUT.

SO I MUST
LEAVE
YOU.

BUT DON'T
WORRY, THE
DRUGS WILL
HOLD YOU UNTIL I
CAN FINISH YOUR
DISSECTION.

YOU'D SEEN
IT BEFORE.
PLENTY OF
TIMES.



A PIECE
LYING
HERE.



ANOTHER,
HANGING
THERE.

IT'S WHAT WAR'S
ABOUT. MESSAGES.
THE LOUDER, THE
BETTER.

YOU WERE ONLY
21 YEARS OLD
AT THE TIME.



IT BOTHERED YOU
THAT SOMEONE SO
YOUNG COULD TUNE
OUT THE HORRORS.



EVEN WHEN THEY
HAPPENED TO YOU.

THE CAPTAIN SAID THE AREA
WAS SECURED. YOU AND TIM
WERE TO CARVE A PATHWAY
NORTHEAST.



THE AMBUSH CAUGHT YOU BOTH FLAT-FOOTED. BUT THE TWO OF YOU HELD OUT, SAYING NOTHING OTHER THAN TO CUSS YOUR ENEMY.

HE WANTED TO KNOW YOUR UNIT'S NEW MISSION...

... DEMANDING TO KNOW, AGAIN AND AGAIN-- AND EACH TIME, YOU HELD SILENCE. YOUR PARTNER PAID THE PRICE.

TIM BEGGED YOU TO SAY NOTHING. SAID HE WOULD RATHER DIE THAN BETRAY HIS FRIENDS.

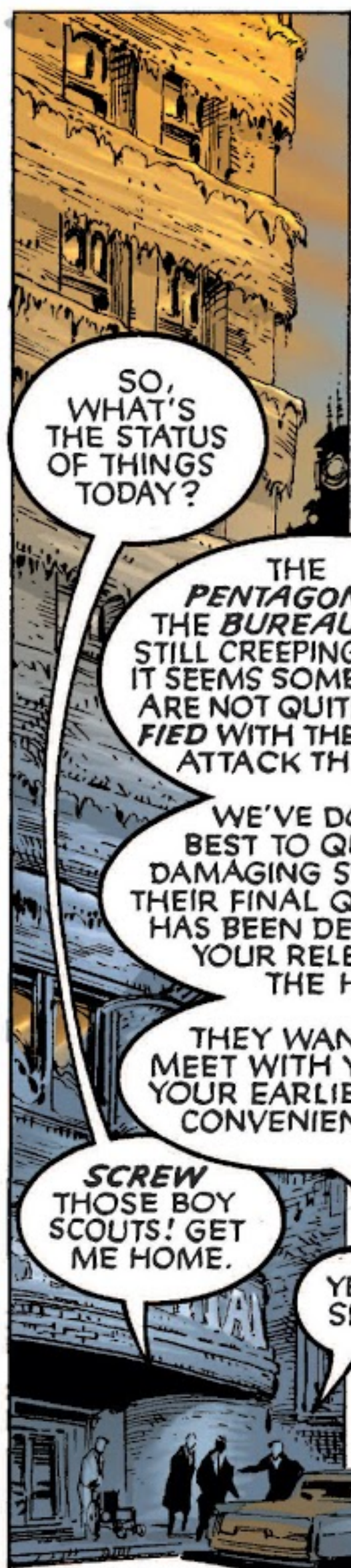
IT TOOK ALMOST TEN HOURS BEFORE TIM STOPPED MOVING.

NOW IT WAS YOUR TURN, AND ALL YOU COULD THINK ABOUT WAS HOW YOU'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE ABLE TO EXACT REVENGE.

IT'S THE FIRST INSTANCE YOU CAN RECALL OF WANTING TO MURDER.

HIS NAME WAS 'SAIGON,' THE SOLDIER WHO SAVED YOU. AFTER THAT DAY, YOU LEARNED TO KILL TOGETHER.

POW



SO,
WHAT'S
THE STATUS
OF THINGS
TODAY?

THE
PENTAGON AND
THE **BUREAU** ARE
STILL CREEPING AROUND.
IT SEEMS SOME PEOPLE
ARE NOT QUITE **SATIS-**
FIED WITH THE RANDOM
ATTACK THEORY.

WE'VE DONE OUR
BEST TO QUELL ANY
DAMAGING SPECULATION.
THEIR FINAL QUESTIONING
HAS BEEN DELAYED UNTIL
YOUR RELEASE FROM
THE HOSPITAL.

THEY WANT TO
MEET WITH YOU AT
YOUR EARLIEST
CONVENIENCE.

SCREW
THOSE BOY
SCOUTS! GET
ME HOME.

YES,
SIR.



HOUNDED BY GOVERN-
MENT INVESTIGATORS
SINCE HIS C.I.A. OFFICE
WAS ATTACKED, **JASON**
WYNN HAS DONE A
SUPERB JOB OF FABRI-
CATING LIES CLOSE
ENOUGH TO THE TRUTH
TO SATISFY MOST
QUERIES.

BUT IT'S HIS INTER-
NATIONAL STANDING
WITHIN A **SECRET**
CARTEL THAT IS HIS
BIGGEST CONCERN.

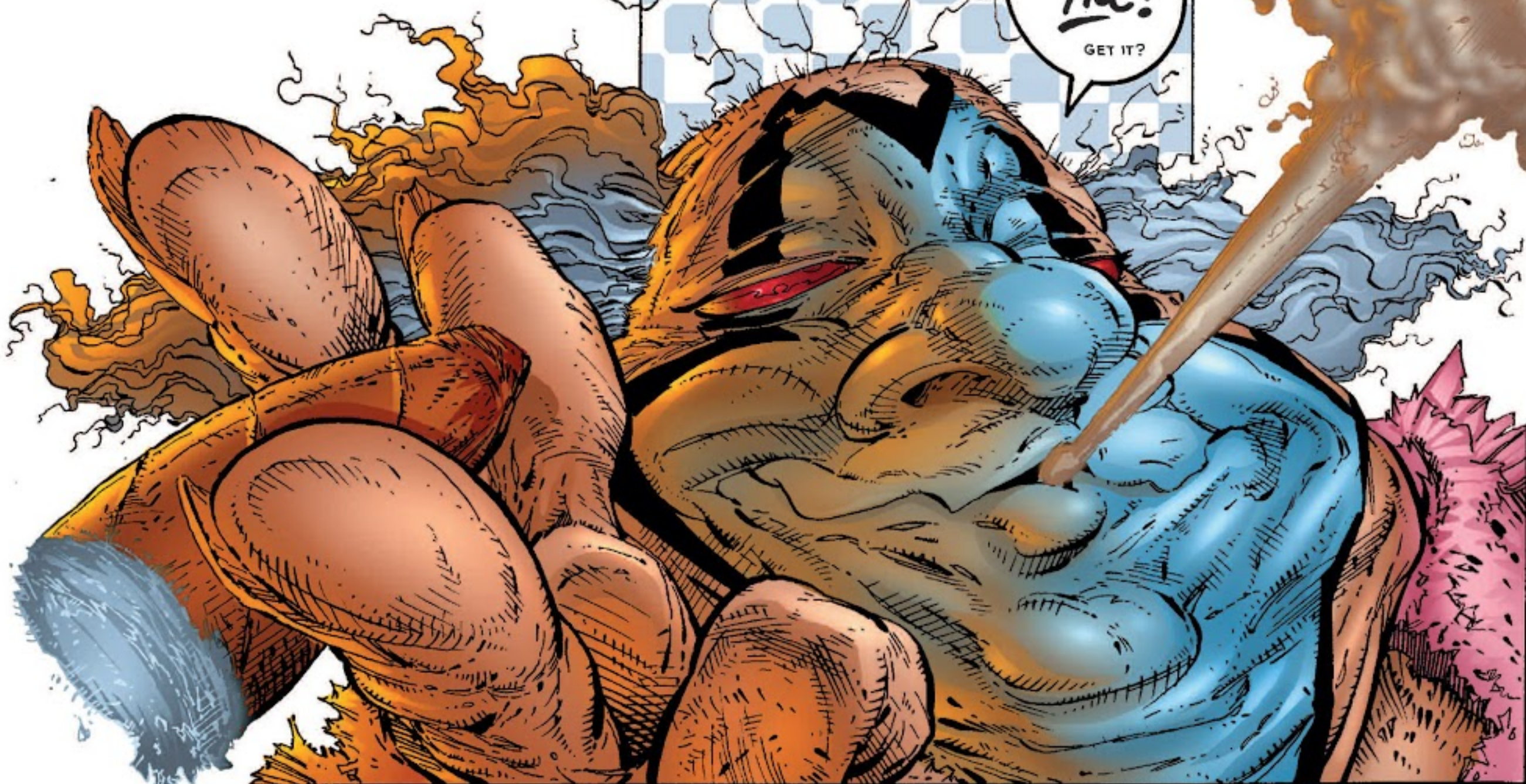


HEY-GIMP!

ABOUT
TIME YOU SHOWED.
I WAS BEGINNING
TO THINK I'D BEEN
STOOD UP... BY
A CRIPPLE.

**HEE
HEE!**

GET IT?





HOW THE **HELL** DID YOU GET IN?

MY, MY. A LITTLE **EDGY**, ARE WE? LOOK, WYNN, YOU SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED WITH **ME** ANYMORE.

I **DO** THINGS. **ACCEPT** IT.

LIKE THIS WHOLE **SPAWN** FIASCO. I **TOLD** YOU I'D TAKE CARE OF THINGS, DIDN'T I?



I'M NOT IMPRESSED SO FAR.

YES YOU ARE. OTHERWISE YOU'D HAVE TRIED TO KILL ME **ALREADY**.

BUT THE **PROBLEM**, MY DEAR JASON, IS THAT YOU HAVEN'T **LIVED UP TO YOUR** PART OF THE DEAL. SEE, IF IT WASN'T FOR **ME**, THOSE GOVERNMENT LADS WOULD'VE STRUNG YOU UP BY YOUR **BALLS** LAST WEEK.

INSTEAD, I'VE LEFT A COUPLE LOOSE ENDS DANGLING THAT CAN EASILY BE CAPPED...

...WHICH THEY'LL **BE** IF YOU GET YOUR **ACT** TOGETHER.

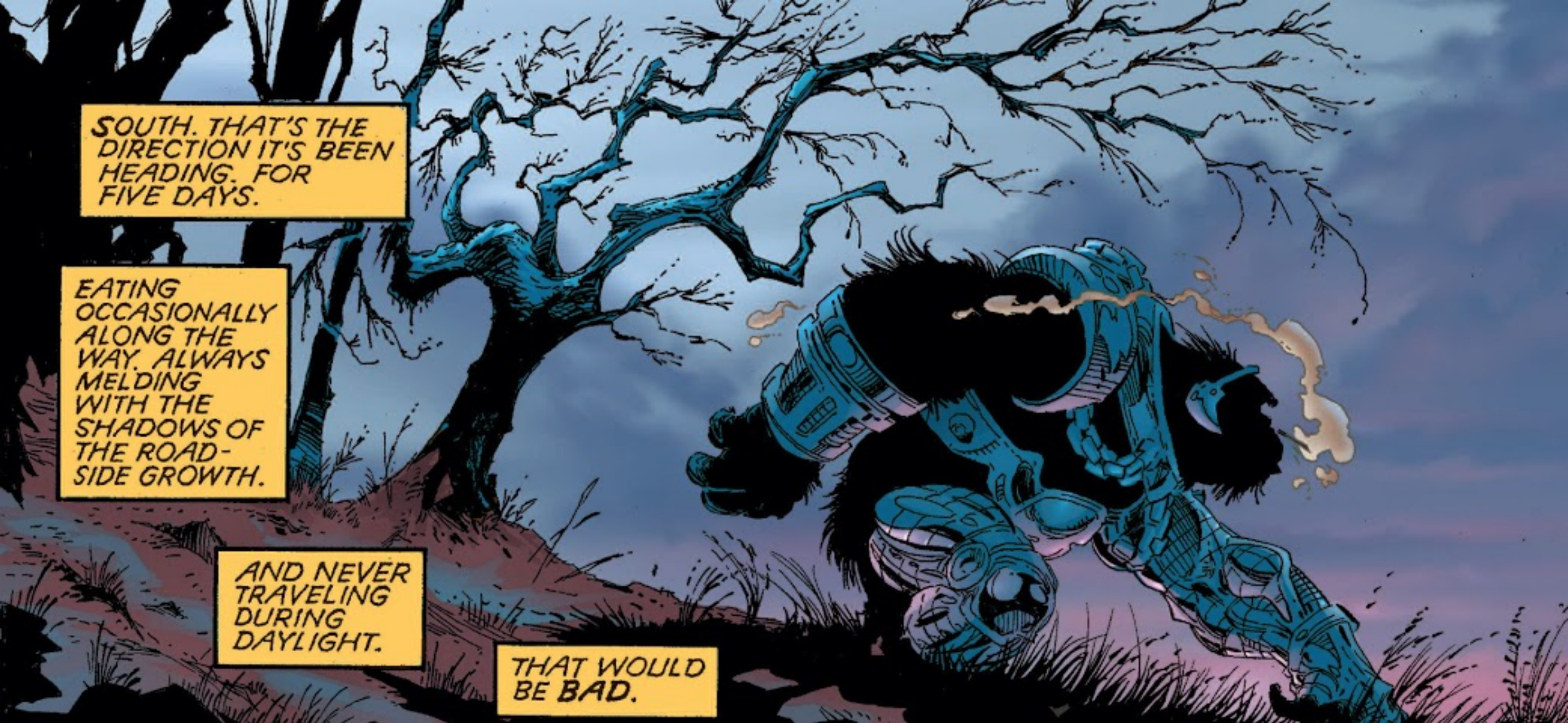
I'VE ASKED YOU FOR ONLY **ONE THING**: HARASS THE **CRAP** OUTTA MY PAL SPAWN. LYING ON YOUR BACK IN A HOSPITAL AIN'T **DOING** IT FOR ME.

TERRY. WANDA. GRANDMA BLAKE. REMEMBER **THEM**? THE NOOSE ISN'T AROUND THEIR NECKS **TIGHT** ENOUGH.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM.

I'M COUNTING ON IT.



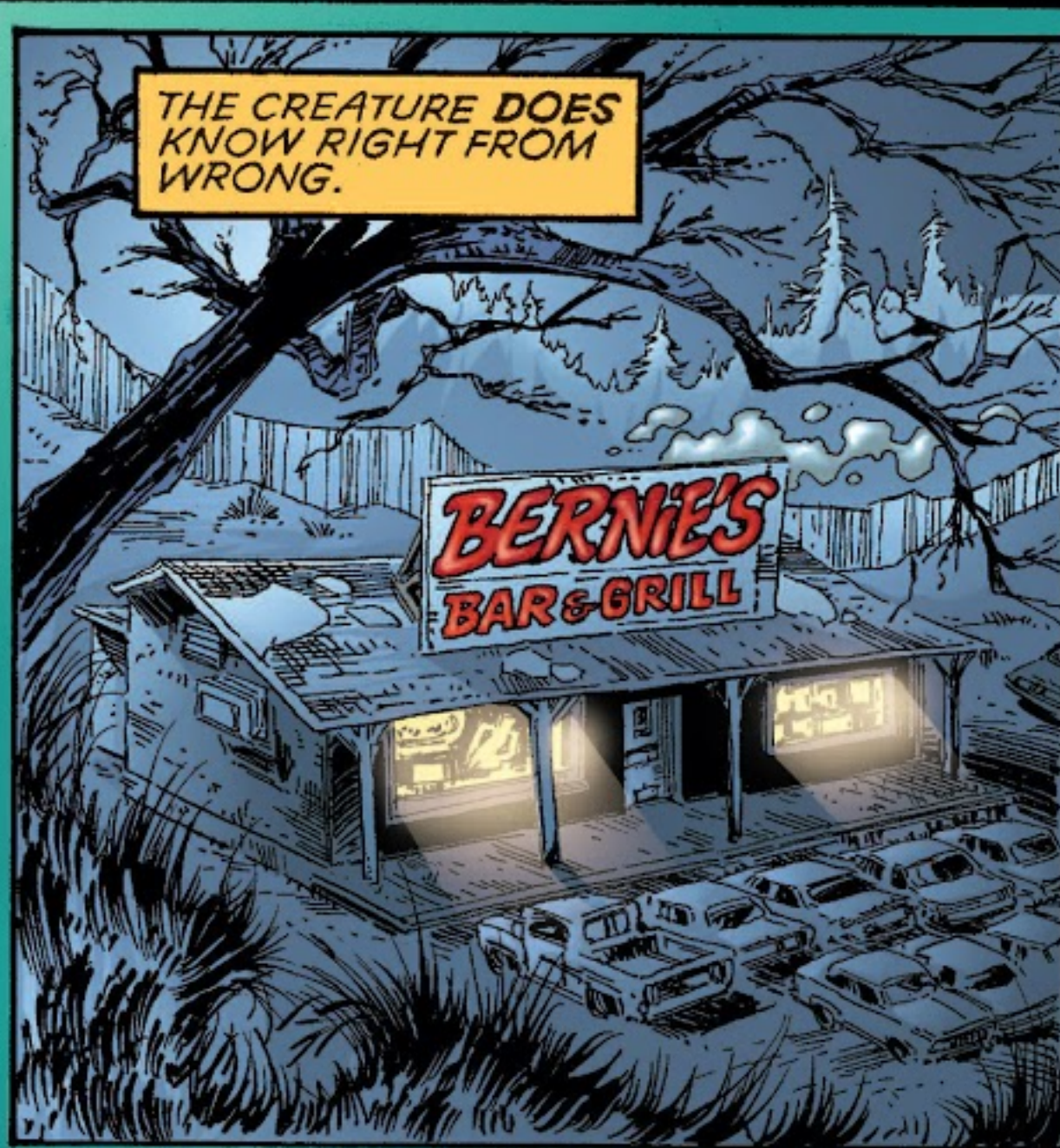


SOUTH. THAT'S THE DIRECTION IT'S BEEN HEADING. FOR FIVE DAYS.

EATING OCCASIONALLY ALONG THE WAY. ALWAYS MELDING WITH THE SHADOWS OF THE ROAD-SIDE GROWTH.

AND NEVER TRAVELING DURING DAYLIGHT.

THAT WOULD BE BAD.



THE CREATURE DOES KNOW RIGHT FROM WRONG.



I LOVE YOU, SUE.

NO YOU DON'T. YOU'RE DRUNK.

YES I AM.



SO PLEASE, BABY, TELL ME YOU NEED ME, TOO.

OK, FOR THE LOVE OF PETE!! CONTROL YOURSELF. AND YOUR BREATH... *whew!*

C'MON. LET'S GO INSIDE. IT'S TOO CRAMPED BACK HERE.

WITH THE WINDOWS ROLLED UP, THE YOUNG COUPLE'S ACTIVITIES CAN SEND CONFLICTING MESSAGES.

SUCH AS POSSIBLE RAPE.



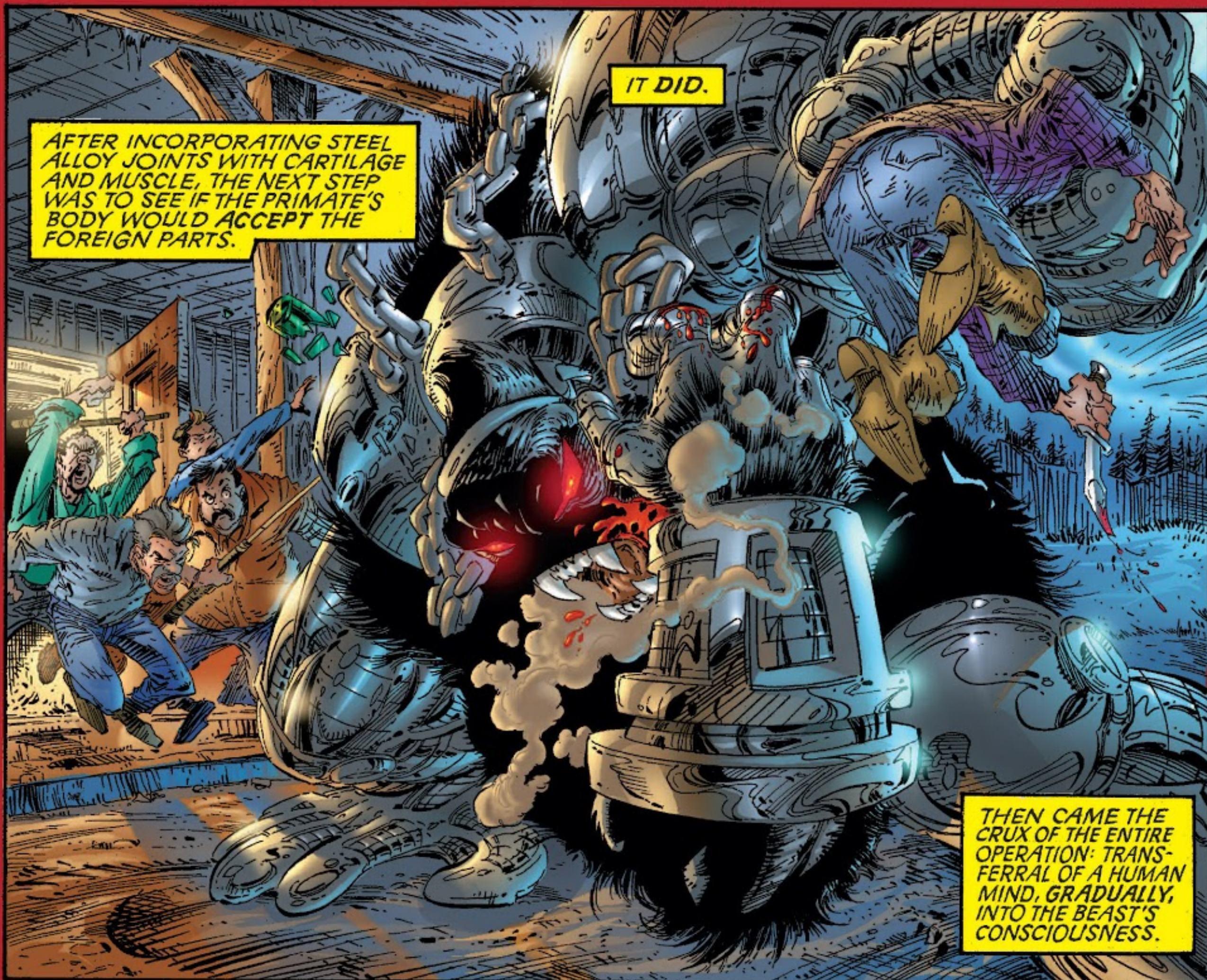
**A PERFECT SOLDIER.
THAT'S WHAT THE
VARIOUS TECHNICIANS
ATTEMPTED TO CREATE.**

**CYBERNETIC APPENDAGES
WERE SURGICALLY
GRAFTED TO FLESH. THE
FIRST EXPERIMENTS
FAILED MISERABLY. A
NORMAL MAN COULDN'T
TOLERATE THE PAIN ONCE
THE DRUGS WORE OFF.**

**ANOTHER
SUBJECT WAS
NEEDED. MAN'S
EVOLUTIONARY
COUSIN. THE
APE.**

**ONLY THE BIGGEST
AND STRONGEST OF
THE ILLEGALLY IMPORTED
SIMIANS WERE SENT
TO THE LAB.**

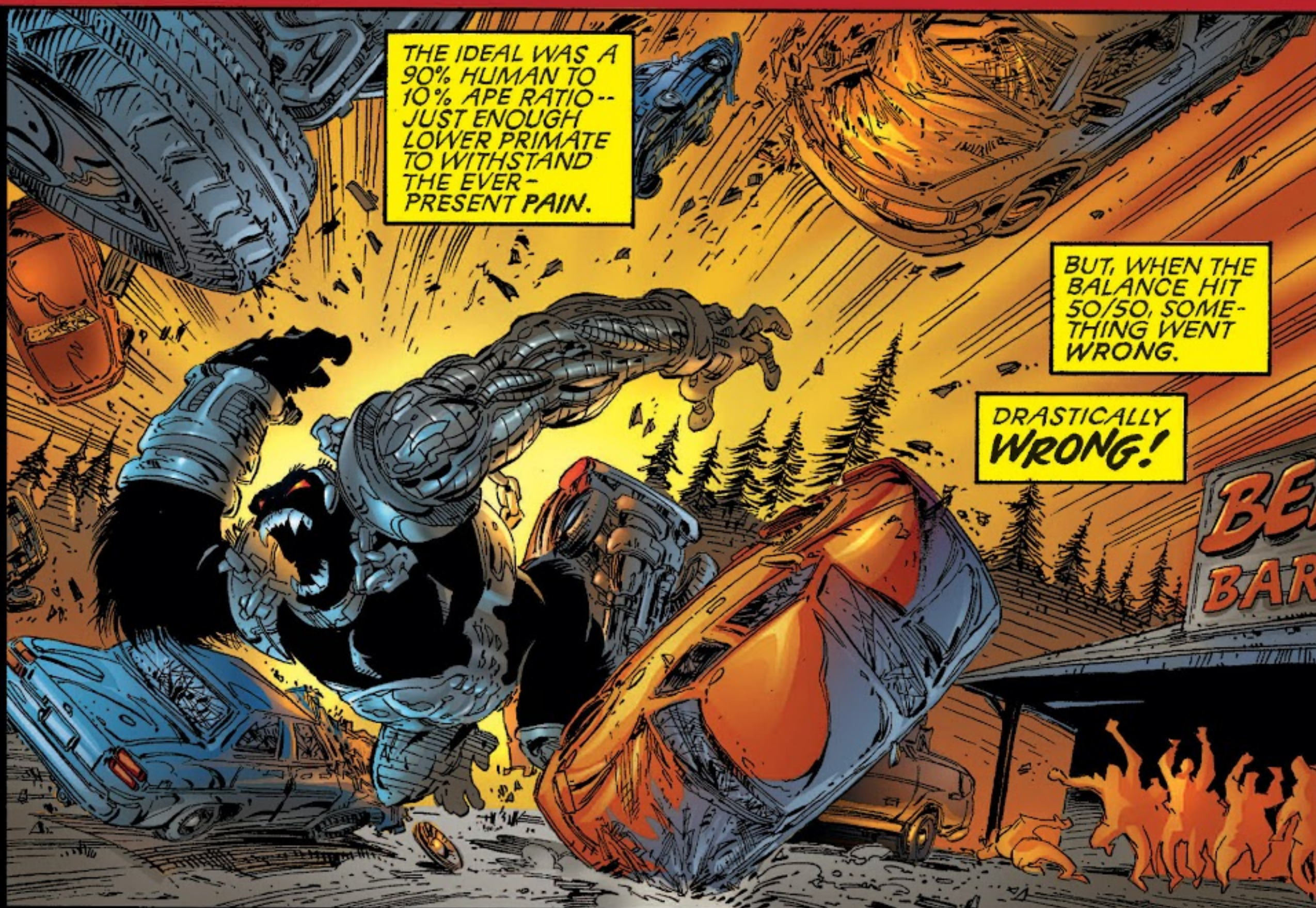
**ONES CAPABLE
OF ENDURING
THE ATROCITIES.**



IT DID.

AFTER INCORPORATING STEEL ALLOY JOINTS WITH CARTILAGE AND MUSCLE, THE NEXT STEP WAS TO SEE IF THE PRIMATE'S BODY WOULD ACCEPT THE FOREIGN PARTS.

THEN CAME THE CRUX OF THE ENTIRE OPERATION: TRANSFERRAL OF A HUMAN MIND, GRADUALLY, INTO THE BEAST'S CONSCIOUSNESS.



THE IDEAL WAS A 90% HUMAN TO 10% APE RATIO--JUST ENOUGH LOWER PRIMATE TO WITHSTAND THE EVER-PRESENT PAIN.

BUT, WHEN THE BALANCE HIT 50/50, SOMETHING WENT WRONG.

DRASTICALLY
WRONG!

BE
BAR



NOW, THOSE WHO
BANKROLLED
THE VENTURE
HAVE SEEN THEIR
ASSET JUST UP
AND LEAVE.

THEY WANT
IT **BACK**.

INTACT.



PUT THAT
AWAY, KURT.
YOU KNOW
THEY DON'T
WANT ANY
DAMAGE
DONE TO THE
MONKEY.



GIVE IT A
REST, KURT. WE
WERE HIRED TO
DETAIN IT, IF
POSSIBLE. THE
FIELD OPS WILL
SEE TO ITS
CAPTURE.

WE JUST
NEED TO
PINPOINT
IT, THEN WE'RE
THROUGH. SO
QUIT LOOKING
FOR TROUBLE.

OUR CLIENTS
ARE PISSY
ENOUGH AS
IT IS. HAVEN'T
SEEN THEM
LIKE **THIS** IN
YEARS.



AND THEY
SURE AIN'T
GOING TO BE
TOO HAPPY THAT
THEIR MONKEY-
BOY MIGHT COME
INTO **CIVILIAN**
CONTACT.

THAT'LL DRAW
UNNECESSARY
ATTENTION.

HOPE THE
CREATURE'S
SMART ENOUGH
TO **AVOID**
THAT TOWN.

IT WASN'T.

JUST A
PRECAUTION.
IN CASE SOME-
BODY POKES
THEIR NOSE
WHERE IT DON'T
BELONG.

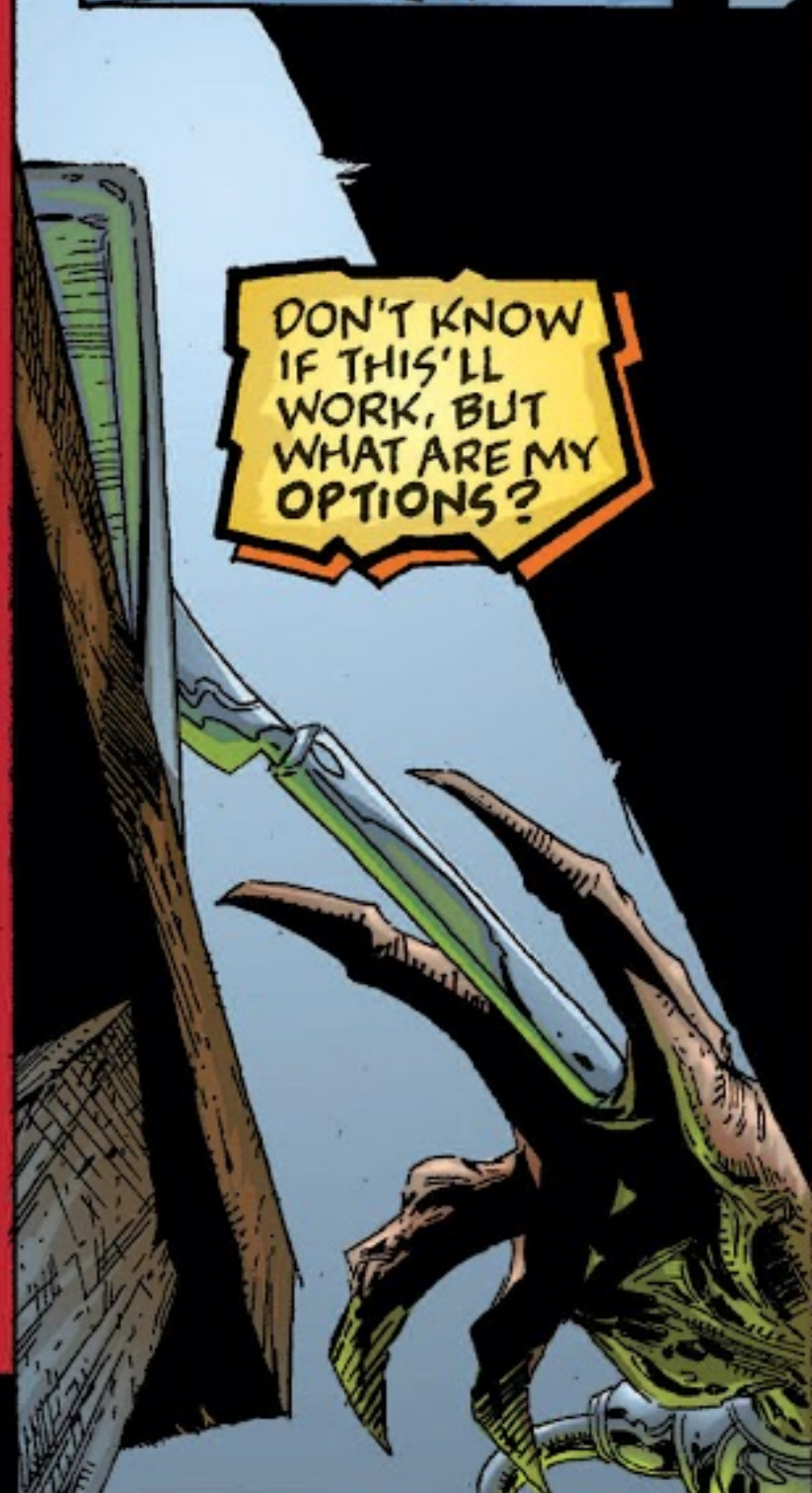


C'MON,
BABY.



JUST A BIT
CLOSER.

THAT
SHOULD
DO IT.



DON'T KNOW
IF THIS'LL
WORK, BUT
WHAT ARE MY
OPTIONS?



TWENTY MINUTES.
THAT'S HOW LONG
IT TOOK HIM TO
INCH THE GURNEY
A COUPLE YARDS.

ANOTHER
HALF DOZEN
MINUTES PASS.



THE KNIFE NEARLY
SLIPS OUT TWICE,
AND THEN DOES
ACTUALLY FALL
WHEN ITS TASK
IS COMPLETE.

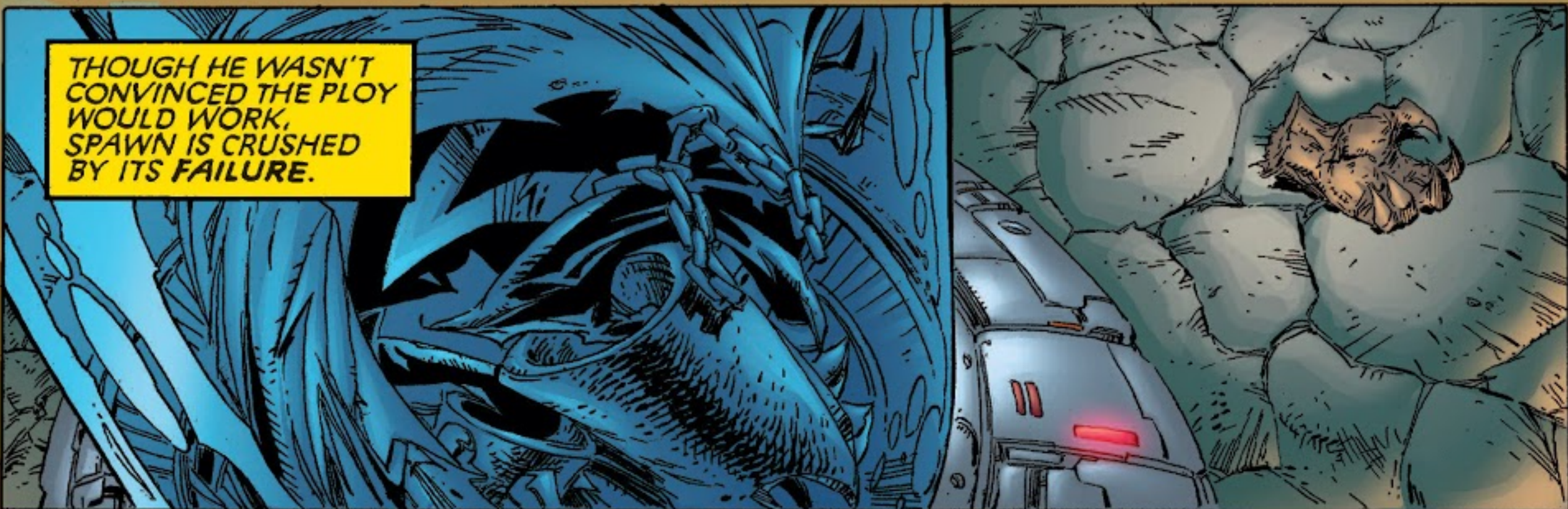


KLANG!



HAVE TO CONCENTRATE...
NO! IT'S GOING IN THE
WRONG DIRECTION!

IT TAKES
ANOTHER
3 MINUTES
FOR MIND
AND LIMBS
TO GET IN
SYNC.



THOUGH HE WASN'T
CONVINCED THE PLOY
WOULD WORK,
SPAWN IS CRUSHED
BY ITS FAILURE.

EVEN HAD HE
SUCCEEDED, IT
MIGHT NOT HAVE
MATTERED--
FOR JUST THEN,
CURSE RETURNS.

I WANT
EACH PIECE
PROPERLY
HANDLED AND
SEALED SO THAT
THERE IS NO LOSS
OF LIQUID IN
ANY OF THE
CONTAINERS.

DOUBLE-
CHECK THE
BOUYANCY
LEVELS. I DON'T
NEED ANY TISSUE
GETTING UNDULY
HARMED.

THE DATA
WE GLEAN
FROM THESE
DEMON PARTS
MUST BE AS
UNCORRUPTED
AS POSSIBLE.

ESPECIALLY
THE FINAL
AND GREATEST
TREASURE-- HIS
BRAIN!

THEREIN
LIES THE
KEY TO
UNLOCK
ALL MY
ANSWERS.

RESIDING
SOMEWHERE
IN HIS
SUBCONSCIOUS
IS THE REASON
FOR EVIL.



SO LOOK AROUND
ONE LAST TIME,
THESE WILL BE THE
FINAL IMAGES YOUR
VILE MIND SHALL
EVER PERCEIVE.

YOUR
DECAPITATION
WILL CULMINATE
YEARS OF
RESEARCH. A
LIFETIME OF WORK
IS FINALLY TO BE
REWARDED.

I'LL MAKE
THIS AS
PAINFUL AS
POSSIBLE.

HA HA
HA

WHAT'S
THIS?



YOU'VE
LOST
A HAND.
IMPRESSIVE.
BUT YOUR
SHACKLES
INSTANTLY
NEGATE SUCH
ESCAPES.



YOUR
WRIST
WOULDN'T
BE ABLE
TO SLIP
THROUGH
THE SPECIAL
SENSORS.



BUT
I MUST
COMMEND
YOU. SELF-
AMPUTATION
IS AN ACT
REQUIRING
COURAGE.

BY NOW
YOU'VE
NOTICED
THAT I
REMOVED MY
REMAINING
ARM SINCE
LAST WE
MET.



THE VOICE OF
THE CURSE IS
SUDDENLY
DROWNED
OUT.

A HAIRLINE
FRACTURE IN THE
HOLDING TANK
WAS ALL THE
UNIFORM NEEDED.

SPAWN'S
HAND HAD
DONE ITS
JOB.

SO NOW, LIKE SOME
RABID, STARVING
BEAST RELEASED
FROM ITS CAGE, THE
UNIFORM GOES WILD.



FLAILING.
SCREAMING.
DESTROYING.

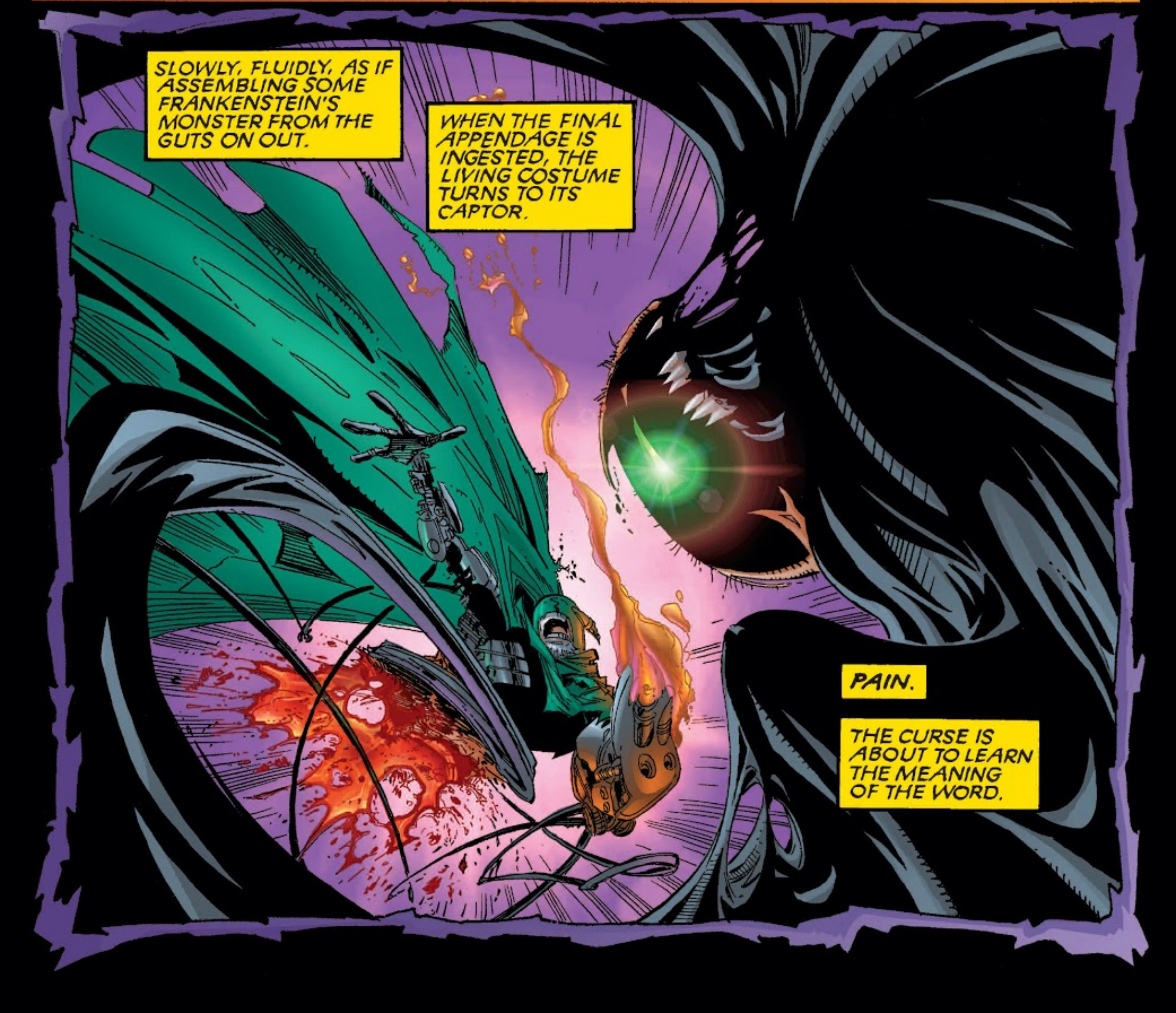
IT SEEKS ITS HOST
BODY. THE ONE
THING THAT WILL
NOURISH IT.



THEN, AWARE-
NESS GROWS.
ITS HOST IS NOT
GONE, ONLY
FRAGMENTED.

IT RAMPAGES NOW
WITH **DIRECTION**,
SWALLOWING THE
FORMER AL SIMMONS
PIECE BY PIECE,

LIMB
BY
LIMB.



SLOWLY, FLUIDLY, AS IF
ASSEMBLING SOME
FRANKENSTEIN'S
MONSTER FROM THE
GUTS ON OUT.

WHEN THE FINAL
APPENDAGE IS
INGESTED, THE
LIVING COSTUME
TURNS TO ITS
CAPTOR.

PAIN.

THE CURSE IS
ABOUT TO LEARN
THE MEANING
OF THE WORD.

DAY BREAKS.

FINALLY SATISFIED
WITH ITS REVENGE,
THE COSTUME
FOCUSES WITHIN.
TWITCHES. JIGS.
SHAKES. GENTLY
MODIFIES ITS
RUSHED ASSEMBLY
OF ITS HOST.

THEN, LIKE
A SATANIC
RAGGEDY ANDY,
SPAWN RISES.

THE COSTUME'S
REVISIONS WERE
SOMEWHAT
SUCCESSFUL.





DON'T
GLOAT,
DEMON.
IT'S NOT
OVER.



Oh,
YES,
IT IS.



THEN
YOU'RE MORE
IGNORANT
THAN I
THOUGHT.



FIRST RULE OF
THUMB, HELLSPAWN:
NEVER START A WAR
UNLESS YOU'RE
WILLING TO...



DIE



FOR



IT.





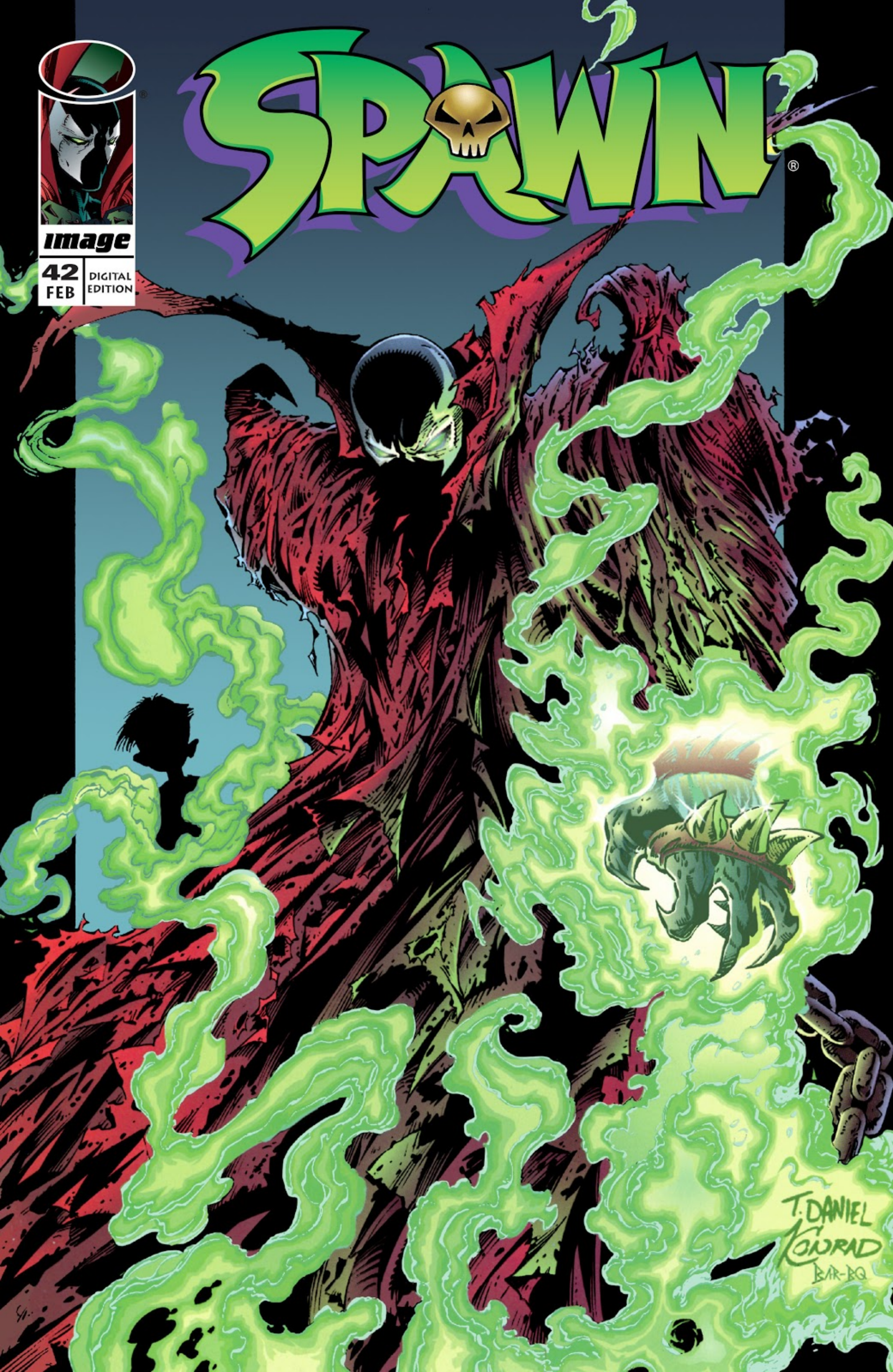
THE AFTERMATH--
NEXT ISSUE!



image

42
FEB DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN®



T. DANIEL
KONRAD
BAR-BQ



THE THING IS TRAVELLING
AT EXTRAORDINARY SPEED...
RED-HOT BEFORE IT'S
GONE A MILE.

SPINNING...

...TWISTING...

...CONTORTING...



...ITS PULPY INTERIOR IS
PROTECTED BY AN OUTER
SHELL, NOW UNEXPECTEDLY
DISPLAYING THE ENDURANCE
OF VANADIUM STEEL.

AND THOUGH STILL WEAK
FROM ITS SEVERANCE, IT DID
MANAGE TO LOCATE AND
SWALLOW EVERYTHING.



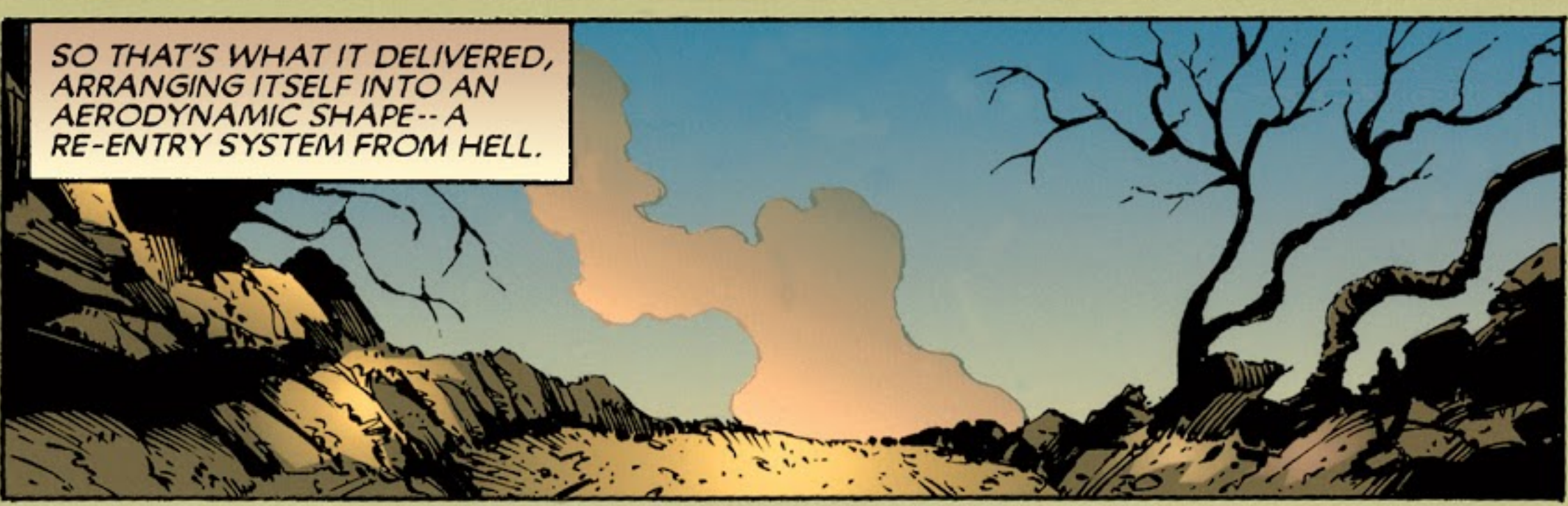
THE ARMS.
LEGS. TORSO.

EVEN THE HEAD.



EVERY PIECE WAS
ACCOUNTED FOR.

THE HOST MUST
BE FUNCTIONAL,
MUST BENEFIT
THE SYSTEM.
IT MUST RECEIVE
PROTECTION.



SO THAT'S WHAT IT DELIVERED,
ARRANGING ITSELF INTO AN
AERODYNAMIC SHAPE-- A
RE-ENTRY SYSTEM FROM HELL.

THE PARTING SHOT HIT WITH THE FORCE OF AN
IMPACTING COMET, BLASTING THE LIVING UNIFORM
AND ITS PASSENGER AWAY. WITHIN SECONDS,
THEY'RE BLOWN FROM THE CURSE'S RURAL WEST
VIRGINIA CASTLE TO A BED OF WINTER-DEADENED
GROWTH TWO MILES AWAY. THE COSTUME'S HELL-
BORN INSTINCTS FOR SELF-PRESERVATION HAD
SERVED ITS DOMINANT FUNCTION:

...THE CONTINUED
PROTECTION OF THE
FORM INSIDE. ITS HOST.

AL SIMMONS.
SPAWN.



LIKE A SCARECROW
NOW, WITHOUT THE
PHYSICAL STRUCTURE
TO BEAR ITS OWN
WEIGHT, SPAWN RISES...

NOT BY HIS OWN
DESIRE, BUT BE-
CAUSE HIS COS-
TUME COMPELS
HIM TO DO SO.

CONNECTICUT.

...SO, UNLESS SOME OF THE REPORTS IN THIS FILE ARE FABRICATIONS, WE'VE GOT QUITE IMPLICIT CONNECTIONS BETWEEN **CHIEF BANKS** AND THE MURDER OF THE **JENNINGS** CHILD.

CRIPES! I DIDN'T THINK BANKS WAS *THAT* COMPETENT.

UNFORTUNATELY, SIR, IT APPEARS THAT HE WAS.

THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE WHOLE **BILLY KINCAID** TIMELINE. KINCAID WAS BEING DETAINED REGARDING *ANOTHER* CHILD'S DISAPPEARANCE. THE INVESTIGATOR IN CHARGE WAS ABRUPTLY 'TRANSFERRED' BY BANKS TO ANOTHER CASE, FOR NO STATED REASON... AND KINCAID WAS THEN RELEASED ON HIS OWN RECOGNISANCE.

HE SOON HEADED IN A CONSPICUOUS PATH TOWARD SENATOR JENNINGS' DAUGHTER.

KINCAID STOOD OUT LIKE A *SORE THUMB* IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD. THE CLERK AT THE 7-11 IDENTIFIED HIM WITHOUT HESITATION. IT'S AS IF SOMEONE POINTED HIM IN THE SENATOR'S DIRECTION--

--WITH THE *CLEAR* INTENTION OF SENDING JENNINGS A MESSAGE BY KIDNAPPING HIS DAUGHTER.

"AND THEN *SLAUGHTERING* HER."

"YES, SIR."

"BILLY'S *DEAD* LONG SINCE, SO HE AIN'T GIVING US ANY ANSWERS."

"NO, SIR. BUT IF WE CAN FOLLOW UP A FEW MORE LEADS, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE EVIDENCE WILL *CONCLUSIVELY* LINK CHIEF BANKS TO THE MURDER OF THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER."

...STILL, I'M A BIT
CONFUSED AS TO *WHY*
BILLY WAS LEFT ALIVE AFTER
THE JENNINGS MURDER. ELIMI-
NATING HIM *THEN*... PERHAPS
SCAPEGOATING AN "OVER-
ZEALOUS ROOKIE COP" FOR GOOD
MEASURE... WOULD SURELY HAVE
CLOSED THE CASE AND BURIED
ANY HINT OF CONSPIRACY.
UNLESS HE WAS BEING HELD
AS AN 'ACE', IF THE HEAT
GOT TURNED UP...

SO YOU
DON'T THINK
SPAWN IS
A PART OF
THIS.
SLURP~

IT DOESN'T
APPEAR SO.
BUT IT DOES BEG
THE QUESTION
OF HOW *HE*
ACQUIRED THE
'SECRET' FILE ON
BANKS THAT
HE GAVE
US.*

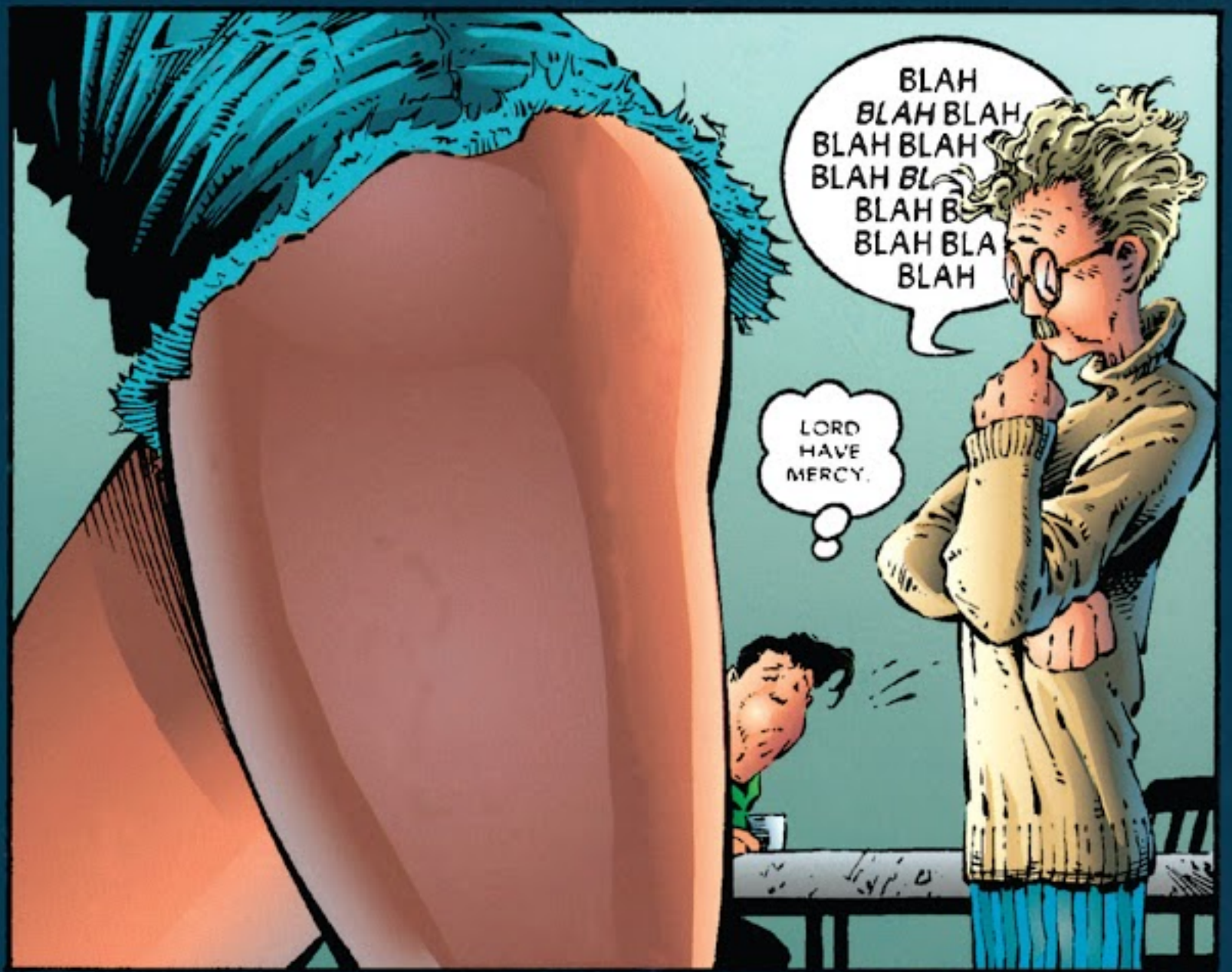
WE'LL FIGURE THAT OUT
LATER. RIGHT NOW WE'VE
GOT BANKS NAILED TO THE
WALL. I DON'T WANT HIM
WRIGGLING LOOSE.

HE WON'T. MEANWHILE,
WHO WAS HE WORKING FOR?
SOMEONE AT THE C.I.A. WHO
NEEDED THE ODD DOMESTIC JOB
DONE? THAT'S LIKELY, GIVEN
BANKS' TELEPHONE RECORDS.
IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE ANOTHER
YEAR TO TRACK ALL
THAT DOWN.

THAT'S
WHAT I'M
THINKING.

OH! HELLO,
SAM. NICE TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN.

"GULP"

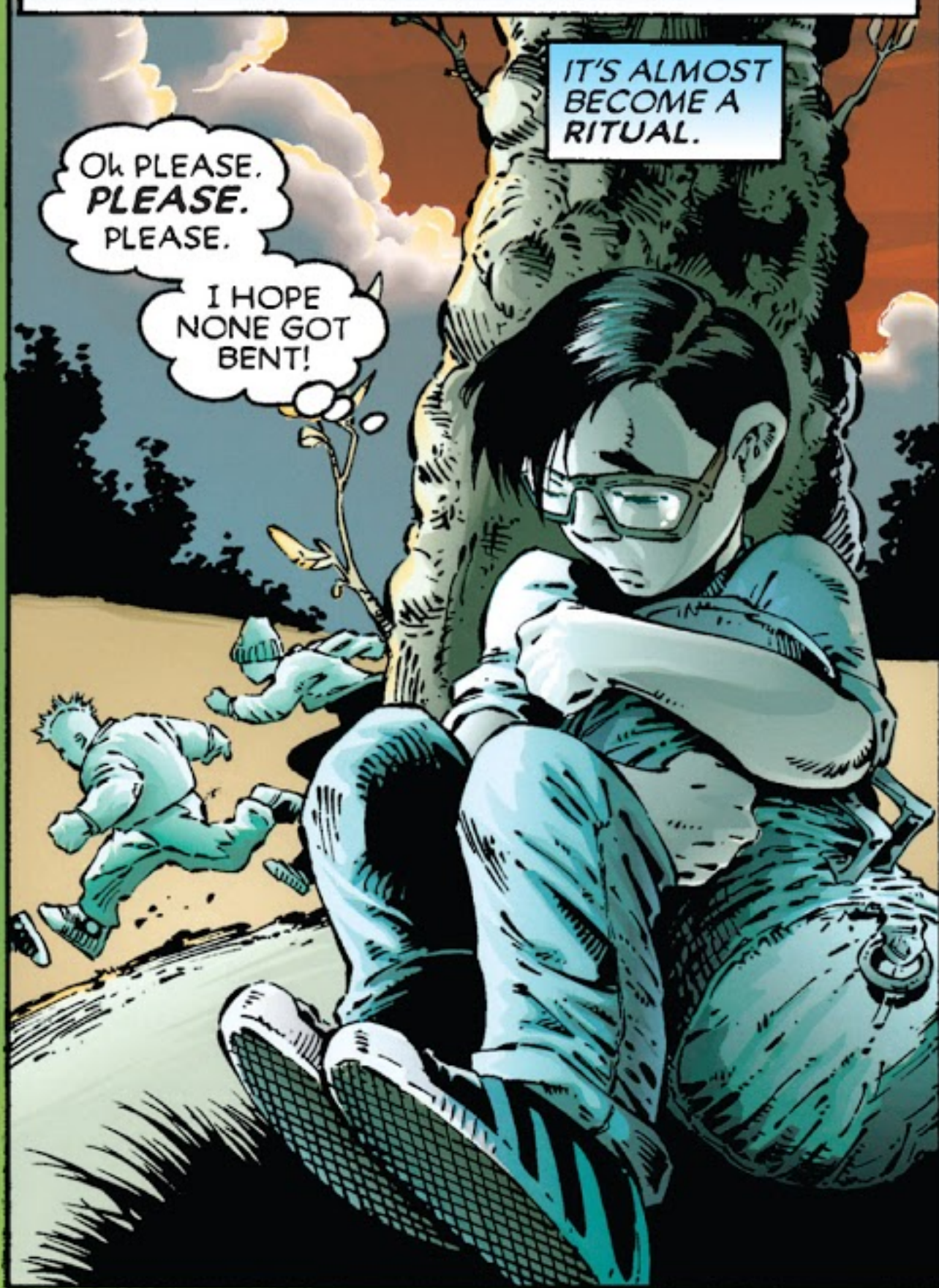


HE'S PAT SHAUNESSY--THE CLASS GEEK. EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTER SCHOOL THEY FOLLOW HIM. WHEN HE COMES OUT OF THE STORE AFTER MAKING HIS NEW PURCHASES, THE CHASE BEGINS.

IT'S ALMOST BECOME A RITUAL.

OK PLEASE.
PLEASE.
PLEASE.

I HOPE
NONE GOT
BENT!



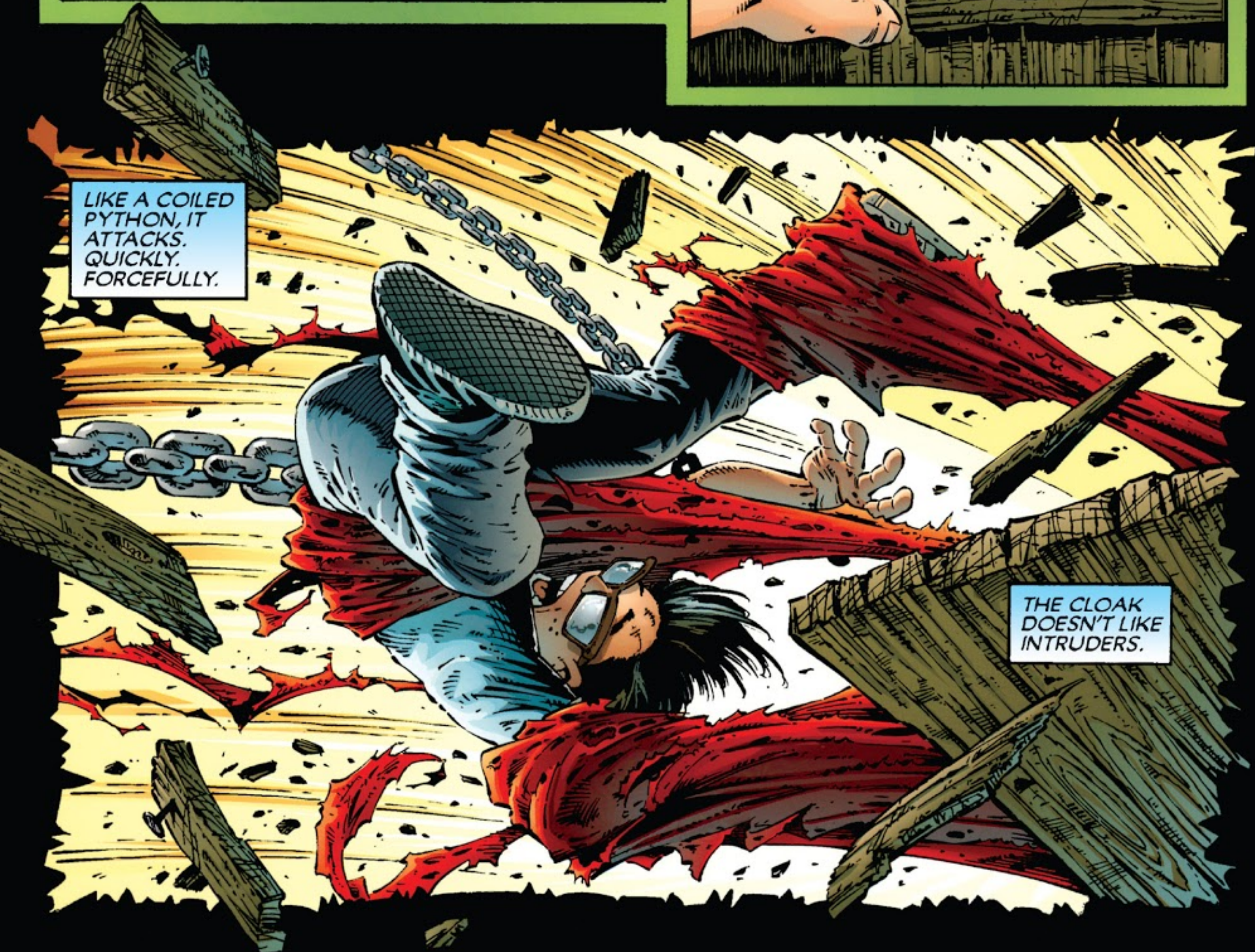
GOT TO CHECK THEM OVER, BUT NOT TILL I GET TO THE HIDEOUT.

IT'S
SAFE
THERE.



I SWEAR,
IF EVEN ONE
CORNER IS
WRECKED, I'M
GOING TO
TELL THEIR
MOMS.

LIKE A COILED
PYTHON, IT
ATTACKS.
QUICKLY.
FORCEFULLY.



THE CLOAK
DOESN'T LIKE
INTRUDERS.



DON'T HURT ME. I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT. ANYTHING!

SENSING THAT THE BOY POSES NO THREAT, THE CAPE RELEASES HIM.

GET OUT OF HERE, BOY! BEFORE YOU GET HURT.

WHAT D'YOU MEAN? ARE YOU OKAY, MISTER? YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.

I'M FINE. JUST LEAVE. DON'T ANGER IT.

DID YOU HEAR ME? I SAID IT MIGHT... I MIGHT JUST HURT YOU. I DON'T HAVE CONTROL.

OF WHAT?

YOUR COSTUME? YOU MEAN IT'S ALIVE!!? JUST LIKE **VENOM'S?!**

THAT MEANS YOU'RE A **SUPER-HERO**. A REAL LIVE ONE.

NOT QUITE.

A MOMENT PASSES, AND SPAWN FEELS THE LIVERY RELAX.

THIS IS SO GREAT!
I MEAN, YOU'RE A
HERO JUST LIKE IN MY
COMICS. HERE, LET
ME SHOW YOU MY
NEWEST ONES.
JUST GOT THEM
TODAY.

TOMMY
AND HIS GANG
OF BULLIES
TRY TO STEAL
THEM EVERY
WEEK.

HEY!
ARE YOU
PART OF A
TEAM?

EXCUSE
ME?

YOU
KNOW, LIKE
YOUNGBLOODS.
THE AVENGERS.
FANTASTIC FOUR.
THE X-MEN.

YOU LIKE
COMICS? I LOVE
'EM!! ESPECIALLY THE
MUTANTS. THEY'RE THE
COOLEST. THOUGH IT'S
TOUGH KEEPING
TRACK OF ALL
THEIR BOOKS.

Y'KNOW,
X-FORCE USED TO
BE MY FAVORITE, 'TIL
TONY DANIELS LEFT.
IT'S STILL OKAY,
I GUESS.

AND
SPIDEY. I LIKE
HIM TOO.
CRAWLING
AROUND
BUILDINGS AND
STUFF.

WOULDN'T
THAT BE AWE-
SOME? WELL,
WHAT'S YOUR
ANSWER? YOU
PART OF A
GROUP, OR
WHAT?

NO.

THAT'S OKAY. LOTS OF NEAT HEROES STAY TO THEMSELVES. SUPERMAN. HULK. THE MAXX. SAVAGE DRAGON. EVEN THE PITT.

SURE WISH THAT BOOK CAME OUT MORE OFTEN.

EVEN BATMAN. HAVE YOU SEEN ANY OF THE MOVIES?

WHAT MOVIES?

THE BATMAN ONES. THERE'S BEEN THREE OF THEM. YOU COULDN'T HAVE MISSED ALL OF THEM! WHERE YOU BEEN?

SPAWN CAN ONLY SMILE.

WELL, I'M GOING TO BE ONE WHEN I GROW UP. BEEN PRACTICING AND EVERYTHING. EVEN GOT ME A SYMBOL!

Ta-DAA!

IT STANDS FOR THE TERRORIZER!

WHAT'S YOURS STAND FOR?

NOTHING.

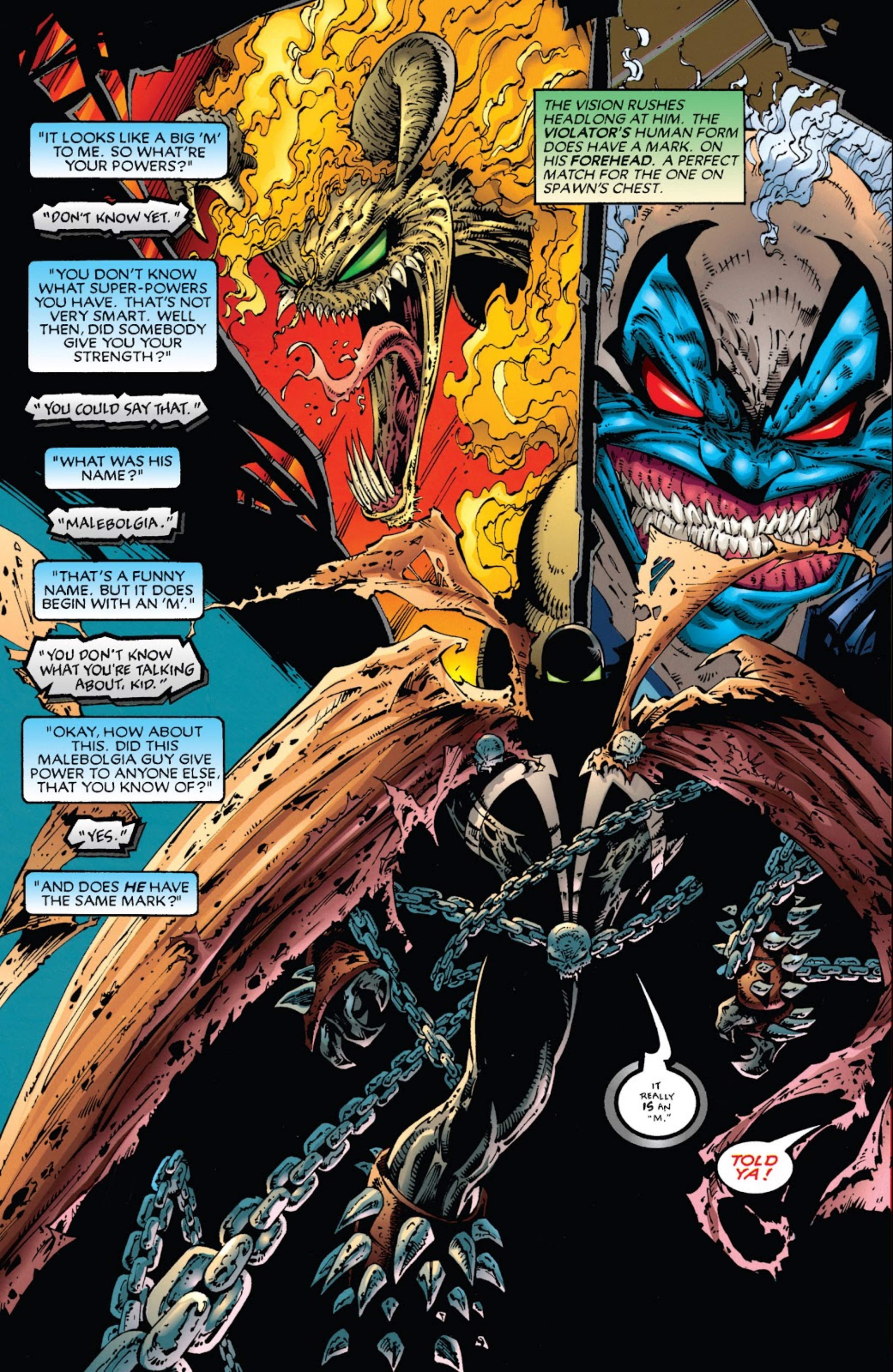
SURE IT DOES. THEY ALL DO.

AWAY. FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

NO.

THEN YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT IMAGE COMICS, EITHER.

TOO BAD. THEY'RE THE BEST! WOW, I GUESS IT'S PRETTY TOUGH BEING A GOOD GUY, HUH?



"IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG 'M' TO ME. SO WHAT'RE YOUR POWERS?"

"DON'T KNOW YET."

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SUPER-POWERS YOU HAVE. THAT'S NOT VERY SMART. WELL THEN, DID SOMEBODY GIVE YOU YOUR STRENGTH?"

"YOU COULD SAY THAT."

"WHAT WAS HIS NAME?"

"MALEBOLGIA."

"THAT'S A FUNNY NAME. BUT IT DOES BEGIN WITH AN 'M'."

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, KID."

"OKAY, HOW ABOUT THIS. DID THIS MALEBOLGIA GUY GIVE POWER TO ANYONE ELSE, THAT YOU KNOW OF?"

"YES."

"AND DOES *HE* HAVE THE SAME MARK?"

THE VISION RUSHES HEADLONG AT HIM. THE VIOLATOR'S HUMAN FORM DOES HAVE A MARK. ON HIS FOREHEAD. A PERFECT MATCH FOR THE ONE ON SPAWN'S CHEST.

IT REALLY IS AN "M."

TOLD YA!

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I HAVEN'T FIGURED? HOW DO YOU BECOME A GOOD-GUY? I MEAN A *REAL* ONE. NOT A PRETEND ONE.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW, SERIOUSLY.

I DON'T HAVE YOUR ANSWERS, SON. IF I DID, I WOULDN'T BE STUCK IN A BARN, NOW WOULD I?

YEAH, I GUESS NOT.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

PAT.

LISTEN, PAT. BEING A HERO ISN'T ABOUT CAPES AND COSTUMES. IT'S ABOUT ACTIONS. AND HOW YOU CHOOSE THEM.

IT'S NOT THAT EASY

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T GUESSED, I'M THE CLASS NERD. THE TEACHER LIKES ME BUT THAT'S ABOUT IT. DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS, REALLY. THE KIDS AT SCHOOL CAN BE KINDA CRUEL AT TIMES, TOO. BUT I'M TOO SCARED TO FIGHT.

STRENGTH ISN'T ABOUT MUSCLES, PAT.

IT'S ABOUT STANDING UP FOR WHAT'S RIGHT. EVEN IF OTHERS DIS-AGREE.

YOU SOUND LIKE MY DAD.

I'M NOT TRYING TO LECTURE YOU. BUT YOU KNOW THERE'S EVIL IN THE WORLD. IT COMES IN MANY FORMS. EACH OF US HAS TO STAND UP TO IT SOMETIME, IN OUR OWN WAY.

I UNDERSTAND. I THINK. CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING ELSE? DO YOU KNOW MUCH ABOUT GIRLS?

Uh?

THERE'S THIS GIRL, SEE, HER NAME IS PAM WILLIAMS. I LIKE HER LOTS. SHE'S SMART AND VERY CUTE. PROBLEM IS, SHE DOESN'T KNOW I'M ALIVE. DO YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND?

YES, I DO.



"WHAT'S HER NAME?"

"WANDA."

OKAY, THIS IS THE LAST OF IT.



THANKS FOR HOLDING CYAN WHILE I BROUGHT THE GROCERIES IN.

YOU KNOW I'D BE HOLDING HER ANYWAYS. SHE'S SUCH A SWEET GIRL. AND BIG! I CAN'T HARDLY KEEP UP WITH HER.

TERRY TELLS ME THAT THE CHILDRENS' WING AT THE HOSPITAL IS COMING ALONG NICELY. THAT HUGE DONATION WAS A GODSEND.



IT WAS.

HOPEFULLY, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO THANK THE PROPER PERSON SOME DAY.



I DOUBT IT THE DONATION WAS IN CASH, AFTER ALL, AND NO NOTE-- TOTALLY ANONYMOUS.

WELL, WHOEVER IT IS MUST REALLY LOVE CHILDREN.



AND
SPEAKING OF
GOOD NEWS,
HOW ABOUT THE
WAY THINGS
HAVE TAKEN CARE
OF THEMSELVES
WITH THE I.R.S.!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE.
YOU *KNOW* HOW WORKED
UP ABOUT IT I WAS. THEN, I
GOT A 'LITTLE' GODSEND
MYSELF. SOMEHOW MY TAXES
ARE ALL IN ORDER AND THEY
EVEN INCREASED MY
PENSION CHECK.

LET'S
BE GLAD
FOR THE
LITTLE
THINGS.

HOW'RE
YOU AND
TERRY HOLDING
UP WITH ALL
THIS 'BOMBING'
SCANDAL
STUFF?



FINE. IT IS JUST SO *HARD*
SOMETIMES. THEY'RE REALLY
PUSHING HIM AT WORK. I
DON'T THINK THEY TRUST HIM.
HE COMES HOME SO TIRED...

SO
DISTANT...

COUGH

KGH
KGH

YOU
OKAY,
WANDA?

MAMA.
UP.
PEEZ!
UP.

YEAH.
JUST A
COUGH. I
MUST BE
COMING
DOWN WITH
SOME-
THING.

PROBABLY
ALL THIS
STRESS.





THE GREAT BEAST RESTS
FOR A MOMENT. THIS IS
NOT THE RIGHT PLACE.

NOT **BIG** ENOUGH.

NOT **TALL** ENOUGH.

IT MUST BE
BEHIND THE
CLOUDS.

HE HAS TO GET TO
THE RIGHT PLACE.
THEY HAVE THE
SECRET THERE.

HIS BRAIN--WHAT'S
LEFT OF IT-- TELLS
HIM SO. BUT FIRST
HE MUST FEED.

HE REMEMBERS THAT
YOU MUST BE **STRONG**
TO ENTER THE 'RIGHT
PLACE'... FOR IT IS
WHERE THINGS GET
LOST. WHERE THINGS
DISAPPEAR.

A **JUNGLE**.
THAT'S
WHAT IT IS.
A **MASSIVE**
GREY
JUNGLE.

WITH
SHADOWS
TO **HIDE**
MANY
SECRETS.

NU
YORK

SOON.
VERY SOON,
HE WILL
FIND IT.

AND THOSE
WHO MADE HIM.

JUST BEHIND
THE CLOUDS.

MANHATTAN.
12th PRECINCT
STATION HOUSE.
3:18 A.M.

DO YOU
THINK
THIS IS
PROPER,
SIR?

**SCREW
PROPER!!**

KEYS
THAT MIGHT
UNLOCK
SOME DARK
SECRETS.

Ok, DON'T
LOOK SO
SURPRISED. THE
WHOLE *BUILDING*
KNOWS YOU AND
BANKS ARE
WARRING... AND
PEOPLE ARE
TAKING
SIDES.

ME, I'M
JUST OUT
FOR *SELF-
PRESERVATION*..
WHICH MEANS I
NEED A *FAVOR*
FROM YOU
BOYS.

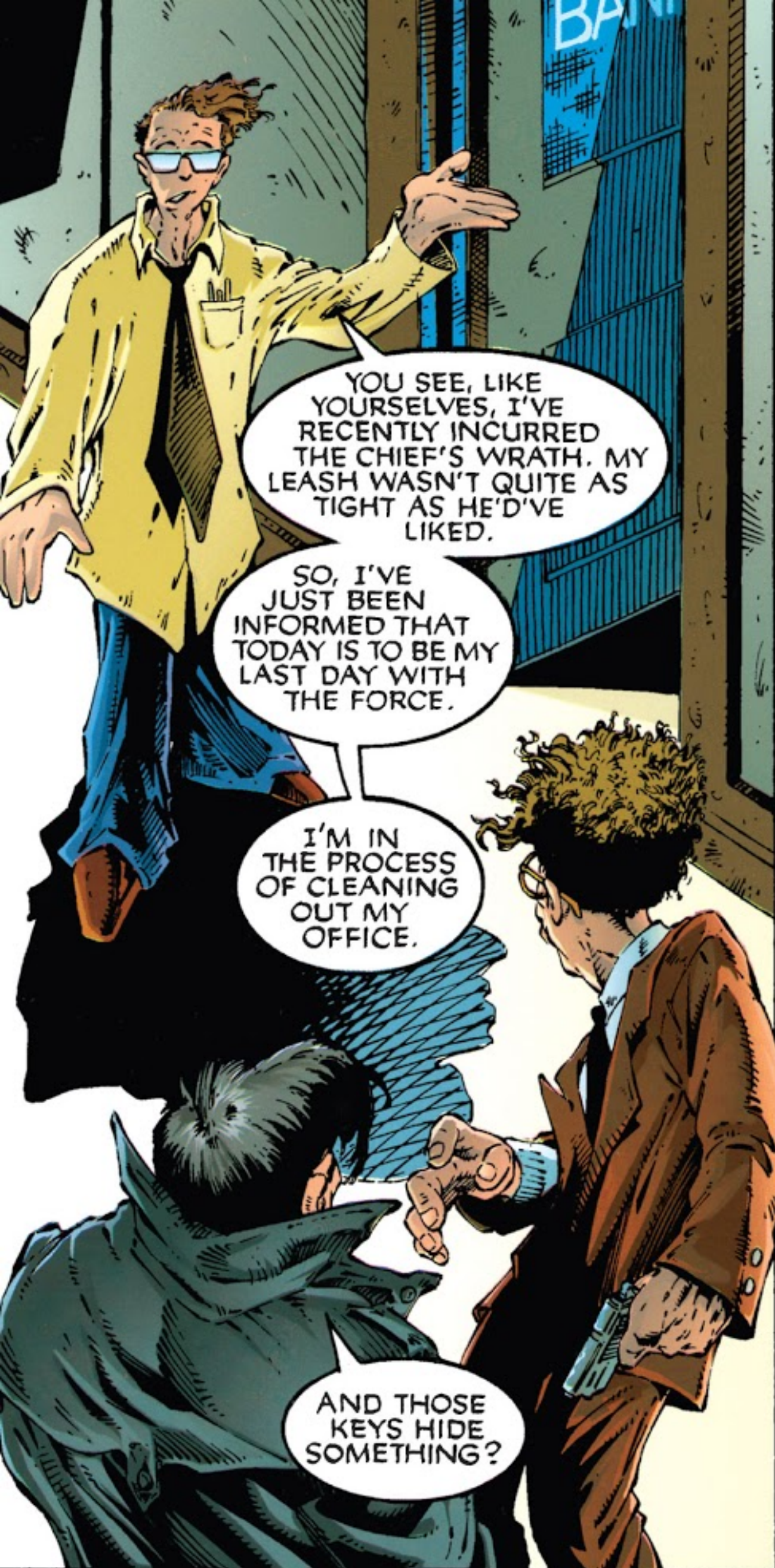
WE NEED TO
GET OUR HANDS
ON HIS ROLODEX.
YOU'VE ALREADY
AGREED.

TO
STAND
GUARD.
THAT'S
ALL.

FINE.

CHIEF
BANKS

HERE'S
WHAT
YOU NEED,
BOYS.



YOU SEE, LIKE YOURSELVES, I'VE RECENTLY INCURRED THE CHIEF'S WRATH. MY LEASH WASN'T QUITE AS TIGHT AS HE'D'VE LIKED.

SO, I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT TODAY IS TO BE MY LAST DAY WITH THE FORCE.

I'M IN THE PROCESS OF CLEANING OUT MY OFFICE.

AND THOSE KEYS HIDE SOMETHING?



I DON'T KNOW. DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. BUT THE FILES SIT IN A CABINET THAT ISN'T USUALLY LOCKED.

THEY'RE AFRAID I MIGHT TAKE ONE.

GUESS THEY DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE DUPLICATE KEYS.

SO WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?



LIKE I SAID... *SELF-PRESERVATION*. IF THEY THINK SOMEONE ELSE IS LOOKING WHERE THEY SHOULDN'T, THAT DISTRACTS THEM FROM ME.



"THE PEOPLE BANKS HANGS OUT WITH ARE HEAVY HITTERS.

"THEY DON'T MESS AROUND.



SIR. LOOK AT THIS.

"YOU GUYS CAN BUY ME SOME TIME TO DISAPPEAR."

BINGO!

RECEIPTS FROM
A COURIER SERVICE--
FOR MOVING ITEMS
FROM ONE POINT TO
ANOTHER-- SOME UP
TO FOUR OR FIVE
TIMES A DAY!

ALL
ENDING UP
AT VARIOUS
FINANCIAL
INSTITU-
TIONS.

MY GUT TELLS ME
WE DO A LITTLE POKING
AROUND AND WE'VE GOT
A WEB CONNECTING
POLITICIANS, A MURDER-
ER, COPS, C.I.A. AND
BUSINESSMEN-- ALL
INVOLVED IN SOME
TWISTED PLAN.



ALL
TRIGGERED
BY THE DEATH
OF SENATOR
JENNINGS'
DAUGHTER.



"DAMN THEM, TWITCH. KINCAID
WAS JUST A TOOL. SOMEONE
THEY COULD USE FOR
CAREER ADVANCEMENT.

"WELL, I HOPE THEY'RE
COMFORTABLE NOW,
BECAUSE THEY'RE
ABOUT TO GET
CRAPPED ON. "





THE MOON SHINES
BRIGHT IN WEST
VIRGINIA, GUIDING
YOUNG PAT'S FOOT-
STEPS THROUGH
THE DARKNESS.



LOST IN THOUGHT
AS HE WALKS
HOMEWARD, PAT
MULLS OVER
EVERYTHING
SPAWN TRIED
TO TELL HIM.

ABOUT LIFE.
GIRLS. HEROISM.
AND THE POWER
FROM WITHIN.



THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME TOM
AND HIS BULLIES HAVE ATTACKED
POOR PAT, TRYING TO STEAL HIS
COMICS AND ANY LEFTOVER
POCKET CHANGE...



... BUT TONIGHT'S OUTCOME
WILL BE THE FIRST THAT
THEY COULD NOT HAVE
PREDICTED.



QUIT SQUIRMING, YOU RUNT! WE AIN'T THROUGH YET!

HEY, HE'S GETTING AWAY!



YOU'RE TOAST, FOUR-EYES.

HIS TRANSFORMATION HAPPENS QUICKLY.



I DON'T THINK SO!

I'M TIRED OF BEING AFRAID. WELL, NO MORE! YOU GUYS ARE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF STUPID **JERKS!**



TOMMY! DO YOU SEE HIM?!

Oh MY GOD! LOOK AT HIM-- HIS EYES!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE-- QUICK!



YOU CHICKENS! CAN'T TAKE IT WHEN SOMEBODY'S ACTUALLY NOT SCARED!

SPAWN'S EMPHATIC HOMILY DIDN'T HAVE EXACTLY THE RESULTS HE WAS HOPING FOR. PAT WAS TAKING HIS NEWFOUND CONFIDENCE IN AN EXAGGERATED DIRECTION-- WHICH, FOR A NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY, ISN'T ALL THAT SURPRISING.

SO WHO'S GOING TO BE FIRST?



HOW ABOUT...
ALL OF THEM!

EACH IS EVIL,
IN SOME SMALL
FASHION.

JUST ENOUGH
TO ATTRACT
THE PARASITIC
UNIFORM OF...

SPAWN!

WHAT'RE
YOU DOING?!
I THOUGHT THEY
WERE AFRAID OF
ME, NOT YOU. I
DIDN'T NEED YOU
TO SNEAK UP
BEHIND ME!

YOU MADE
ME LOOK
LIKE A FOOL!
ARE YOU
LISTENING?

YOU'RE
HURTING
THEM!
CAN'T YOU
SEE?!

NOT REALLY. THE
COSTUME HAS TAKEN
OVER MOST OF HIS
NEURAL SYSTEM AGAIN.
SPAWN'S ACTIONS ARE
NOW PREDICATED ON
THE CLOAK'S EMOTIONS.



THE BOYS ARE DROPPED.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, SPAWN DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT. WHEN THE BOYS' PARENTS TALK IT OVER, THEY'LL RATIONALIZE IT AWAY AS A TIFF BETWEEN THE YOUNGSTERS. A COUPLE OF THEM WILL BE GROUNDED.

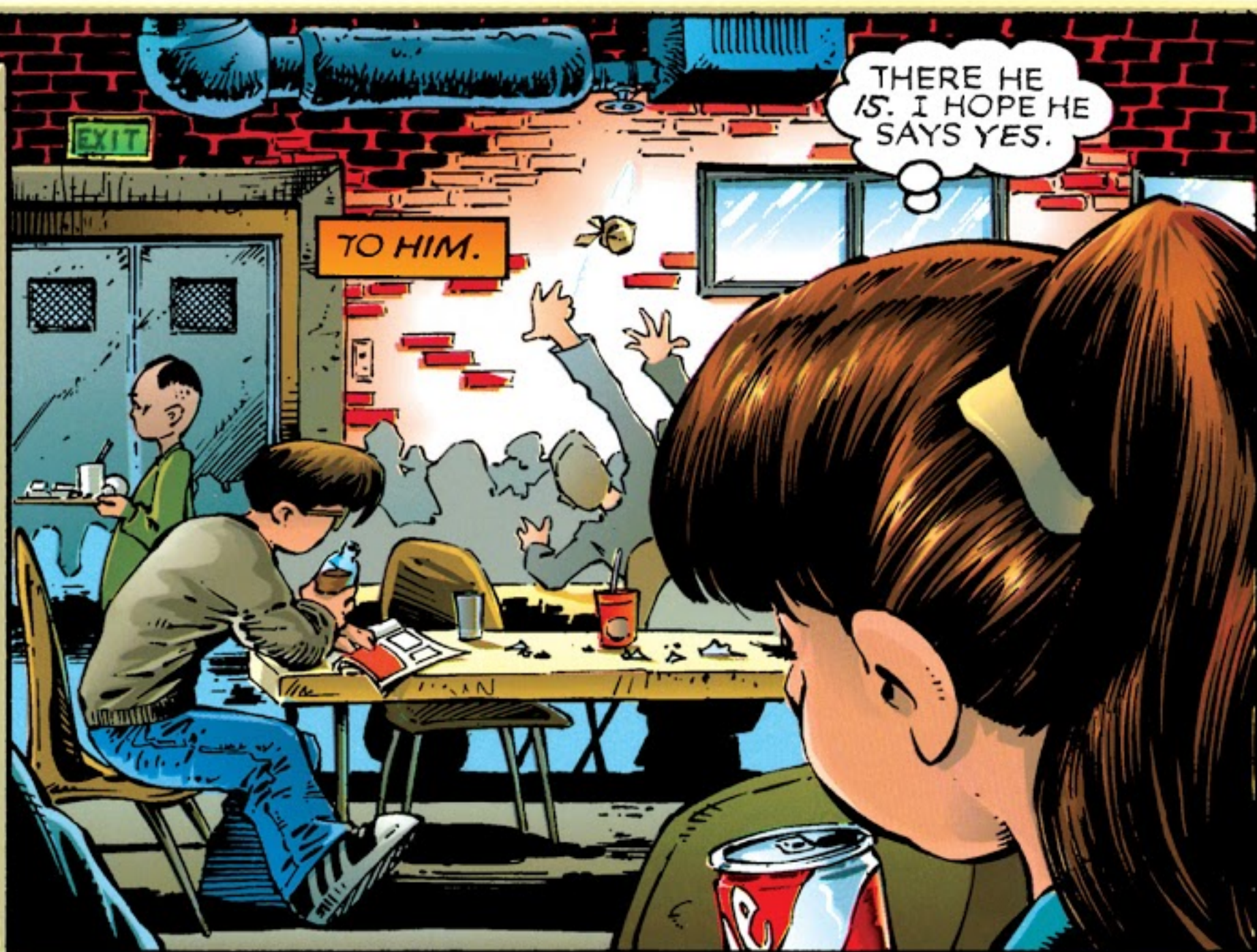


NONE WILL BE BELIEVED.



BUT THEY KNOW.

THAT'S ALL THAT
REALLY MATTERS
TO THEM.



PAM WILLIAMS!
PLEASUED TO
MEET YOU...!

HELLO.
HOW'RE
THINGS
GOING?
MY NAME
IS...



THANKS. I
HEARD ABOUT
WHAT YOU DID
YESTERDAY...
HOW YOU HELPED
TOMMY AND HIS
FRIENDS. EVERY-
ONE'S TALKING
ABOUT IT.

THAT WAS VERY BRAVE OF
YOU, PAT. WE'RE ALL IMPRESSED.
I THINK IT'S COOL WHAT YOU DID.
SO, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D
LIKE TO BE MY DATE FOR THE
SADIE HAWKINS' DANCE
ON FRIDAY.

IT'D BE
AN HONOR
TO GO WITH
THE SCHOOL
HERO.





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FEB DIGITAL EDITION

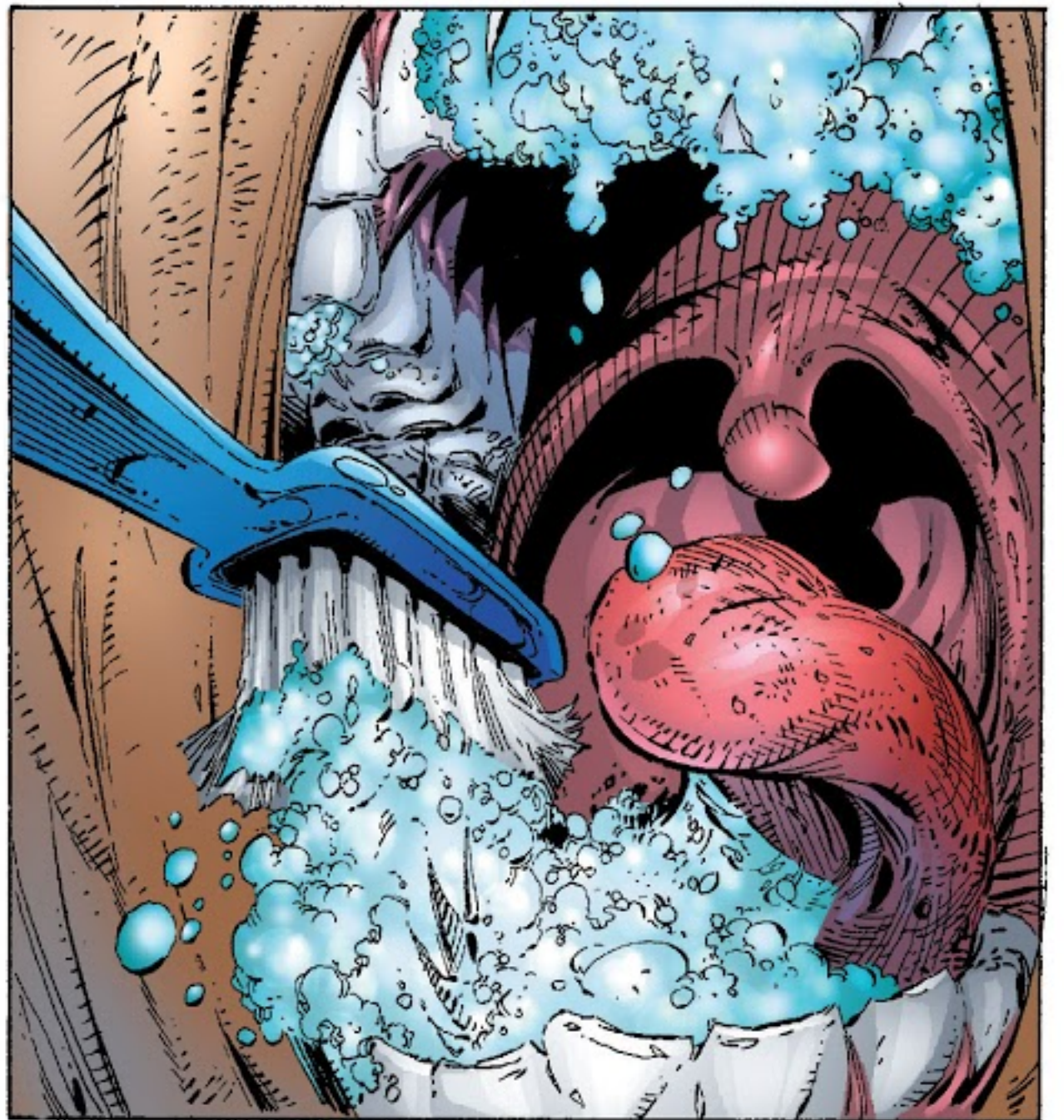
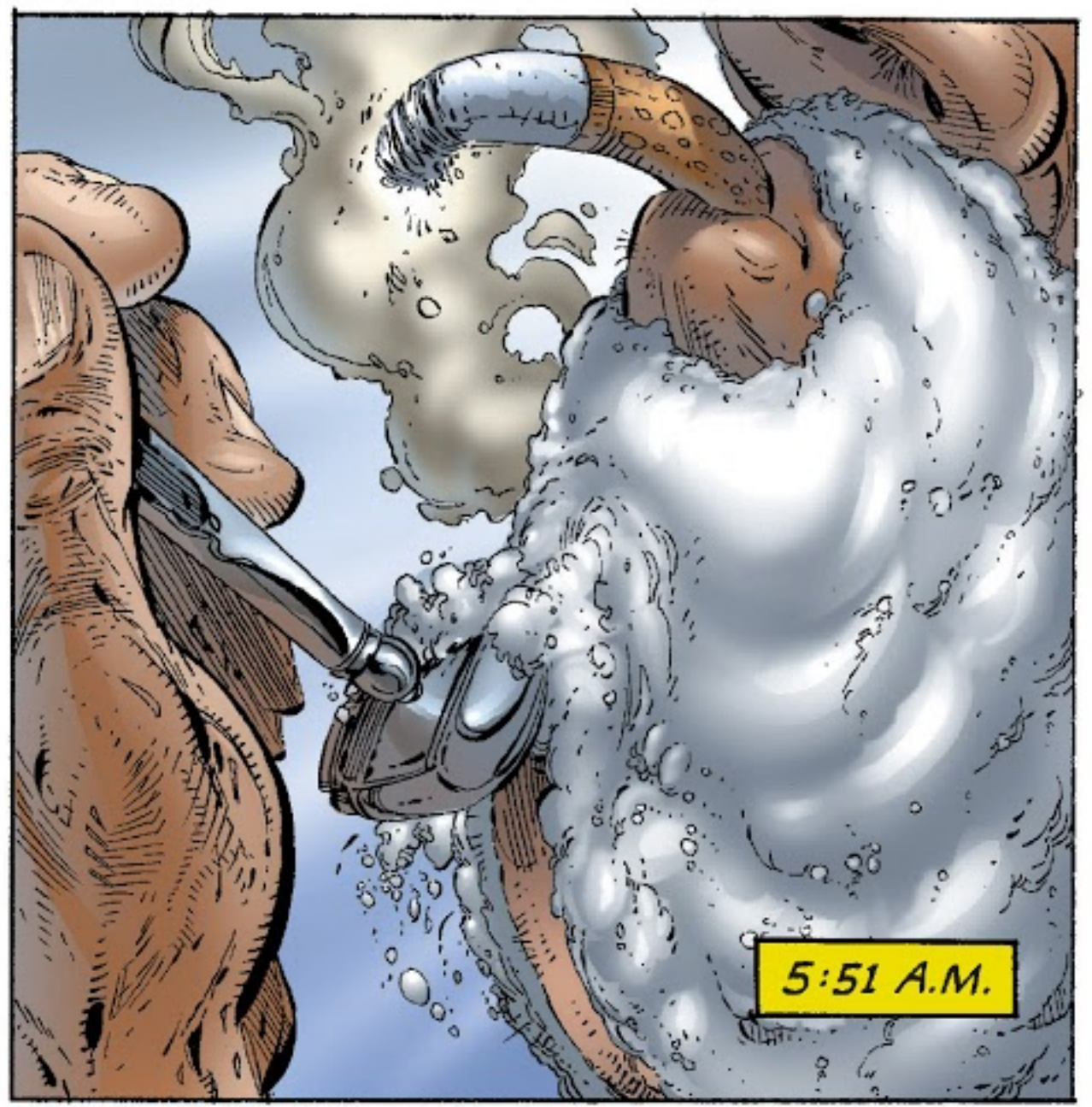
SPAWN



Capullo
96

McFARLANE

BRIAN





MOMENTS
LATER...

SO, DID
YOU HAVE
ANY LUCK
LAST
NIGHT?

SOME.
I CHECKED
THE ROUTES OF
ALL THE COURIERS
WHO HAD RECEIPTS
IN THE *NEW* FILE.
IT'S FAIRLY OBVIOUS
THE CHIEF WAS
RECEIVING KICK-
BACKS AND BRIBES
EARLY IN HIS
CAREER.

IT WAS ALL BEING
LAUNDERED
THROUGH AN
ACCOUNT AT
CHASE MANHATTAN
BANK. THE CASH
CAME FROM
CERTAIN POLITICAL
OPERATIVES INTENT
ON HAVING UNOB-
STRUCTED PATHS
BEFORE THEM.

AND THE BEST
WAY TO DO THAT
IS TO HAVE
MAYORS AND
COMMISSION-
ERS ASSIGN
CERTAIN
'FRIENDS' TO
KEY
POSITIONS.

SUCH AS
CHIEF OF
POLICE.

EXACTLY.

THE PROBLEM
IS, MOST OF THAT
INFORMATION WAS
GIVEN TO INTERNAL
AFFAIRS.

AND THEY
SWEEPED IT
UNDER THE
CARPET.*

MEANING
THAT *CITY HALL*
AND THE *C.I.A.* ARE
INVOLVED IN THE
COVER-UP AROUND
THE SENATOR'S
CHILD'S MURDER.

WHICH
LEAVES
US
WHERE,
SIR?

COMPLETELY
VULNERABLE.

THE FINAL
TWENTY MINUTES
OF THEIR DRIVE IS
SILENT. EACH IS
PAINFULLY
AWARE THEY'RE
SITTING ON A
TIME BOMB...

...ONE THAT'S
ALREADY
BEGUN
TICKING.

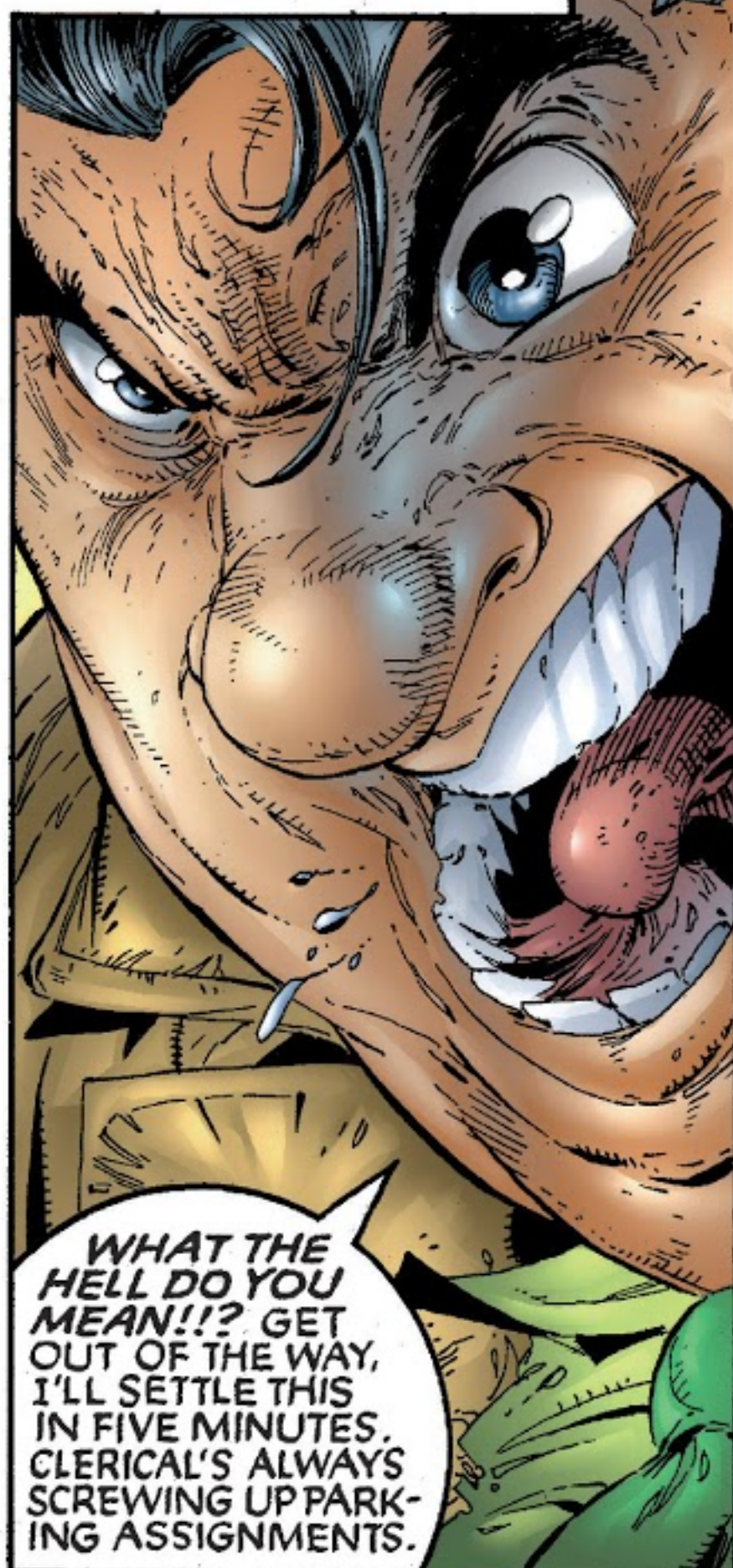


'MORNING,
JOE! SO
WHAT'S THE
GOOD
WORD?

Um... I CAN'T LET YOU
PARK IN THE COMPOUND.

WHY?

GOT SOME
PAPERWORK
REVOKING YOUR
PARKING SPACE.
I DOUBLE-
CHECKED. IT'S
ALL OFFICIAL.
SORRY.



WHAT THE
HELL DO YOU
MEAN!!!? GET
OUT OF THE WAY,
I'LL SETTLE THIS
IN FIVE MINUTES.
CLERICAL'S ALWAYS
SCREWING UP PARK-
ING ASSIGNMENTS.

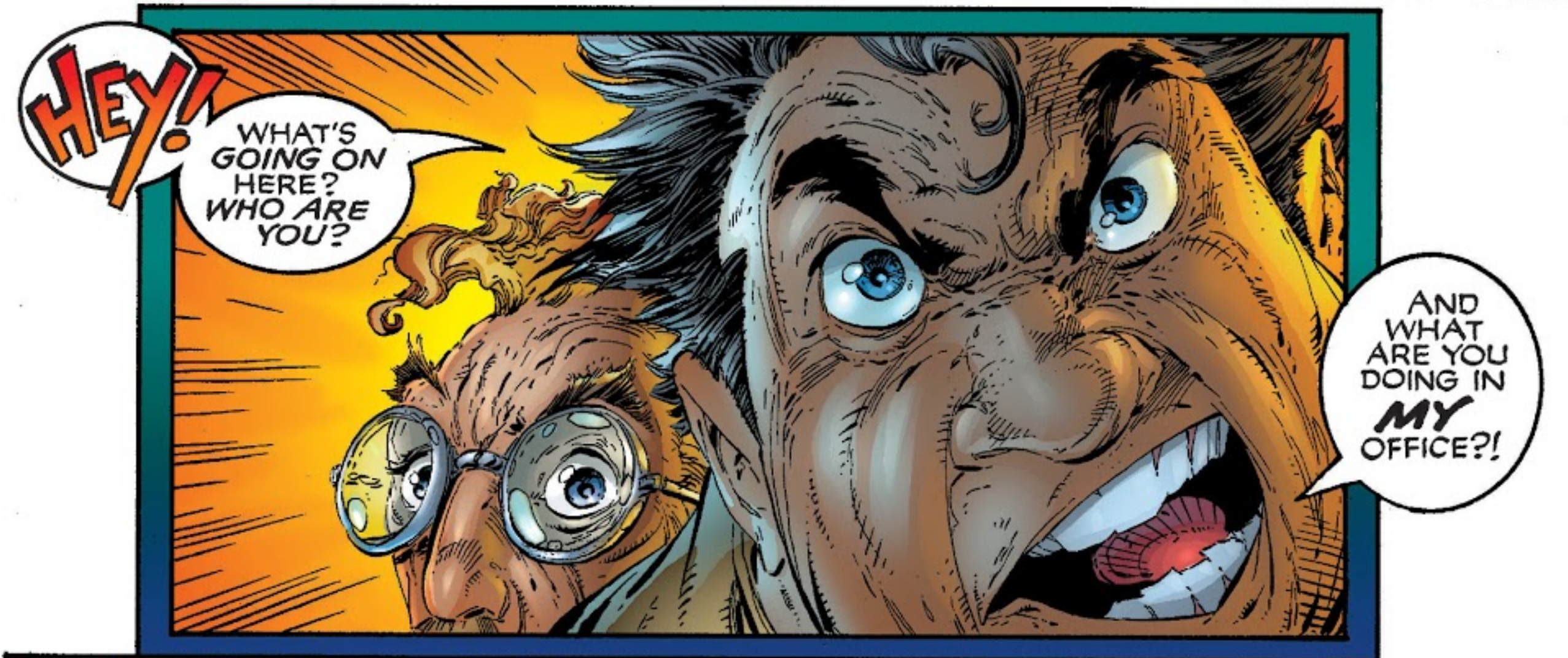
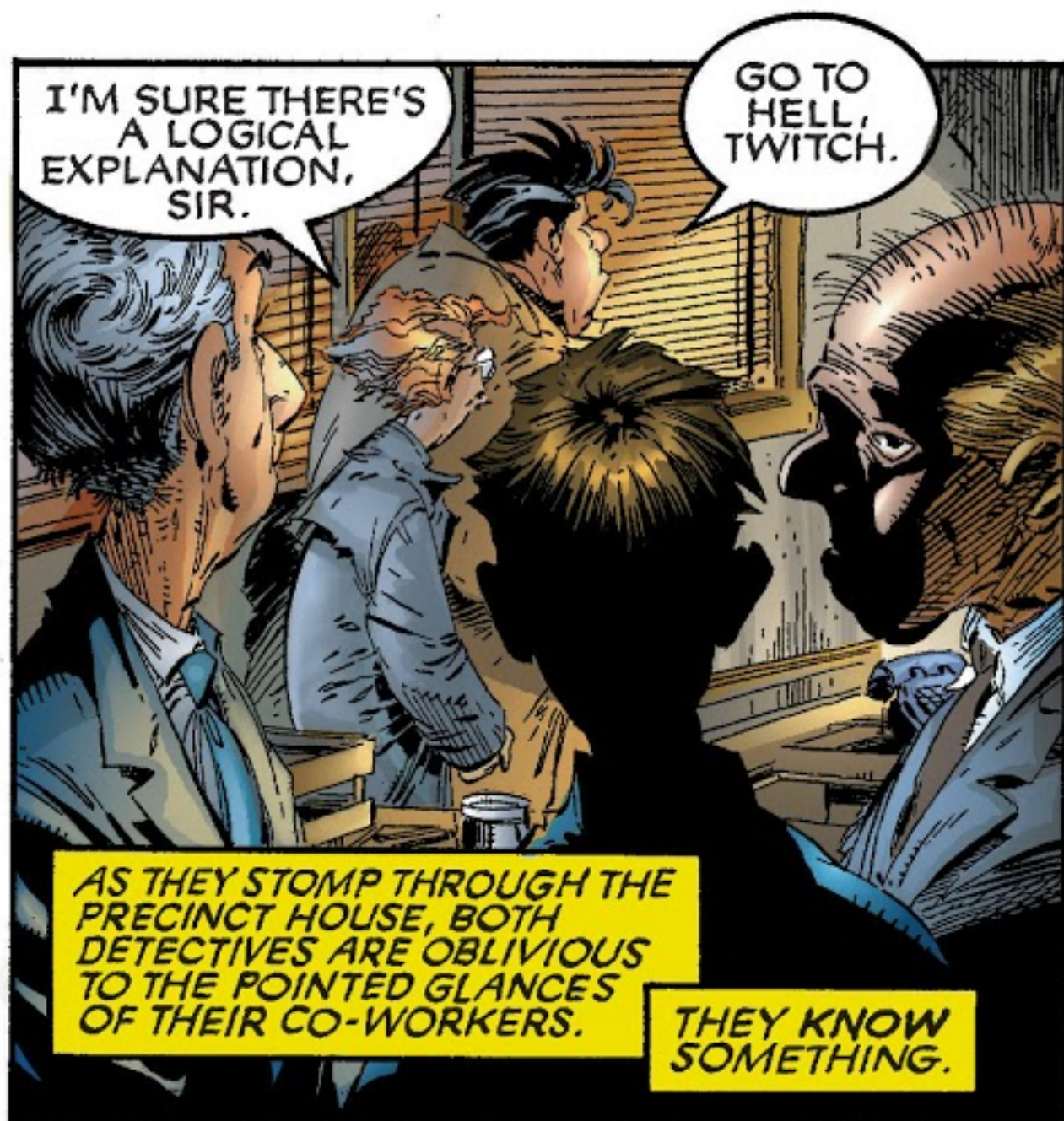


YOU HEARD
JOE. YOU'RE
NOT WELCOME
ANYMORE. NOW
BACK THIS PIECE
OF CRAP
OUTTA HERE.

WHERE
CAN THEY
PARK?

WHO
CARES?
AS LONG AS
IT AIN'T
HERE.

CAPICE,
BOYS?





YOU SEE, I'VE DECIDED TODAY'S YOUR LAST DAY, GENTLEMEN.

REMEMBER HOW YOU BROUGHT INTERNAL AFFAIRS TO MY DOORSTEP? WELL, I *DO* BELIEVE ENOUGH TIME HAS PASSED SO THAT YOUR *FIRING* WON'T SEEM TO BE AN ACT OF *REVENGE*.

...WHICH IT IS.

I TOLD YOU I CAN BE A VERY *PATIENT* MAN...



...AND NOW *THIS!* YOUR HAM-FISTED TAMPERING WITH MY PHONE RECORDS! *tsk tsk* - VERY SLOPPY WORK, SAMMY... EVEN FOR YOU!

BITE ME.



NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO *RETURN* THE FAVOR. INTERNAL AFFAIRS JUST GOT A *STACK* OF PAPER IMPLICATING YOU IN NUMEROUS UNAUTHORIZED INVESTIGATIONS.

I *PROMISED* YOUR TIME WOULD COME. NOW WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY?



BAM!

YOU'RE DEAD!

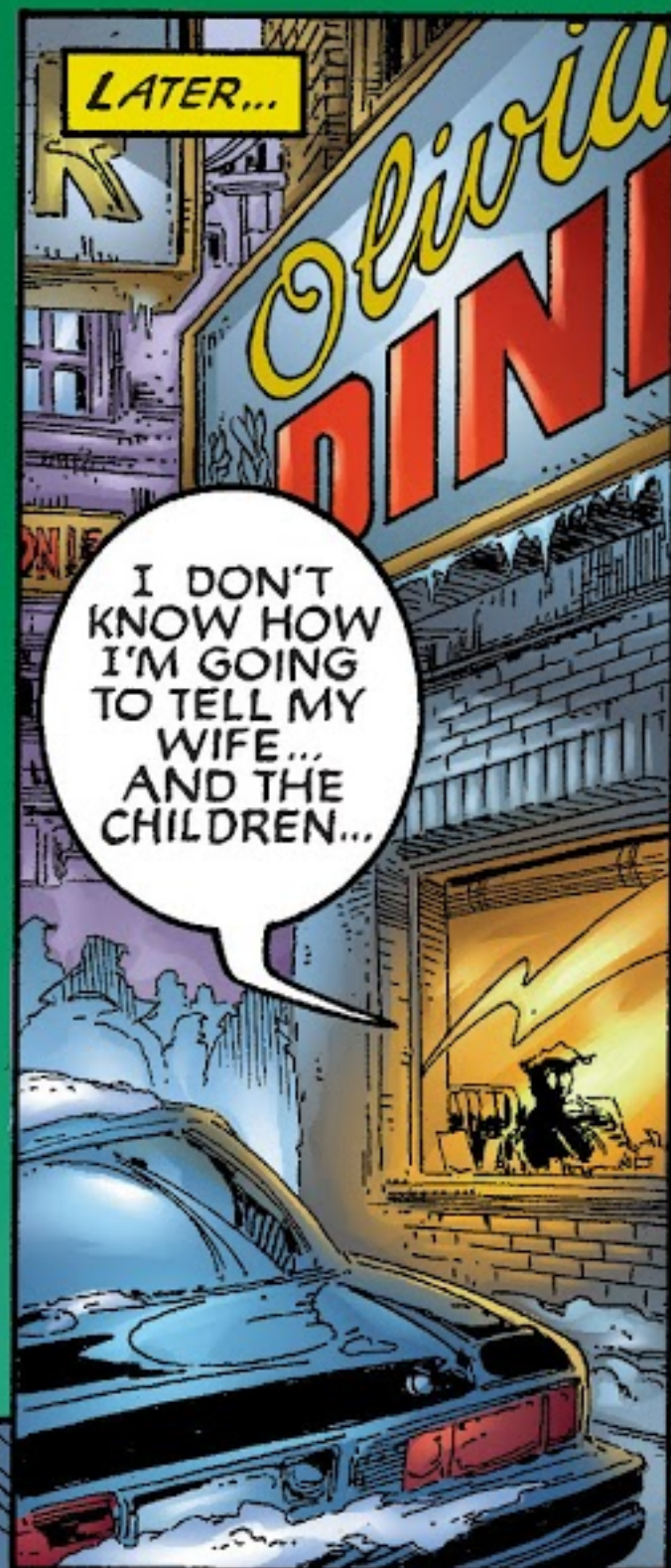
WE'RE GOING DOWN, BUT YOU'RE COMING WITH US!



HOW *DARE* YOU!

YOU'RE FINISHED. WIPE OUT. YOU HEAR?! NO MEDICAL. NO PENSION. *NOTHING!*





LATER...

I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO TELL MY WIFE... AND THE CHILDREN...



DON'T WORRY
GLUMPH! CHOMP!
IT'LL BE OKAY!
HHORK bite! CHOMP!
GULP!
HE AIN'T GETTING AWAY WITH NOTHING!

YOU WANT A BITE OF THIS?
SLURP!
IT'S GREAT!

NO THANK YOU, SIR. I'VE LOST MY APPETITE. GETTING FIRED DOES THAT TO ME.

I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW ACTING LIKE A PIG HELPS YOU SETTLE YOUR NERVES.



LISTEN! DIDN'T YOU NOTICE HOW I DIDN'T GET MAD AT BANKS?!

YOU KNOW WHY? 'CAUSE WE'VE GOT THE FILE, PLUS THE NEW ONES. THAT FAT PHONY FART IS A DEAD MAN.

HE JUST DON'T KNOW IT YET.



YOU SAID YOU'VE GOT A CONNECTION AT ONE OF THE PAPERS! WELL, IT'S TIME TO GO PUBLIC! AND PUT THAT PECKER IN HIS PLACE!

SPT
SPCH
TCH



GET MY DRIFT?

GRUMPT
SLUPP

I SUPPOSE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE... THOUGH BRINGING DOWN SO MANY PUBLIC OFFICIALS MIGHT BE A TOUGH SELL. ESPECIALLY COMING FROM TWO SEEMINGLY DISGRUNTLED WORKERS.

BUT I'LL TRY.

HOURS
PASS.

AS TWILIGHT
GIVES WAY
TO THE
INEVITABLE
DARKNESS...
THEY APPEAR.

THE
NOCTURNAL
CREATURES.

SOME
CRAWL.

OTHERS
STALK OR
SLITHER.
BUT ALL
HEED THE
SUMMONS.

THIS CALL
HAS BEEN
GOING OUT
FOR THE PAST
TWO EVENINGS.

THE INSECTS
ARE THE FIRST
TO ARRIVE...

... BRINGING NOURISH-
MENT... STRENGTH...
TO THIS BEING
CONCEIVED IN HELL.

AS ONE, THEY
GIVE THEIR
GIFT OF LIFE.
OF ENERGY.

EACH, SLOWLY
DRAINED OF ITS
SWEET NECTAR...
EVIL...

...THE ONE
ATTRIBUTE
THEY SHARE.

FOR IT IS WRITTEN, "GOD SHED HIS LIGHT ON EARTH IN THE NAME OF GOODNESS. AND THOSE WHO DARE SHUN IT SHALL FOREVER REMAIN STAINED IN EVIL."

THOSE WHICH LIVE BELOW THE SOIL,
THOSE WHICH LIVE IN THE
COMPLETE ABSENCE OF
LIGHT ARE PASSIVE
CONDUITS FOR THE
EVIL THAT ROAMS
FREE-- THE
WILDING THAT
IS STRONGER
AT NIGHT.

WORMS. MAGGOTS.
BUGS. IN LARGE
NUMBERS,
THEIR AURA
IS CONSIDER-
ABLE...

ENOUGH TO FORTIFY
A LARGER
EVIL HOST--

THEY'RE DRAWN TO
THE LIVING COSTUME
BY INSTINCT.

THEIR MERE PRESENCE
ENCOURAGES A FREE
FLOW OF BLACK ENERGY.

-- SUCH AS
VAMPIRES-- OR
HELLSPAWN.

WHEN THE
FORTIFICATION
IS STABLE,
LARGER BEASTS
ARE NEEDED.



MADNESS.
SIN. HATRED.
IT'S BEEN
GIVEN A
MULTITUDE
OF NAMES.

HOWEVER: **EVIL.**
THAT'S WHAT IT IS,
PURE AND SIMPLE.
ITS BOND,
UNBREAKABLE.

AS THE WOLF
SKULKS CLOSER,
IT PREYS AT
THE SPAWN'S
MIND. A
RANDOM
MEMORY IS
TRIGGERED.

WANDA.

GOD, I REMEMBER. IT
WAS HER BIRTHDAY.
SHE WAS SO EXCITED
TO BE GOING OUT THAT
NIGHT. SPENT ALL
DAY GETTING
HERSELF READY.

SHE WAS SO
BEAUTIFUL.

WHEN I CAME HOME LATE,
SHE COULD SEE I HADN'T
REMEMBERED. WHEN THE
PHONE RANG, CALLING ME
BACK TO WORK, I COULD
ALMOST SEE STEAM
SHOOT FROM HER EARS.

SHE
TRASHED A
FULL-LENGTH
MIRROR
AFTER I
LEFT.

COULDN'T IMAGINE WHAT SHE WAS THINKING. DIDN'T WANT TO TRY.

THEN -- SHE HEARD IT.

SOMETHING IN THE HOUSE. OFF THE BEDROOM. I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY SHE DIDN'T CALL THE POLICE. LUCKY FOR ME.



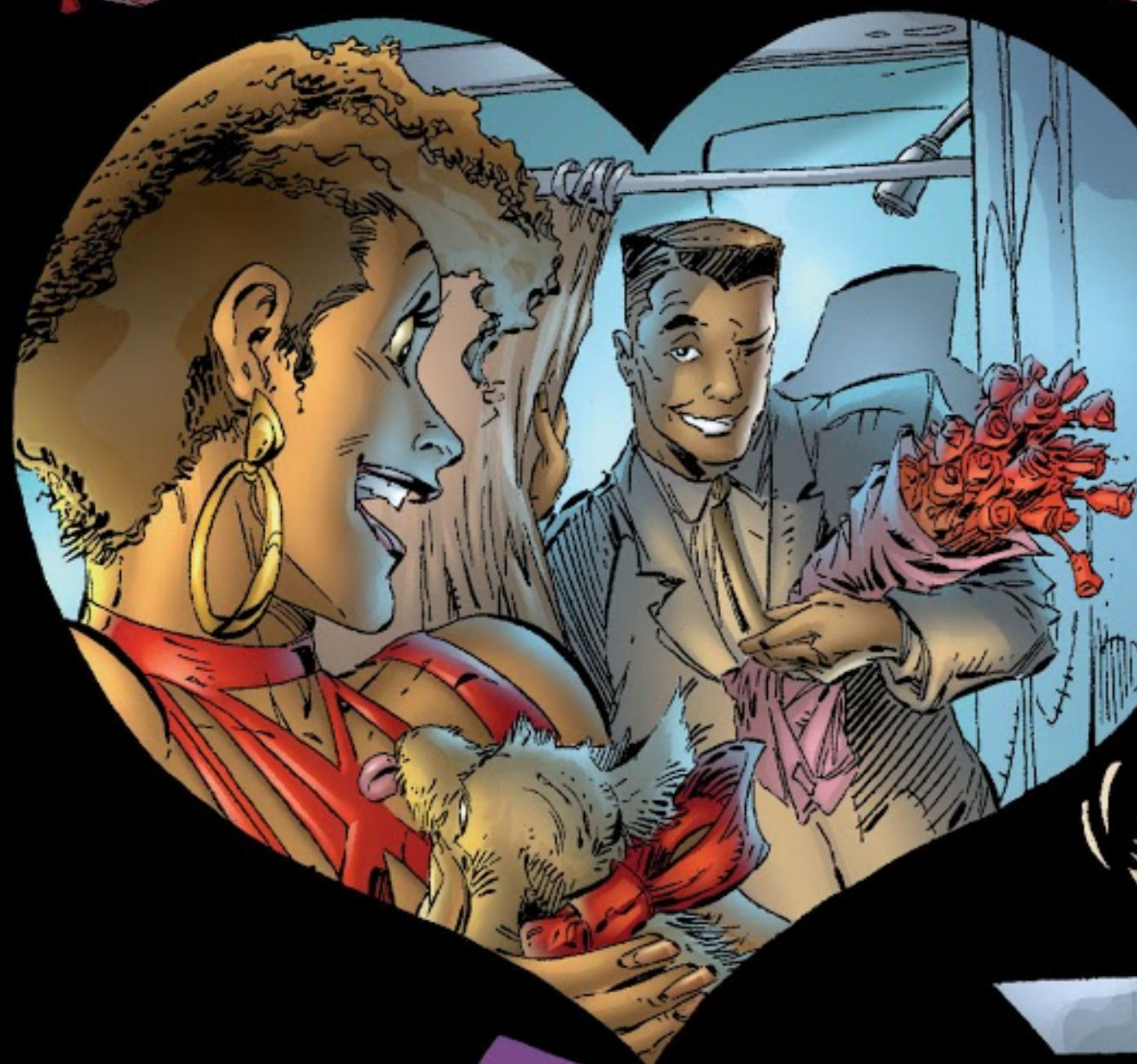
WHEN SHE FINALLY OPENED THE BATHROOM DOOR, SHE SAW IT. THE PUPPY. OUR SHANNA.

I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW WANDA CRIED WHEN SHE PICKED UP THE DOG --

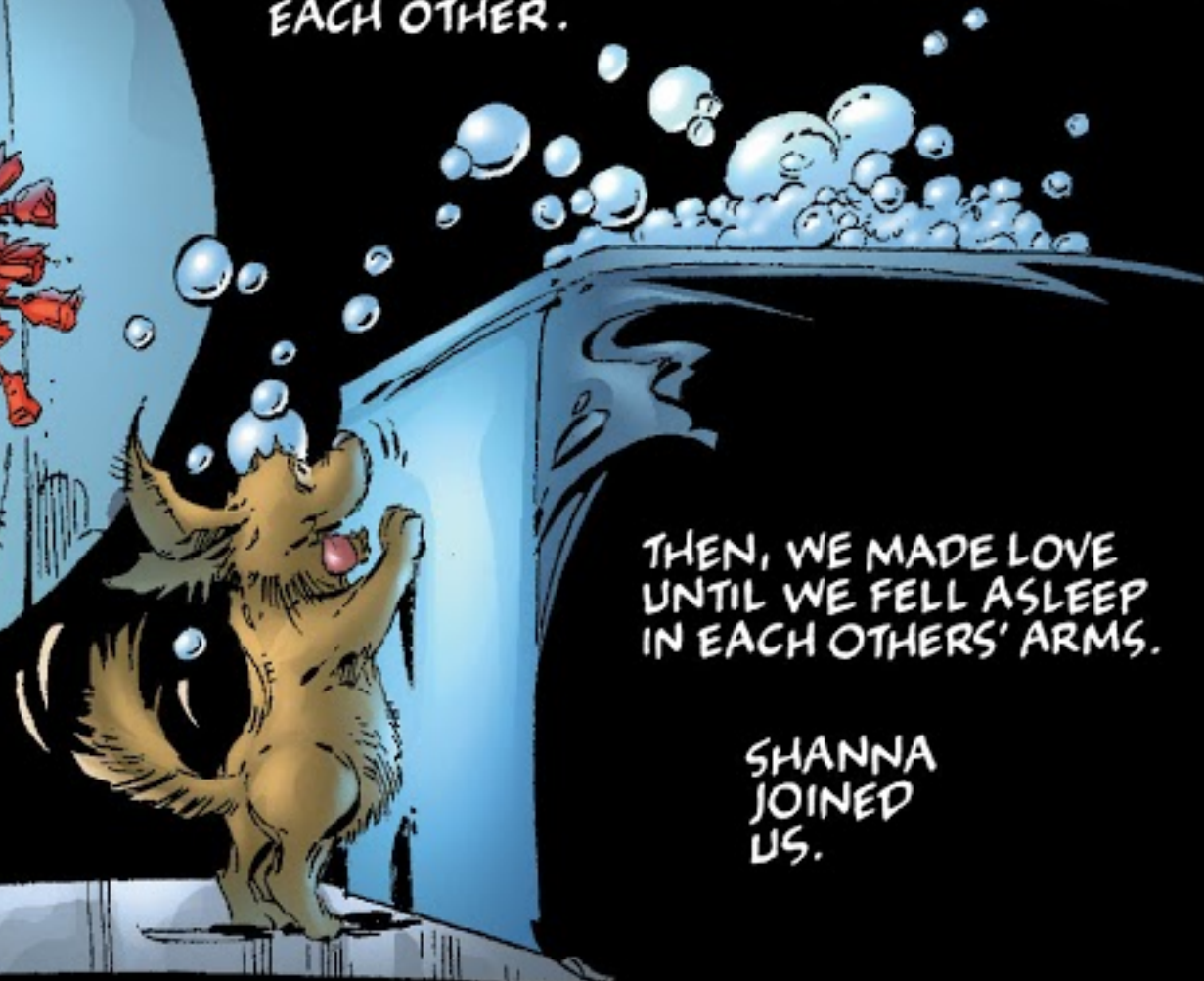
--OR HOW UTTERLY SURPRISED SHE WAS AS I STEPPED OUT OF THE SHOWER, DAPPER AND READY FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.



Happy Birthday



WANDA HAD OTHER PLANS, THOUGH. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE THE PUPPY SO SOON. INSTEAD, WE SHARED A SOOTHING BATH... WASHING AND CARESSING EACH OTHER.



THEN, WE MADE LOVE UNTIL WE FELL ASLEEP IN EACH OTHERS' ARMS.

SHANNA JOINED US.

MY PAST NEGLIGENCE ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS HAD WORKED TO MY ADVANTAGE. THE CALL FROM WORK WAS A SET-UP... AS WAS MY FEIGNED IGNORANCE. BUT BOTH BOUGHT ME ENOUGH TIME TO SNEAK IN THE BACK DOOR, AFTER HURRIDLY GETTING DRESSED AT THE NEIGHBOR'S. THEN, STRATEGICALLY, I PLANTED THE PUP AND HID MYSELF.



IT WAS PERFECT. SHE WAS PERFECT.

GOD, I MISS HER.

... IT'D BE NEAR IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO GET THIS INTO PRINT THAT QUICKLY. EVEN IF IT'S ALL TRUE, THE TIME IT'D TAKE TO CORROBORATE ALL THAT YOU'RE TELLING ME--!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. TAYLOR-- WHICH IS WHY I BROUGHT THIS.

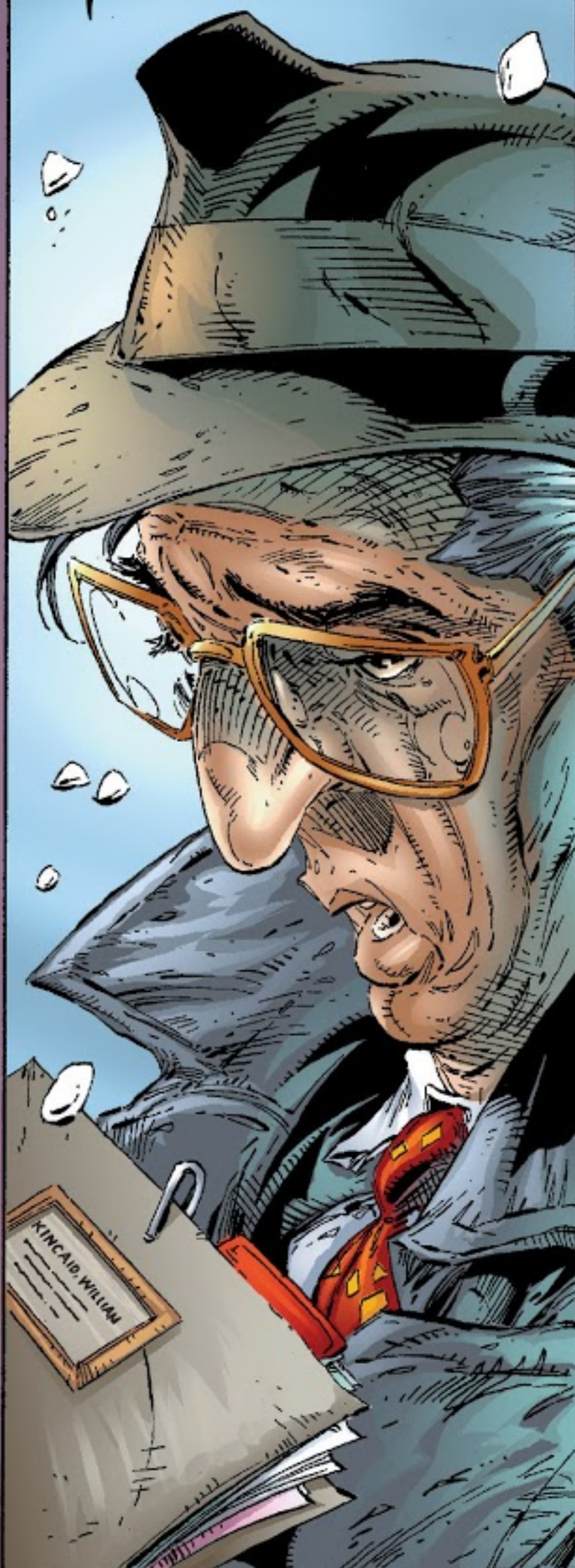
A FILE?

YES. THE LEADING EDGE OF A PAPER TRAIL SO THICK A BLIND MAN COULD TRIP OVER IT... AS LONG AS HE'S POINTED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

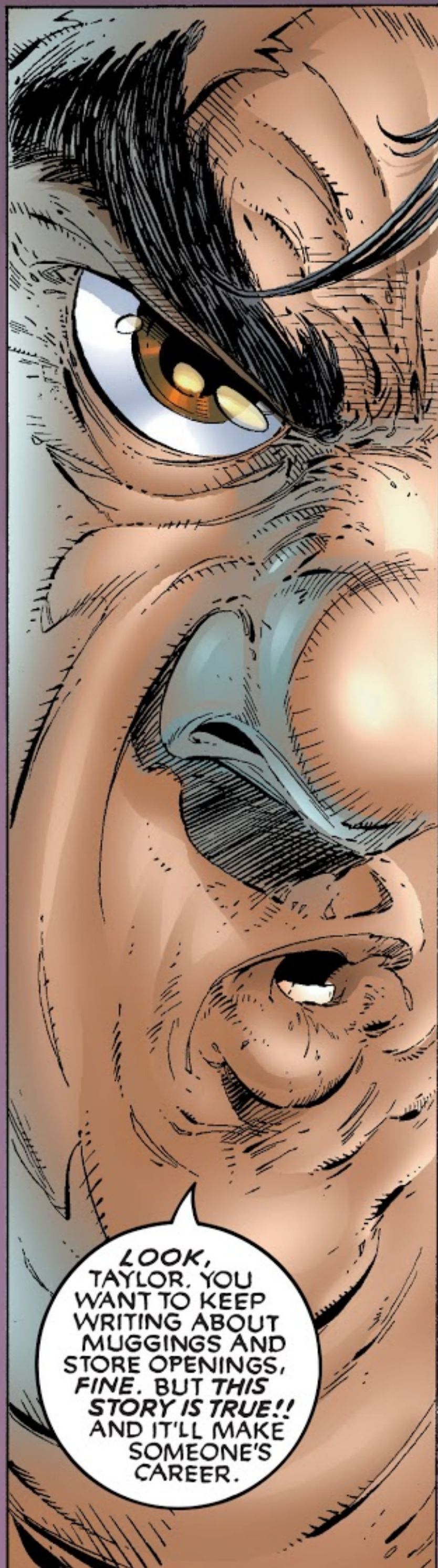


INSIDE, YOU'LL FIND DOCUMENTED FACTS. IT'LL SAVE YOU WEEKS. THEY'RE ALL HERE: CHIEF BANKS, HIS BOYS, AND A FEW 'SPECIAL' FRIENDS.

LISTEN, TWITCH. YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN STRAIGHT WITH ME, BUT THIS IS TOO BIG. EVEN IF I CAN GET MY EDITOR TO COME ON BOARD WITH THIS, WHICH IS A BIG IF, GOING AFTER THE C.I.A. IS SUICIDE. I'VE SEEN IT.



LOOK, TAYLOR. YOU WANT TO KEEP WRITING ABOUT MUGGINGS AND STORE OPENINGS, FINE. BUT THIS STORY IS TRUE!! AND IT'LL MAKE SOMEONE'S CAREER.





LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, TWITCH. I'M SURE THERE'S SOMEONE HUNGRY AT THE NEW YORK POST.

PLEASE, MR. TAYLOR. I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO DO ANYTHING YOU'RE NOT CAPABLE OF.



WELL, I'VE BEEN AFRAID A FEW TIMES IN MY LIFE, TOO.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME.



Uh... **OKAY!** I'LL DO MY BEST.

THAT'S ALL I ASK.



PRETTY SLICK, TWITCH. GUILT GETS 'EM EVERY TIME.



THE DAY IS
LONG OVER.



EVIL IS
ASCENDANT.



AND SO THEY COME.
HELL'S CHILDREN,
READY TO GIVE.



AWAITING ITS
SIGNAL...

THEN, THEY
HEAR IT:





THE HEART
OF DARKNESS
BEATING ANEW.

HE'S BEEN IN HIS EDITOR'S OFFICE FOR OVER AN HOUR, SHOOTING DOWN EVERY QUESTION THE PAPER'S ATTORNEYS COULD POSSIBLY ASK.

DAILY TRIBUNE

THE TRUTH, OR AT LEAST ITS APPROXIMATION, MUST NOT BE COMPROMISED.

THIS IS GREAT WORK, TAYLOR! WITH OUR CIRCULATION IN THE TOILET, THIS COULD BE OUR MOTHER-LODE. NOW YOU'RE SURE YOU HAVEN'T MISSED ANYTHING?

NOT A THING.

GOOD. THEN LEAVE IT WITH ME. I'LL MAKE A FEW CALLS MYSELF, JUST TO MAKE SURE OF A COUPLE OF THINGS.

BUT, MR. SALICRUP, I ASSURE YOU THAT--

LOOK, TAYLOR. IF I'M GOING TO STICK MY NECK OUT A MILE, I'D LIKE TO REST EASY IT WON'T GET CHOPPED OFF. WE'RE MESSING WITH AN 'OLD BOY NETWORK' HERE.

SOMETHING QUITE SIMPLE. COLLAPSE ALL SUPPORT AROUND BANKS IMMEDIATELY. WHATEVER 'LOOP' EXISTS, MAKE IT DISAPPEAR. NO ONE MUST ACKNOWLEDGE HIM.

A CALL IS MADE. THAT LEAK THEN TRICKLES PAST EIGHT PEOPLE IN FOUR UNCONNECTED GOVERNMENT OFFICES UNTIL FINALLY POOLING AT THE FOOT OF ITS ORCHESTRATOR...

...MR. WYNN, WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?

USE THE CODEWORD "MELTDOWN." I WANT EVERY TRAIL TO DOUBLE BACK ON OUR DEAR CHIEF BANKS.

THEN, HAVE THE APPROPRIATE PEOPLE MODIFY THE TRIBUNE'S STORY.

TWO MORE DAYS PASS.

MY GUY SAID THE STORY HITS TOMORROW. GUARANTEED.

401

BANKS
CHIEF
OF POLICE

WHERE'D THEY GET IT FROM.

THE REPORTER'S KEEPING HIS SOURCE CONFIDENTIAL. WE'RE STILL WORKING ON IT.

BUT WHAT THIS MEANS IS THAT YOU'VE BEEN MADE THE SACRIFICIAL LAMB.

EVERYONE YOU WANTED ME TO CALL IS CONVENIENTLY OUT OF THEIR OFFICES.

YOUR NETWORK OF POLITICAL 'FRIENDS' IS BEING SHIELDED.

THE BRIBES. THE MURDER. THE WHOLE SCHEME IS LANDING IN YOUR LAP.

NO. HE WON'T.

THAT REALITY IS BEGINNING TO SINK IN.

I DON'T CARE IF HE'S ON VACATION! SOMEBODY HAS TO KNOW WHERE HE IS.

THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. I'VE SERVED THEM TOO WELL.

NEVER MIND. I'LL MAKE THIS GO AWAY.

THE SAME SCENE PLAYS OUT REPEATEDLY THAT NIGHT.

THEN, THE NEXT MORNING...

DAILY TRIBUNE

KID KILLER LINKED TO POLICE CHIEF

SENATOR'S DAUGHTER'S DEATH UNDER NEW SCRUTINY





BABY KILLER. THIEF.

BABY KILLER. THIEF.

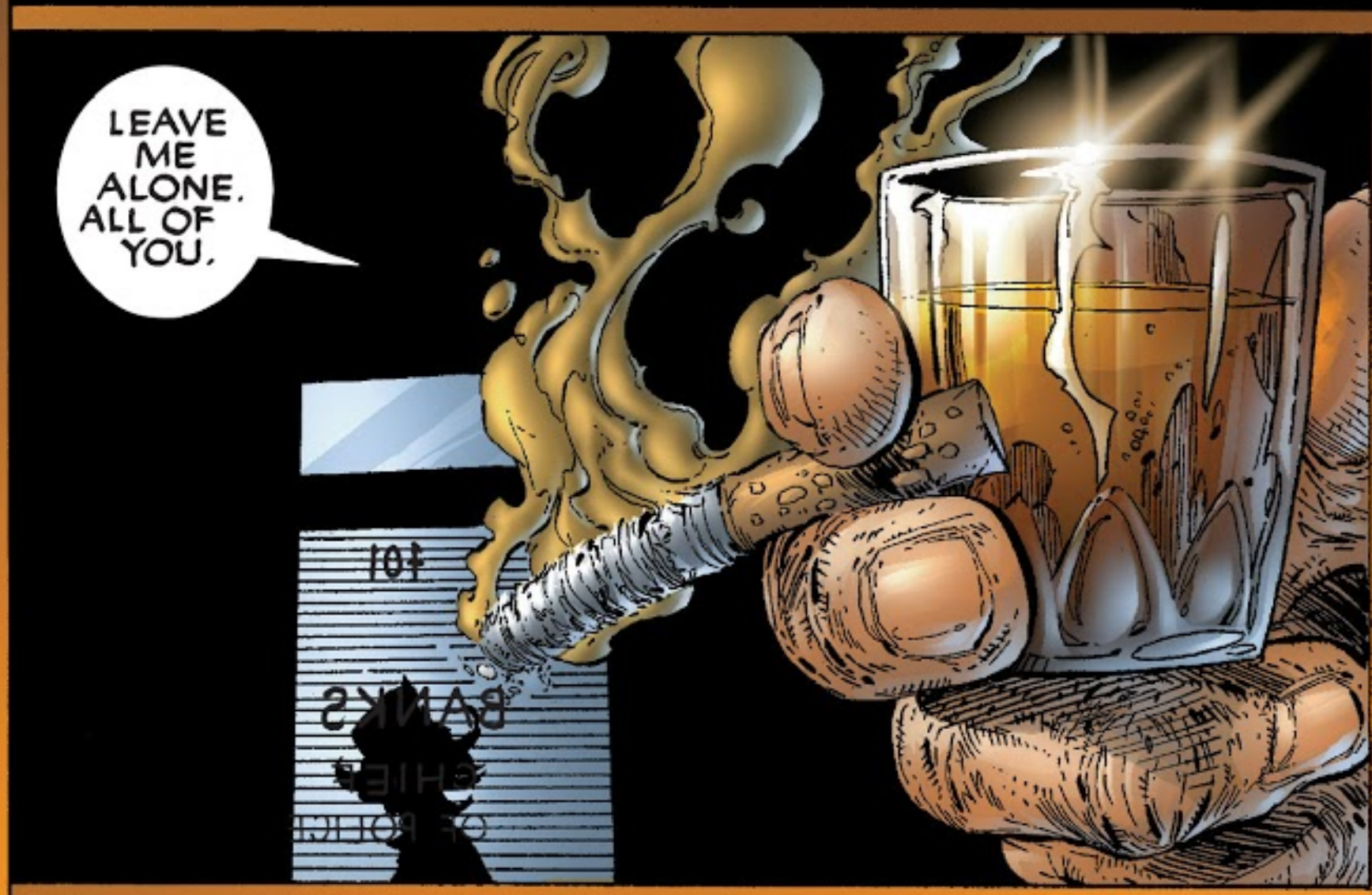
THE LABELS SWALLOW HIM. THOUGH NO ONE HAS REPEATED THEM TO HIS FACE, HE KNOWS HOW THEY THINK.

EVERYONE WITHIN THE PRECINCT IS THE SAME... HIDING BEHIND HUSHED VOICES OR CLOSED DOORS.

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED ANYONE.



CHIEF, IT'S YOUR WIFE AGAIN. SHE'S CRYING. PLEASE. SHE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU FOR JUST A MINUTE.



LEAVE ME ALONE. ALL OF YOU.

AL GILLEY. BOB COMONACO. HE COULD COUNT ON THEM. ALWAYS. THEY'D NEVER TURN THEIR BACKS ON HIM.

BUT OTHERS KNEW THAT, TOO.

SO CHIEF BANKS IS ALMOST NUMB WHEN AN ANONYMOUS PHONE CALLER INFORMS HIM THAT BOTH AL AND BOB WERE LOST AT SEA YESTERDAY IN A TRAGIC BOATING ACCIDENT.

THE CARIBBEAN COAST GUARD ARE STILL SEARCHING FOR ANY SIGNS OF LIFE.



BANKS KNOWS THEY'RE WASTING THEIR TIME.



... THE SITUATION DEFIES EASY ANALYSIS. WHAT'S CLEAR IS THAT **LOUIS BANKS**, POLICE CHIEF OF NEW YORK CITY'S 12TH PRECINCT, HAS BEEN TIED TO EVENTS WHICH LED SEVERAL YEARS AGO TO THE DEATH OF 8-YEAR- OLD AMANDA JENNINGS, DAUGHTER OF D.C. APPROPRIATIONS SENATOR PAUL JENNINGS. BANKS' NAME WAS CONNECTED WITH THE AFFAIR WHEN A SUSPECT, **WILLIAM KINCAID**, WAS FOUND DEAD IN BANKS' OFFICE, AN UNSOLVED CRIME FOR WHICH BANKS WAS NOT ACCUSED.

BANKS, WHOSE PRECINCT INCLUDES THE BOWERY, HELD A NUMBER OF JOBS BEFORE BEING APPOINTED POLICE CHIEF, FROM SHERIFF IN A SMALL COUNTY IN DELAWARE TO HEAD OF A PRIVATE SECURITY FIRM IN WASHINGTON, D.C. HIS CONNECTION WITH JENNINGS DATES FROM THAT TIME, WHEN HIS FIRM WAS DISMISSED FOR JOB PERFORMANCE IRREGULARITIES. SKETCHY DETAILS SUGGEST HE THEN HELD AN INTELLIGENCE POSITION IN THE NATION'S CAPITOL BEFORE THE UNEXPLAINED MOVE UP TO THE CHIEF'S JOB.



THIS FLAP OVER A CRIMINAL COVERUP IN THE BOWERY IS JUST THE MOST RECENT INDICATION THAT OFFICIAL CORRUPTION IN THIS CITY IS OUT OF CONTROL. A PERSON CAN'T HELP BUT BE NOSTALGIC FOR THE TIME WHEN SCANDALS WERE BREAKING OUT ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE OR GRAMMERCY PARK. **THOSE** REGIONS KNEW HOW IT WAS DONE, WITH SUBTLETY, STYLE, AND A WINK. IF THE FORCES OF JUSTICE WERE ACCOUNTABLE, **THESE** AFFAIRS WOULD BE GIVEN THE PUBLIC AIRING THEY DESEVE, RATHER THAN BEING HUSHED UP BY THE NEW MONEY IN TOWN. INSTEAD, WE'RE LEFT WITH MISERABLE CRIMES AGAINST CHILDREN FROM THE POOREST QUARTERS OF TOWN.

THE ONLY INTERESTING THING ABOUT THE WHOLE AFFAIR IS THE TRAGEDY OF CHIEF BANKS, A MAN WHO'S MOVED FROM JOB TO WELL-UNIFORMED JOB, ONLY TO END UP SCRAPING BOTTOM WEARING SUITS OFF THE RACK FROM WOOLWORTH'S.



US PO' FOLK ABOUT A POLICE CHIEF WHO **MIGHT** HAVE ABETTED A **CHILD MURDERER**? A **MASS** CHILD MURDERER?!? I LOVE THIS TOWN!

LET'S SEE HOW THE FACTS LINE UP. CHIEF BANKS, FORMERLY SHERIFF BANKS, FORMERLY RENT-A-COP BANKS, FORMERLY R.O.T.C SECOND-LIEUTENANT BANKS, COMES OUT OF **NOWHERE** AND IS APPOINTED FOR NO APPARENT REASON TO THE MOST OBSCURE PRECINCT IN MANHATTAN. NOW WE'RE TOLD THERE'S A DIRECT LINK BETWEEN HIM, THE **DEAD CHILD** OF A **SENATOR**, AND **KIDDIE KILLER KINCAID**. AND WAIT-- HE ALSO HELD A JOB IN **INTELLIGENCE**? HEY, ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE HE WAS DEMOTED FROM THE C.I.A. TO RIDING HERD ON **DRUNKS**, AND THEN TOOK HIS FRUSTRATIONS OUT ON THE SENATOR'S KID WHEN THE AGENCY HAD THEIR **BUDGET** SLASHED? OF COURSE, THIS SUGGESTS THE SPOOKS ARE CONTROLLING THE COPS... NAH. **THAT** WOULD BE **ILLEGAL**.

THE MAYOR.
POLICE COMMISSIONER.
GOVERNOR.

HE WON'T RETURN
ANY OF THEIR
CALLS.

ISOLATION.
IT PLAYS WITH
THE MIND.

LOOK
AT THEM.
BUNCH OF
PARASITES.
LOOKING FOR
SOME FREAK
SHOW.

AS DO
OTHERS.

YOU
HAVE THE
SUBPEONA
WITH YOU?

YES.

THEN LET'S
GET THIS
OVER WITH.

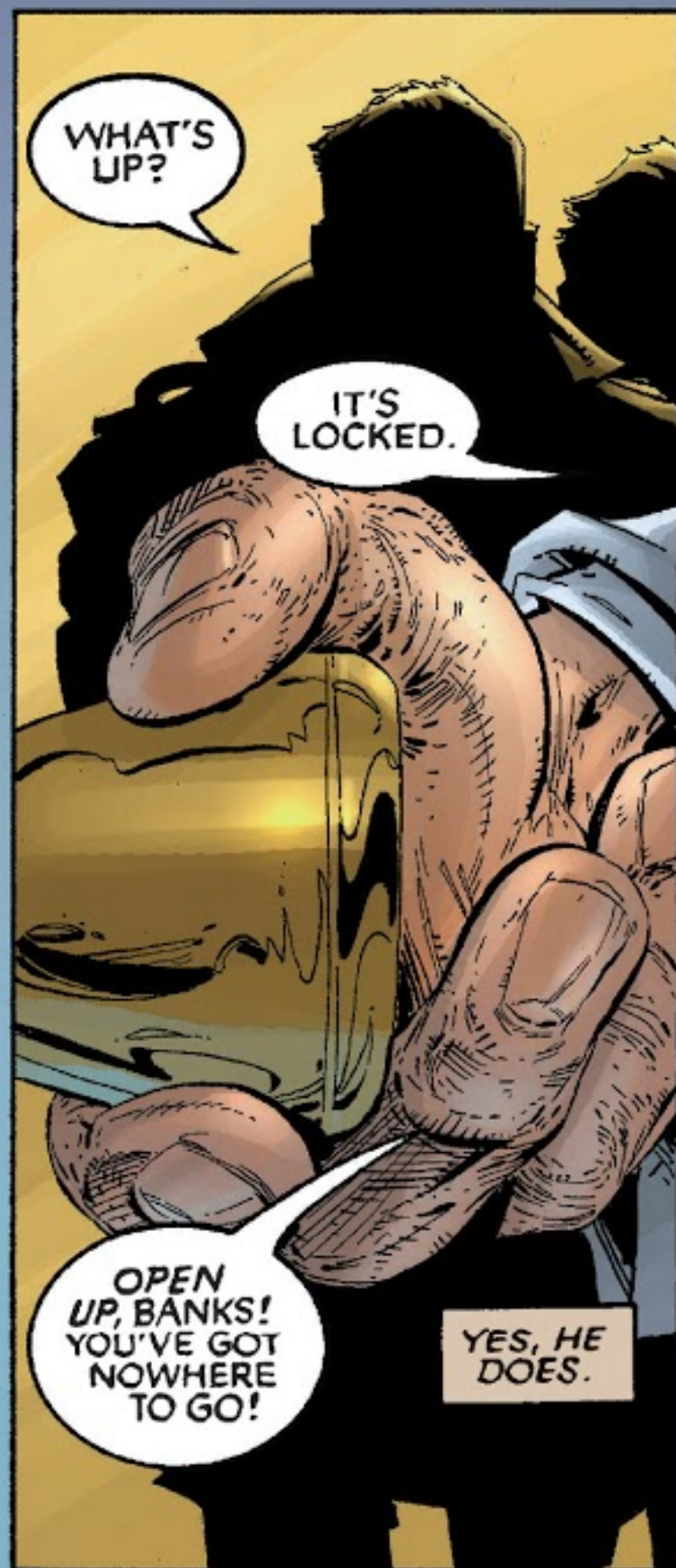
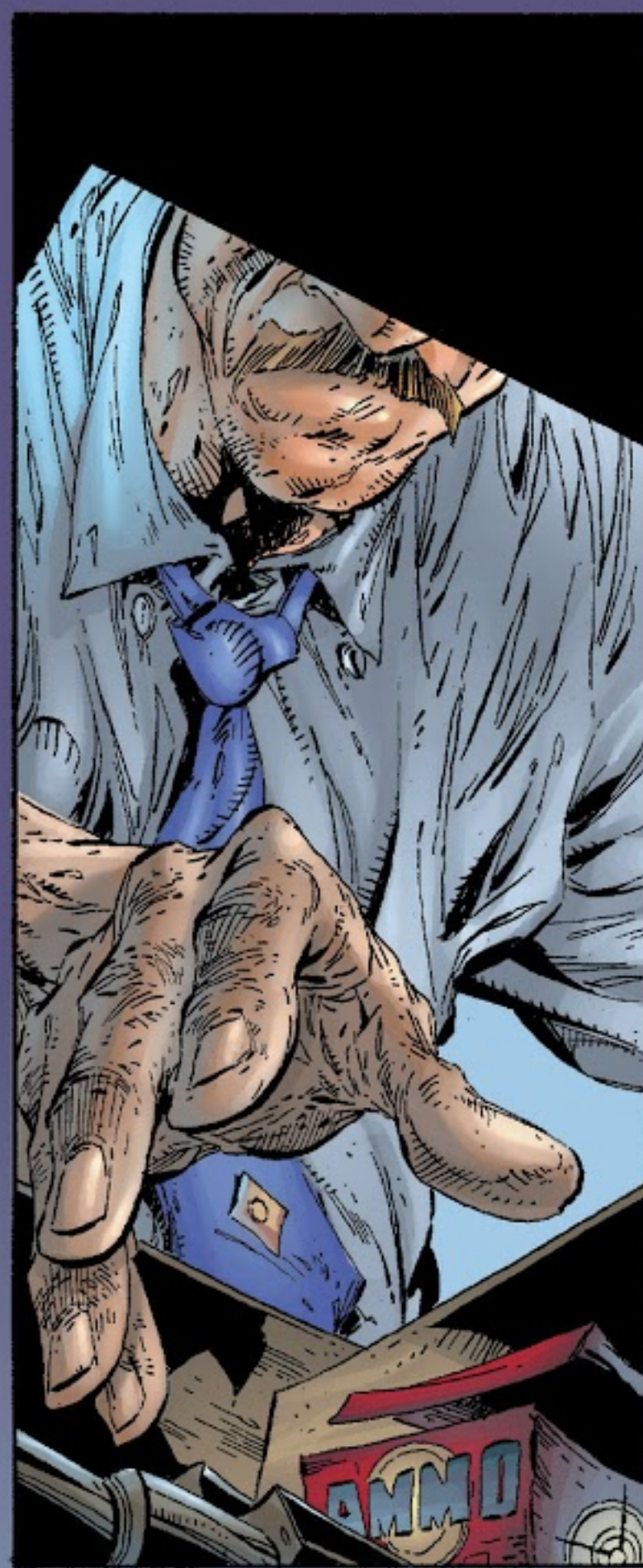
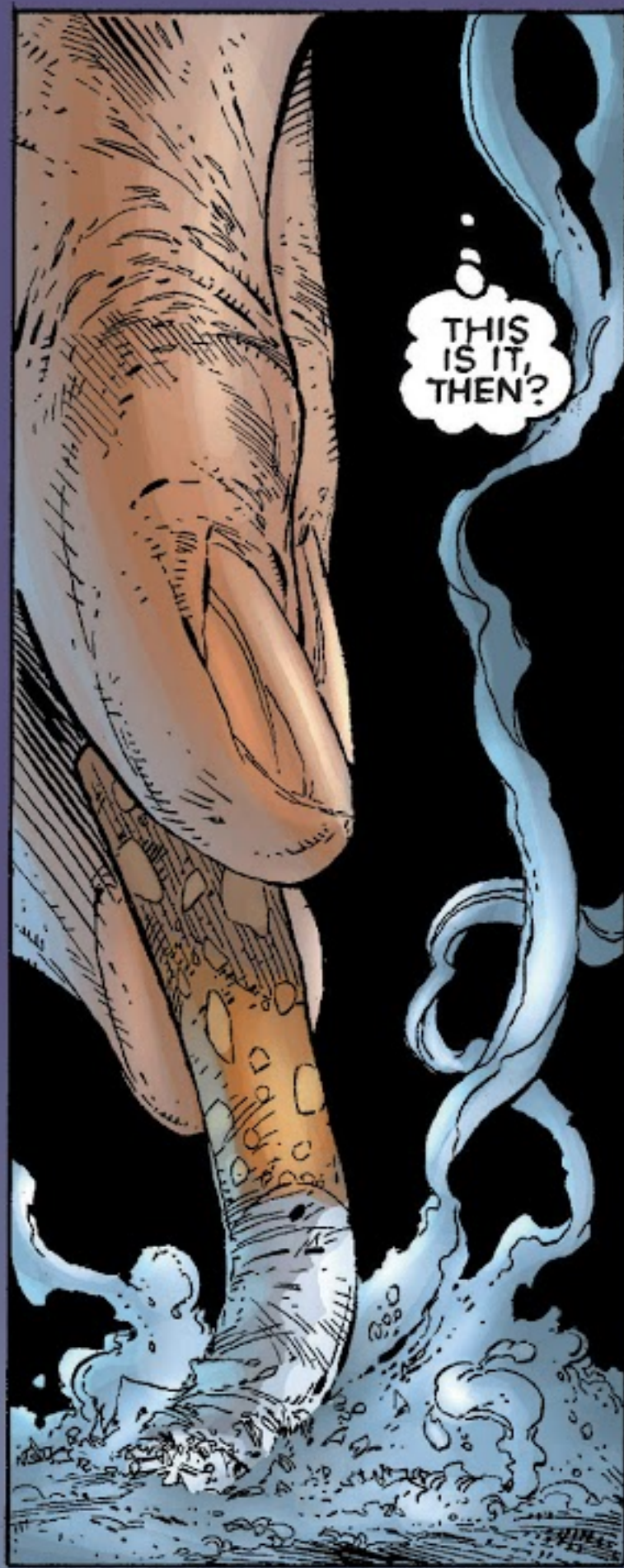
... AS FEDERAL
INVESTIGATORS
ENTERED THE
BUILDING, ONE
COMMENTED THAT
NO OFFICIAL
CHARGES HAD
BEEN LAID. THEY
PLAN ON QUES-
TIONING CHIEF
LOUIS BANKS
ABOUT...

THE MEDIA. THEIR
ETHICS AND SOCIAL
RESPONSIBILITIES
HAVE BEEN
DEBATED ENDLESSLY.
BUT, ULTIMATELY,
THEY STILL HAVE A
JOB TO DO.

I HOPE
THEY
FRY THE
BUGGER,
TWITCH.

SO DO I,
SIR. BUT
OUR FILE
SHOULD HAVE
EXPOSED
SOME OTHERS,
TOO. SOME-
THING WENT
WRONG.

HEY, FEDS!
WHY DON'T
YOU TRY
CATCHING SOME
CROOKS, INSTEAD
OF HASSLING
ONE OF US?!



BLAM

ANOTHER
BLACK ROSE
BLOOMS IN HELL
TONIGHT.





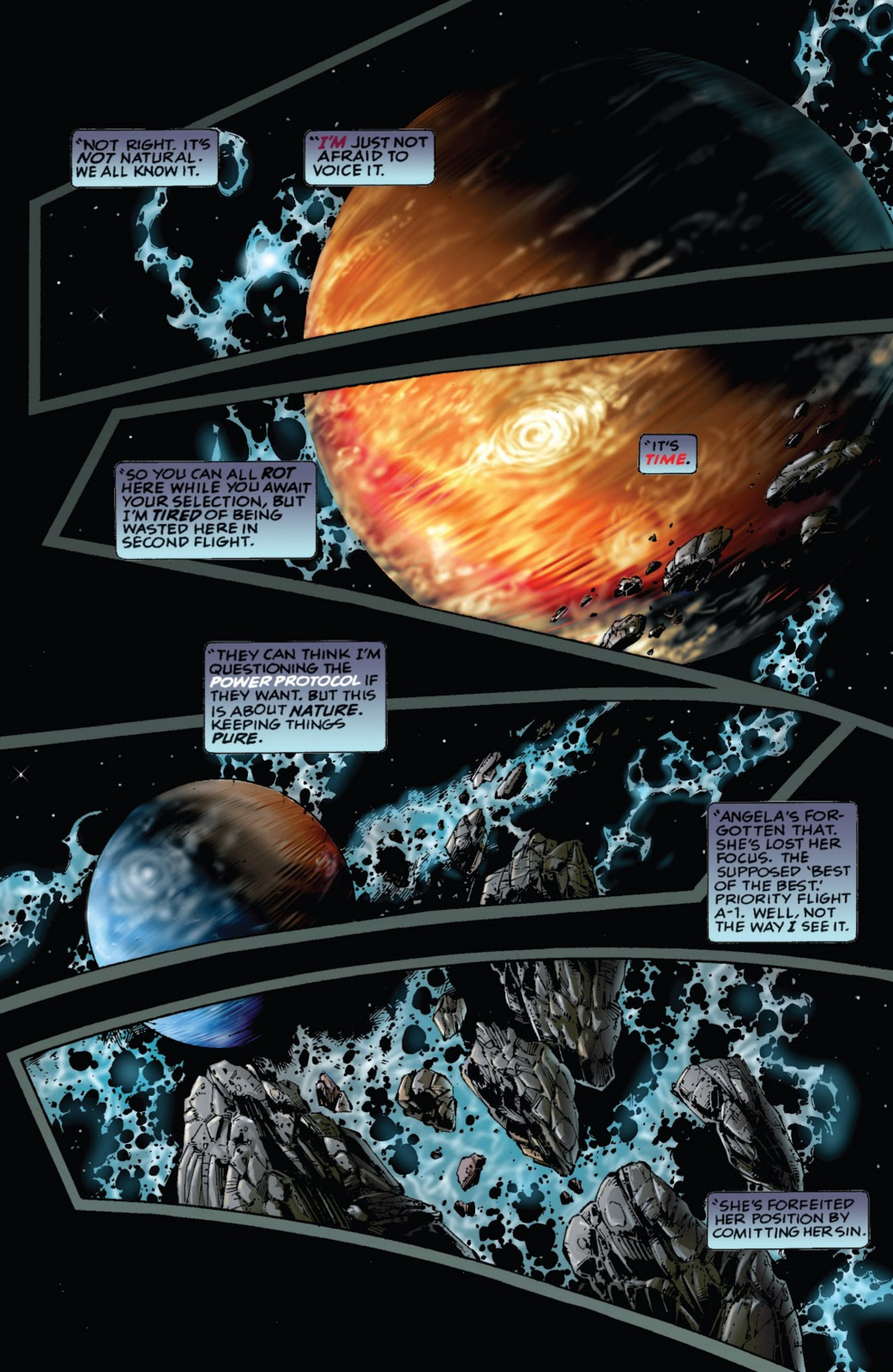
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44 DIGITAL
MAR EDITION

SPAWN



T. DANIEL
KEVIN
CONRAD
T. BOCKER



"NOT RIGHT. IT'S
NOT NATURAL.
WE ALL KNOW IT.

"*I'M* JUST NOT
AFRAID TO
VOICE IT.

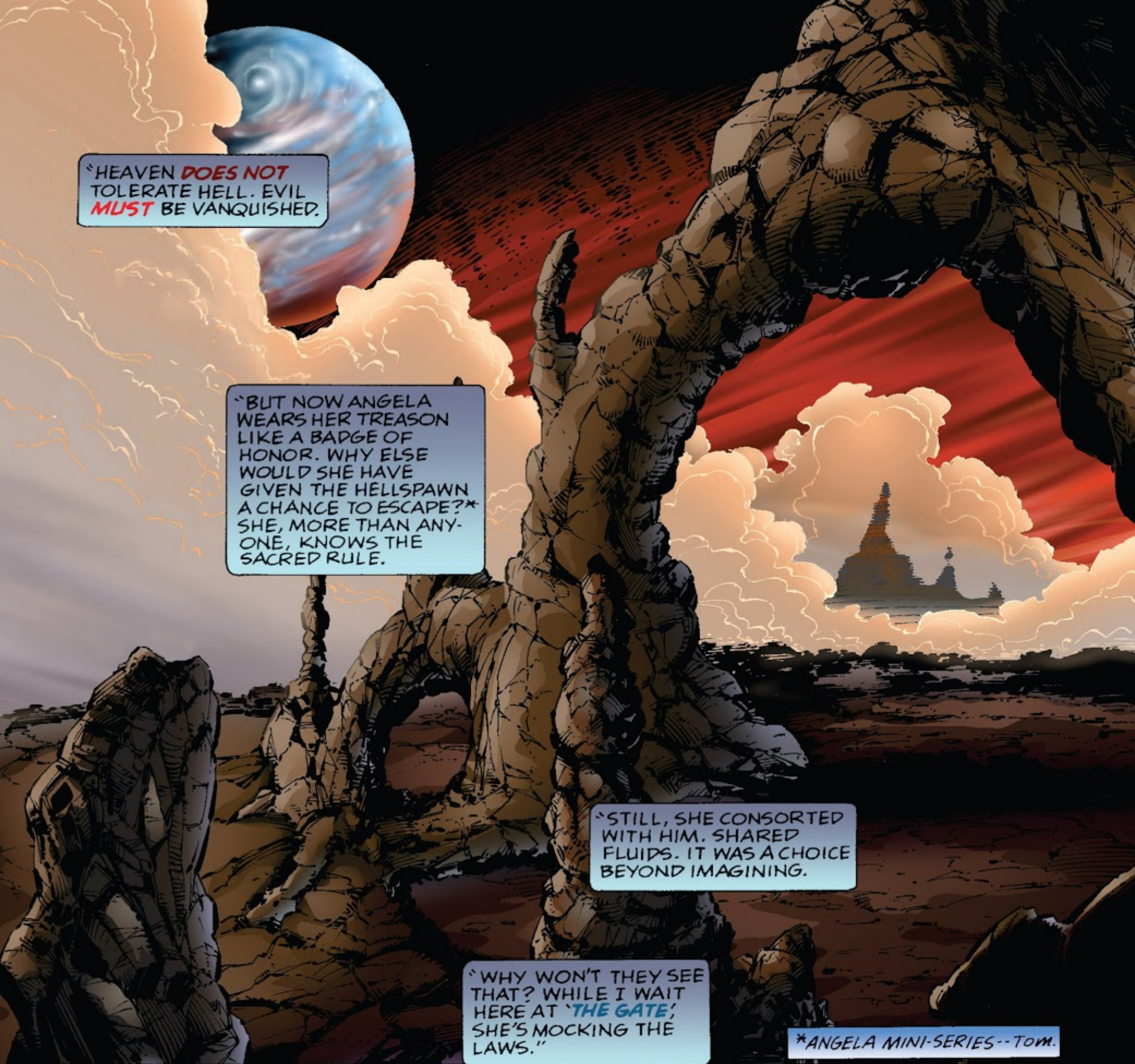
"SO YOU CAN ALL *ROT*
HERE WHILE YOU AWAIT
YOUR SELECTION, BUT
I'M *TIRED* OF BEING
WASTED HERE IN
SECOND FLIGHT.

"IT'S
TIME.

"THEY CAN THINK I'M
QUESTIONING THE
POWER PROTOCOL IF
THEY WANT. BUT THIS
IS ABOUT *NATURE*.
KEEPING THINGS
PURE.

"ANGELA'S FOR-
GOTTEN THAT.
SHE'S LOST HER
FOCUS. THE
SUPPOSED 'BEST
OF THE BEST.'
PRIORITY FLIGHT
A-1. WELL, NOT
THE WAY I SEE IT.

"SHE'S FORFEITED
HER POSITION BY
COMITTING HER SIN.



"HEAVEN **DOES NOT** TOLERATE HELL. EVIL **MUST** BE VANQUISHED.

"BUT NOW ANGELA WEARS HER TREASON LIKE A BADGE OF HONOR. WHY ELSE WOULD SHE HAVE GIVEN THE HELLSPAWN A CHANCE TO ESCAPE? * SHE, MORE THAN ANY-ONE, KNOWS THE SACRED RULE.

"STILL, SHE CONSORTED WITH HIM. SHARED FLUIDS. IT WAS A CHOICE BEYOND IMAGINING.

"WHY WON'T THEY SEE THAT? WHILE I WAIT HERE AT '**THE GATE**', SHE'S MOCKING THE LAWS."

*ANGELA MINI-SERIES--TOM.



OH, DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK. I KNOW THIS WILL BE NON-SANCTIONED, BUT THE NEED IS CLEAR CUT AND YOU ALL KNOW IT. THIS IS ONE OF MALEBOLGIA'S **SOUL SUCKERS** WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.

THAT'S ALL THE SANCTION I NEED.



THERE'VE NEVER BEEN SCORES HIGHER THAN MINE IN ANY OF THE FLIGHT LEVELS. I PEGGED THE METER IN ALL CATEGORIES. NO ONE ELSE WAS EVEN CLOSE.



I JUST HAVE TO TAKE OUT THIS **SPAWN**. QUICKLY AND WITHOUT MERCY. THEN THE FLIGHT SUPERVISORS WILL SEE I'VE PROVEN MYSELF. THAT I SHOULD BE THE ONE.



AND IF YOU'RE THINKING IT'S TOO LATE, **FORGET IT.** THAT "ZEAL" INDICTMENT FROM PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING NEVER WENT ON MY PERMANENT RECORD. I **RETAINED MY "SHIMMER."**

I SHATTERED ALL OF ANGELA'S OLD RECORDS. I'M READY TO TAKE HER PLACE AS **PRIORITY A-1.**

I'M CLEAN. OFFICIALLY.

DUSK.

THE TRIUMPH OF
DARKNESS OVER THE
RETREATING LIGHT.
THE PASSING OF LIGHT'S
INFLUENCE OVER THE
LAND. WHEN THE
BALANCE BETWEEN
GOOD AND EVIL BEGINS
ITS SHIFT.



SOON SHADOWS WILL
POPULATE THE GROUNDS,
MULTIPLYING WITH EACH
HEARTBEAT. DARKNESS
WILL ONCE AGAIN
TRIUMPH OVER THE
WEAKENING LIGHT,
RELEASING THE SERVANTS
OF NIGHT.



AND SO
THEY
COME.



SEDUCED BY THE TWILIGHT'S
DANCE. FOR THE RITUAL
NECESSITATES THOSE THAT
CARRY THE NOURISHMENT
OF HELL.



THUS DOES THE
DARKNESS
REPLENISH
ITSELF... RECON-
CILING THE LIVING
DEAD IN SOME
BLASPHEMOUS
PARODY OF
PHOTOSYNTHESIS...

TRANSFORMING
THE UNSETTLING
INTO SOMETHING
UNHOLY.



ITS DANCE IS ONE THE
PARASITIC SHROUD
KNOWS WELL.

HOW EXHILARATING,
THE SOUNDS OF THEIR
EAGER APPROACH!



SATAN'S
CHILDREN
SPRING
FORTH.



ANTICIPATING THE
MOMENT OF THE
SUN'S BANISHMENT.

THE CREATURES
OF THE DARK.
A BLOOD MOON.
THE SOIL ITSELF.
ALL BRING FORTH
THEIR DARK CACHE
OF EVIL TO THE
SUPPLICANT:
A HELLSPAWN
WEAKENED.



THEY MUST
CONSERVE
THE HOST
BODY.

SHELTER IT. QUENCH
ITS VILE THIRST BY
STRENGTHENING THE
SYMBIOTE.



WORMS. MAGGOTS.
THE DREGS OF A
DARK EARTH WHERE
BONES AND BLOOD OF
THE DEAD ENRICH
THE HUNGRY DIRT.



A RIB-STICKING MEAL
THAT WILL AGAIN
ENMESH THE PROTECTIVE
LAYER WITH ITS
VESSEL.





THE DANK JUICES SLAKE THIS MACABRE THIRST, MOISTENING CRUSTY LAYERS DAMAGED BY THEIR RECENT RADICAL DISMEMBERMENT.

AND SO IT FEEDS, IN A DEMANDING RITUAL OF SLATHERING HELL-BLOOD SPILT CARESSINGLY UPON THIS UNIFORM OF DARKNESS...

...GASPING IN THE RUSH OF ITS HELLISH STIMULATION.

THE BODY CLIMAXES, THE ORGASMIC WRENCHING SHOOTING AGONY THROUGH ITS VIOLATED, SWADDLED TISSUES.



HE RECEIVES A
CASCADE OF
FLASHING
MOMENTS.

CRIMES AGAINST
THE HOT VESSEL
ARE FLUSHED FROM
MEMORY'S VOID...
IMAGES OF A
ROTTING BODY,
WHERE ONCE
DWELLED A
HEART...

THE EXPERIMENT.
THE EXTRACTION.
THE PAIN.

ALL SPUN
TOGETHER BY
THE CURSE...

...IN A BIZARRE ATTEMPT
TO RETRIEVE HIDDEN
SECRETS THAT MIGHT
ENDOW HIM WITH CON-
TROL OVER **EVIL**.*

HE PAID DEARLY
FOR HIS VENTURE.

*ISSUE 40 -- TOM.

FOR THE
SECRETS
ARE
ETERNAL.

LAI D BEFORE
OUR EYES EVERY
DAY. EVERY
NIGHT.

THEIR MEANING
IS IMPOSSIBLE
TO GRASP.

SO WE REACH
FOR LUCID
THOUGHTS. THOSE
THAT WILL CALM
US AND BRING
COMFORT.

WANDA.

SIR, IT'S,
uh... SOMEWHAT
DARK.

YEAH.
LEMME GET
THE LIGHT
HERE.

CLICK!

THANK
YOU,
SIR.

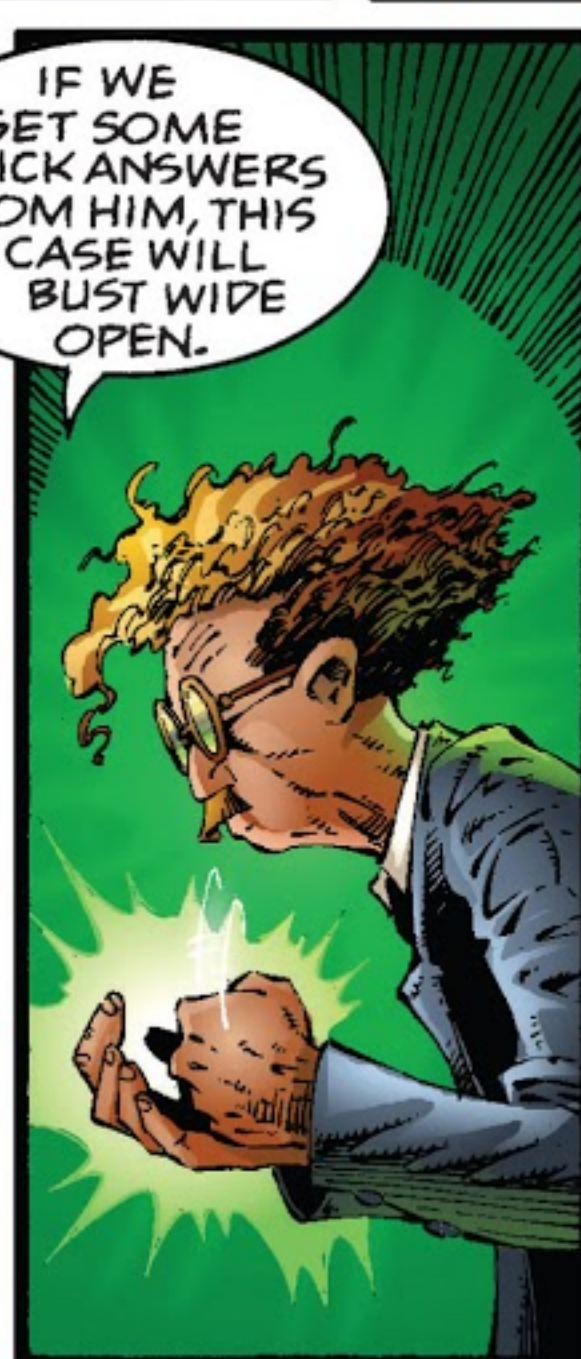
YEAH, SURE.
HMMM. NOW
WHERE DID I...
AWW! THERE
IT IS!

I'VE GOT
SOME COLD
LEFTOVER PIZZA,
TWITCH. LOTS OF
EXTRA TOPPINGS.
CARE FOR A
SLICE?

Umm...

NO THANKS,
SIR. I'M... NOT
MUCH FOR
"EXTRA"
TOPPINGS.

SUIT
YOURSELF.





HE REACHES IN
DESPERATION
FOR THOUGHTS
TO SOOTHE HIS
INNER AND
OUTER
ANGUISH.

BUT, AS IF
REACTING
TO HIS
ERODED
STATE,
THEY
SCATTER.

CARRIED
AWAY ON
THE WINGS
OF NIGHT.

HIS SACRIFICE WAS
FOR LOVE. NOW THAT
NOBILITY HAS BEEN
TAKEN.

TWISTED.

MUTATED INTO A
SICKENING JOKE
OF CRUELTY AND
PAIN. SEPARATING
HIM EVEN FURTHER
FROM THE ONE HE
CAME BACK FOR.



REALITY...AND
IT'S TOO
BIZARRE TO
BE ANYTHING
BUT...

...REALITY THEN REARS
ITS FUZZY HEAD.





IT DOES
LAST
LONG.

CAUGHT AGAIN IN
THE MIDDLE OF
SOME HELLISH
FEEDING RITUAL,
AL SIMMONS CAN
FEEL A KINETIC
FLOW FROM
CREATURE TO
COSTUME.

A WAY FOR
EACH HELL-
SPAWN TO
MAINTAIN ITS
K-READINGS...

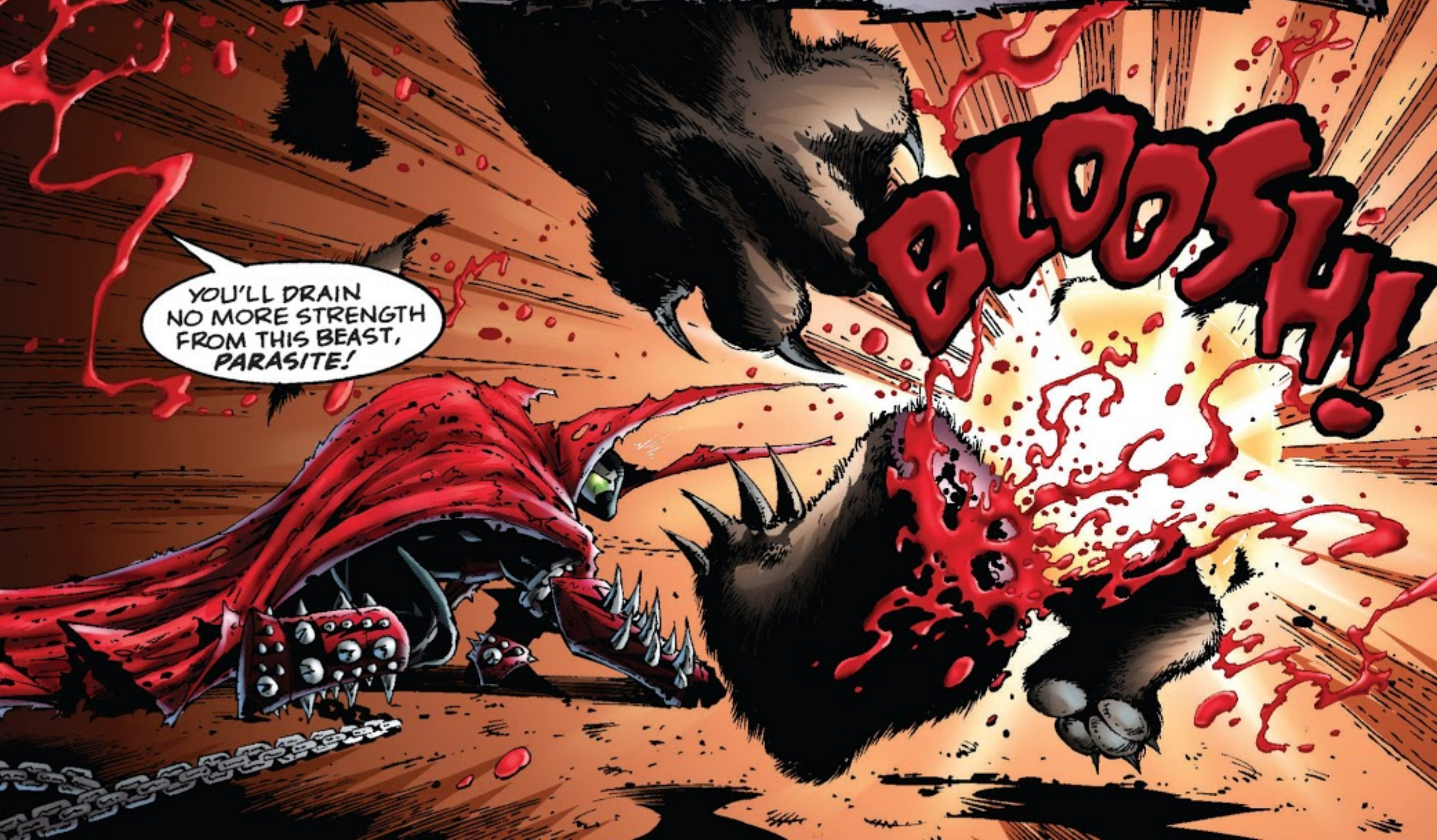
BLACK ENERGY
TRANSFERRAL
IS WHAT THE
SPAWN HUNTING
MANUAL LABELS
IT.

A METHOD TO
JUMP-START
ITSELF WITH ITS
ENVIRONMENT'S
EVIL.



BUT THE LINK SHATTERS.
THE GREAT BEAR SENSES
A PRESENCE IN THE
SHADOWS.

IT MOVES
TOWARD THE
INTRUDER.



YOU'LL DRAIN
NO MORE STRENGTH
FROM THIS BEAST,
PARASITE!

BLOOS!!



YOUR SYMBIOTE'S LEVELS ARE OBVIOUSLY EBBING. THAT'S GOOD. PERFECT! THE HEAVENS ARE SMILING ON ME TO FIND YOU IN RECHARGE. THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG.

YOU SEE, HELL-SCUM, YOUR TOUCH HAS CONTAMINATED WHAT WAS ONCE PURE, SPOILING ONE WHO WAS DEVOTED TO GOOD. NOW SHE'S TAINTED. LIKE YOU. YOU'RE BOTH GOING TO BURN NOW. YOU AND YOUR ONCE HEAVENLY CONCUBINE...

ANGELA!

ANGELA?

YOU I UNDERSTAND. WHY YOU SOIL THE GOODNESS YOU TOUCH. YOUR MASTER LORDS OVER ALL HE CREATES. BUT ANGELA...

SHE HAS NO EXCUSE.

SHE KNOWS BETTER!



SHE IS
NO LONGER ONE
OF THE PURE.
NOW SHE'S A
HELLCAST!

THE
NEXT STEP
TO
HELLSPAWN.



THAT'S IT,
FIGHT!!

I'VE
WAITED TOO LONG
TO HAVE YOU
COWER NOW,
DEMON!



SO
GET
UP!

YOU,
COSTUME--USE
YOUR HOST'S
INTELLIGENCE.
HIS WAR
INSTINCTS.

IF I'M
TO DEFEY MY
SUPERIORS,
IT MUST BE FOR
AN EXTREME
CAUSE.

THAT'S
YOU.



YOUR
DEATH WILL
GET ME INSIDE
THE HOLY
WALLS.

SO YOU'RE
SOME KIND OF
ANGEL, IS THAT IT?
LIKE ANGELA.
WANTING A
TROPHY FOR
YOUR
SHOWCASE.

WELL,
SCREW
YOU.

SPLASH

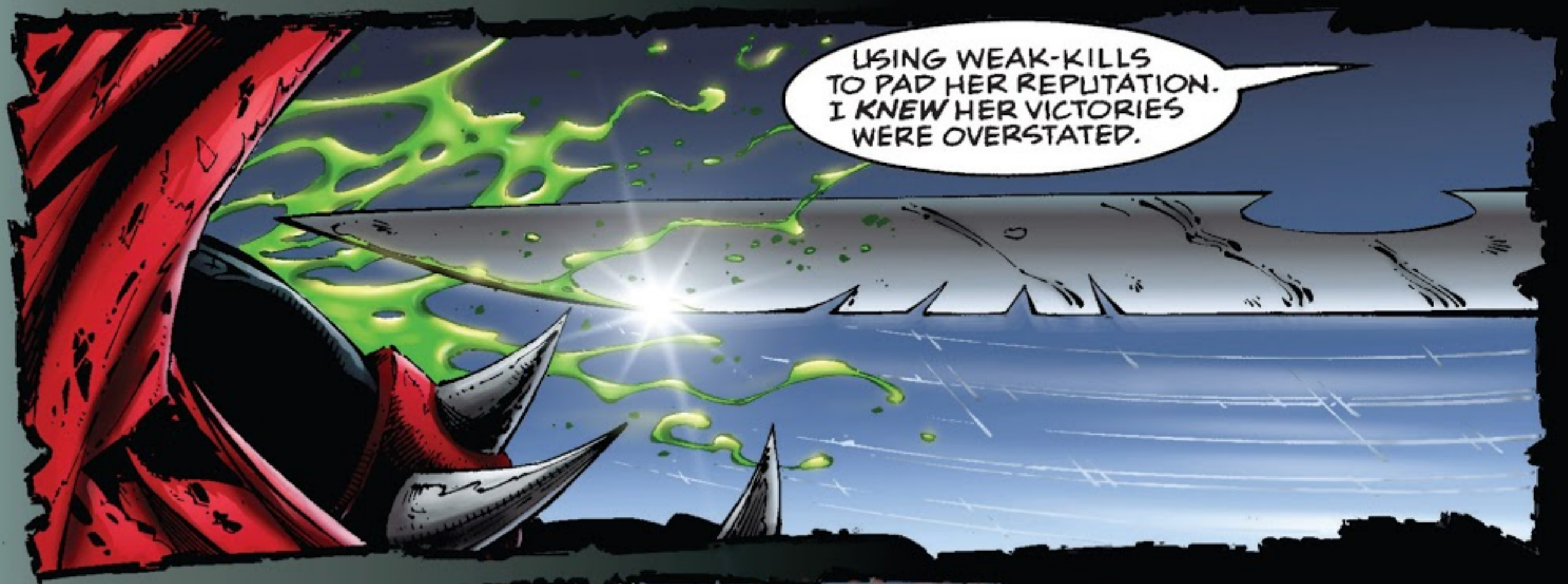
KEEP
PUSHING. PLEASE.
I'VE SEEN THE DAMAGE
MY ARMOR CAN
INFLECT WHEN
IT WANTS.

YOU
JUST HAVE TO
TRIGGER
IT.



BRAVE TALK, OR
MAYBE JUST A BLUFF?
YOU'RE WEAK. WE
BOTH KNOW THAT.
YOUR SYMBIOTE'S
NOT PREPARED.

I
WONDER IF
THIS IS HOW
ANGELA
CONQUERED
SO MANY.



USING WEAK-KILLS
TO PAD HER REPUTATION.
I KNEW HER VICTORIES
WERE OVERSTATED.



THE WEAK
SLAYING THE
WEAK.



NO
WONDER YOU
'FOUND' EACH
OTHER.

YOU'RE BOTH
ABOMINATIONS--



--WHOSE
TRANSGRESSIONS
SCREAM FOR
UNHOLY
PUNISHMENT.

HEAAAHHHHHHEE-HEE-HA

I JUST
LOVE

SOME
ANGRY LITTLE VIXEN
BEATIN' SIMMONS LIKE
A MAGGOT-HEADED
STEP CHILD.

HE'S TOO
STUPID TO EVEN
KNOW HOW
SCREWED
HE IS...

HEHHHEE-HA-
HARRRHRT

Heh-heh!
...WITH HEAVEN
SQUEEZING
HIM ON ONE END AND
HELL ON THE OTHER.
VERY SOON, DEAR
SPAWNIE, YOU'RE
GONNA POP LIKE A
PUS-FILLED
CANKERING BOIL.

HARRHHH!
THIS
IS FAR TOO
GOOD!

BLAAAHHHH

IT'S
GOTTA BE
MY FRIGGIN'
BIRTHDAY!

FLQUISS
SHH!

FLAQUASSHH

YEARRGH!

THIS IS
BETTER THAN
EATING BARBEQUED
CRIPPLES ON A
CRUTCH!

VOOPGH...
Errr...

BLURP!

Ooh... THAT HIT THE
BLACK SPOT. AND THE
BEST PART ABOUT IT?
OUR PAL AL HASN'T
BEGUN TO FEEL THE
CRAP I'M ABOUT
TO HEAP ON HIM.

MATTER OF
FACT, THEY'RE
ALL A BUNCH OF
BONEHEADS.

ISN'T
THAT RIGHT,
GUYS?

♪ I'VE GOT WANDA,
TERRY, GRANNIE ALL
BY THE CHINNY-
WYNN-
WYNN!

JASON
WYNN, MY BOY,
YOU'RE DOING
ME PROUD.

TIME TO
CELEBRATE.
I DESERVE A
TREAT.

NOW
WHERE CAN
I FIND ME
SOME
PUPPIES TO
KICK...?

PINKK!

IS IT
SECONDS?

MINUTES?

HOURS?

REALITY HAS
BLURRED.

AND THEN...
AS HE
REGAINS SOME
FOCUS...



